

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