

# Runrig, The Ferry

Well the captain called from ship to shore  
And the green light slipped away  
The captain called for another song  
The day was getting late

For the distant light of the Weavers Point  
The Lochmor faced the gale  
With your Gaelic sons in the city long  
Round the saloon by the stairs

She tossed around the sun went down  
And she fought her way to the shore  
The fever of this sea believes  
The boys are coming home