

Skye

Runrig

How can't you see
The wilderness growing free
Time wounded and scarred
Stroking away the years
It's hard to believe
But memories are old ghosts
Mountains of black and gold
Sunsets falling over the moor
Oh take me there 'S na horo eile, horo bho
'S na horo bho, hillean o
'S na horo horo eile ho, Take me there You take your dreams
You make life what you feel
Appearance lead to deceive
This drama so far from me Destiny
On facts aching wings
Wild geese fly low over your shores
Hearts sailing over the trees
Oh take me there 'S na horo eile, horo bho
'S na horo bho, hillean o
'S na horo horo eile ho, Take me there Chi mi 'n t-eilean uaine
Tir nam beanntan Æ rda
Ce Æ² a' tuiteam tron a' ghleann
Na shineadh air do raointean Eiro 's na horo eile
Eiro 'S na horo eile, horo bho

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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