

Always the Winner

Runrig

When you close your eyes there's
a frightened pride that lives
for you. That your mothers life
and your fathers eyes can't
hide. You had no choice didn't
ask the dice too fall for you.
Still your courage comes like
thunder through the skies. So
you carry time down the tortured
line where mysteries show. Well
hidden from lifes learned and
lifes wise. Mans useless ways
and worthless conversation lie
well exposed and humbled in your
smile. Always the winner, the
victor and the giver. Somewhere
through that winter you'll never
be alone. For evermore the
winner. The taker and the giver.
Somewhere through that winter
you will not grow old. Still you
run out in the morning with the
boys and the girls. The miracle
of innocence on a head of curls.
We'll search every reason
wherever we roam to find a place
for these broken hearts and
bones. We'll keep a fire on the
hillsides after the summers gone
and we'll wait here till the
war-wounded come home.