

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
Oh Johnny, you're home, man
That'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
And 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
Oh Johnny, you're home, man
That's a long road you drove us down

It's only a moment since the diesels turned
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 or they no longer turn for you
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
Oh Johnny, you're home, man
That's a long road you drove us down

It's only a moment since the diesels turned
Oh Johnny, you're home, man
That's a long road you drove us down
It's only a moment since the diesels turned

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