

Broken Wings

Dougie MacLean

A tall tree
Turn and face the west
O we're running with the wind
A high clifftop
We're waiting with the rest
For this journey to begin

Chorus:

But these broken wings won't fly
These broken wings won't fly at all

And O how we laugh
But maybe we should crawl
And ask to be excused
We shout loudly
Have answers to it all
O but we have been refused

Chorus

Girl child
You're dancing with the stream
Growing with the silver trees
Your young questions
You ask me what it means
O but I am not at ease

Chorus