

Rank And Roses

Dougie MacLean

They worked through wind and rain
To keep the roof above our heads
Humbled time and time again
What could they do?
They crawled across your floors
To keep and clean your houses
Broken wounds and open sores
What could they do?
A little respect would have helped them through

CHORUS

We are our father's dreams
We are our mother's pride and joy
And we will be the ones
To tell you now that it's over
You have no hold on us
Like the fear you laid on them
We are the seeds they grew
It's we that you must answer to

Occasion in the village hall
She speaks with rank and roses
So high above them all
What could they do?
He struts with dog and gun
They scramble through a heather hell
Beat the ground until they run
What could they do?
A little respect would have helped them through

CHORUS