Mull Of Kintyre

Celtic Thunder

Mull of Kintyre
Oh, mist rolling in from the sea
My desire is always to be here
Oh, mull of Kintyre
Far have I traveled and much have I seen
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green
Past painted deserts, the sunsets on fire
As he carries me home to the mull of Kintyre
Mull of Kintyre
Oh, mist rolling in from the sea
My desire is always to be here
Oh, mull of Kintyre
Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen
Carry me back to the days I knew then
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir
Of the life and the times of the mull of Kintyre
Mull of Kintyre
Mull of Kintyre
Mull of Kintyre
Mull of Kintyre
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