

Wuthering Heights, Highland Winds

And never shall I grow old

I was roaming far from home
Far from the town that I left behind
Out in the wild; Under open sky

Found myself in a field of green
Fairest of lands that I ever saw
The wind was different there; Under open sky

Wind - wiped the tears off my face
Light - shone a way through the haze
Clouds cast shadows on fields below
Rain fell but was no longer cold

Felt I was stranded out of time
Gently touched by the breath of the Gods
Colours primeval; Under open sky

Wind - wiped the tears off my face
Light - shone a way through the haze
Clouds cast shadows on fields below
Rain fell but was no longer cold
And the world may be falling
Still the pipes are calling me home

Highland winds you own my soul
Gladly I laid it in your hands
Let me roam in these green, green lands
And never shall I grow old

I believe I could sit here a thousand years
Feeding on air; Watching nothing change
Thinking this is a good place to die
This is a good place to die

Sad was the day when I had to go
Back to the town that I left behind
Enamoured for life; Under open sky

But in my mind this land's forever clear
And in my thoughts I will travel there
To ease all pain and calm my fear; Under open sky
A piece of me remains; Under open sky
I left my heart; Under open sky

Highland winds you own my soul...

Thinking this is a good place to die
But a better place to live