

In Scandinavia

Runrig

In Scandinavia
I saw something in your eye
As the night came down in a Nordic sky
Walking in ways of summers past
Touching other lands
The wind filled sails
She stayed to make the moment last
There's nothing new beneath the sun
We watched it rise
In morning skies of fire and wine
The boats that carried us
Young golden lives
Leaving on a rising tide
Here we stand in Scandinavia
We stand right now
Hold my soul
Let it carry me