

Big Sky

Runrig

The light is on me
all time is here
i'm going down to clachnan
to stem the rush of years
Big sky above me
Powerline overhead
I get lifted up enraptured
I keep falling at your feet
I'm looking over coloured fields
Past the white sands
And our human years
And it's all waiting here

Breaking the seedIt's coming againGathering the windReturning to claim a harvest

I'm lifted where i stand
On the never-ending land
I'm coming to a sense of homewind through the barley
your early dream

A rising choir of birdsong
your fields of summer green

It's all passing over
I've no complains

We're just a row of unlit candles
Waiting the gate of saints
I'm living on the borderline
Between the moment
And the shining miles
The far streching stones

All the lines of the sownIt's coming againGathering the windReturning to claim a harvestI'm lifted where i stand

On the neverending land
I'm coming to a sense of homeThe light of ancient shine
On your ordinary lives

We joyed went to the lines of harvestSo open up the land
Open up the sand
Returning again in Clachan