

The Cutter

Runrig

When you arrived in Canada you walked the streets
Out of work out of money, prospects bleak
Now the plane comes down from the morning sky
And you touch the land where the fire won't die
Johnny, you're home, man
It's a long road
You drove us down
It's only a moment
Since the diesels turned
Now the blade cuts clean through the island soil
The years roll back and the world grows small
You stand on the banks in the wind and the rain
And all of your money now can't hide this pain
So you hold your mother and you bless the air
With the tears of the emigrant, tongue of the Gael
And the plane takes off in a clear blue sky
Life's a long lost list of last goodbyes
The heath flame is burning bright
Burning every night
It's winter in Ontario
The wheels that turned us village kids
Still carry through the heaths
They no longer turn for you