

Mull Of Kintyre

Paul McCartney

R: Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from the sea
my desire is always to be here, oh, Mull of Kintyre.

1. Far have I travelled and much have I seen,
darkest of mountains with valleys of green,
past painted deserts the sun sets on fire
as he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre.

R: Mull of Kintyre...

2. 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.

R: Mull of Kintyre...

3. Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain,
still take me back where my memories remain,
flickering embers go higher and higher
as they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre.

R: Mull of Kintyre... (2x)