

# Vashti Bunyan, Hebridean Sun

Travelling towards a hebridean sun  
To build a white tower in our heads begun

The grass knows, the hills know, we all know  
Spring has come, the good fountain flows.

Each hoof fall brings us nearer the land  
Of peat and seabirds and silver sand.

The grass knows, the hills know, we all know  
Spring has come, the good fountain flows