

Open Fields

Dougie MacLean

Great halls wide with the ages and filled with the treasures of
time
High walls more than the strongest of hearts should believe the
y could climb

CHORUS

We all stand here broken and torn we long to get back to what's
real
Back to the open fields
Back to the rolling hills
Back to the running burn
I don't know anything greater than you

High talk carefully chosen to distance and hold well away
Thin words more than the gentlest of hearts can honestly say

CHORUS

It turns inside itself never ever to be understood
Great days held for the few who don't care and don't think they
should

CHORUS