

## Seanair's Song

Dougie MacLean

From the island of the mountains  
To the hills across argyll  
With a heart that is so broken  
With every weary mile

And he'll never hear the whisper  
Of his hebridean wind  
Or the thunder of the ocean  
As the minch comes tumbling in

He's holding out  
He's holding out  
On the frayed edge of time  
On the borderline

And he rests the tired shepherd  
Where the gentle devon flows  
But inside there is a yearning  
That no one really knows

And in the quiet of the evening  
He would sing his island songs  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the children of his sons

These chains have not been broken  
And our freedom is not won  
And though many words are spoken  
We still wander weary on

And there are a hundred questions  
And a thousand reasons why  
But our answers they are somewhere  
In the hebridean sky