

# Highlands

## Eryo

Well, my heart's in the highlands, gentle and fair  
Honey suckle bloomin' in the wildwood air  
Bluebells blazin' where the Aberdeen waters flow  
Well, my heart's in the highlands, I'm gonna go there when  
I feel good enough to go  
Windows were shakin' all night in my dreams  
Everything was exactly the way that it seems  
Woke up this mornin' and I looked at the same old page  
Same old rat race, life in the same old cage  
I don't want nothin' from anyone, ain't that much to take  
Wouldn't know the difference between a real blonde and a fake  
Feel like a prisoner in a world of mystery  
I wish someone would come and push back the clock for me  
Well, my heart's in the highlands, wherever I roam  
That's where I'll be when I get called home  
The wind it whispers to the buck-eyed trees of rhyme  
Well, my heart's in the highlands, I can only get there one step at a time  
I'm listening to Neil Young, I gotta turn up the sound  
Someone's always yellin', "Turn him down"  
Feel like I'm driftin', driftin' from scene to scene  
I'm wondering what in the devil could it all possibly mean  
Insanity is smashin' up against my soul  
You could say I was on anything but a roll  
If I had a conscience, well I just might blow my top  
What would I do with it anyway, maybe take it to the pawn shop  
My heart's in the highlands at the break of dawn  
By the beautiful lake of the black swan  
Big white clouds like chariots that swing down low  
Well, my heart's in the highlands, only place left to go  
I'm in Boston town, in some restaurant  
I got no idea what I want  
Or maybe I do but, I'm just really not sure  
Waitress comes over, nobody in the place but me and her  
Well, it must be a holiday, there's nobody around  
She studies me closely as I sit down  
She got a pretty face, with long white shiny legs  
I said, "Tell me what I want," she say, "You probably want hard boiled eggs."  
I say, "That's right, bring me some."  
She says, "We ain't got any, you picked the wrong time to come."

Then she says, "I know you're an artist, draw a picture of me."  
I said, "I would if I could but I don't do sketches from memory."

Well, she then, she says, "I'm right here in front of you, or  
Haven't you looked?"

I say, "All right, I know but I don't have my drawing book."

She gives me a napkin, she say, "You can do it on that."

I say, "Yes I could but I don't know where my pencil is at."

She pulls one out from behind her ear

She says, "All right now go ahead, draw me, I'm stayin' right here."

I make a few lines and I show it for her to see

Well, she takes her napkin and throws it back and says, "That  
Don't look a thing like me."

I said, "Oh, kind Miss, it most certainly does."

She say, "You must be jokin'," I say, "I wish I was."

Then she says, "You don't read women authors do ya?" at least

That's what I think I hear her say

Well, I said, "How would you know and what would it matter anyway?"

Well she says, "You just don't seem like you do." I said

"You're way wrong."

She says "Which ones have you read then?" I say, "I've read

Erica Jong."

She goes away for a minute and I slide out, out of my chair

I step outside back to the busy street but nobody is goin' anywhere

Well, my heart's in the highlands with the horses and hounds

Way up in the border country far from the towns

With the twang of the arrow and the snap of the bow

My heart's in the highlands, I can't see any other way to go

Every day is the same thing, out the door

Feel further away than ever before

Some things in life it just gets too late to learn

Well, I'm lost somewhere, I must have made a few bad turns

I see people in the park forgettin' their troubles and woes

They're drinkin' and dancin', wearin' bright colored clothes

All the young men, with the young women lookin' so good

Well, I'd trade places with any of 'em in a minute, if I could

I'm crossing the street to get away from a mangy dog

Talkin' to myself in a monologue

I think what I need might be a full length leather coat

Somebody just asked me if I've registered to vote

The sun is beginnin' to shine on me

But it's not like the sun that used to be

The party's over and there's less and less to say

I got new eyes, everything looks far away

Well, my heart's in the highlands at the break of day

Over the hills and far away  
There's a way to get there and I'll figure it out somehow  
Well, I'm already there in my mind, and that's good enough for now

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