

## Day in a Boat

Runrig

On sun soaked seas  
Baiting the hand lines  
Neoscan at the oars  
Turning the bows into the Morea wake  
For the thrill of it all  
Across the middle of the bay  
A line of faces in the waiting hour  
And I could see  
The other world was here  
Can you hear it now  
We're just on the brink  
Returning homewards  
Together on  
Alone  
O mollaigh sinn  
An gaol 's an gras  
A thug dhuinn bith  
Cho umhail fo ghrein  
'S i dealradh sios  
Air reultan cein.  
And it was all there waiting  
Just as we reached the door  
Just as we reached the door