

## Forever Yesterday

Barclay James Harvest

Talk about a loser, I was just about to go  
When someone grabbed me by the arm, a man I did not know  
He said he'd been a drover, a member of the clan  
With runrig in his very soul and nowhere left to stand  
Now me I'm just a highland boy and cottar was my trade  
He'd seen me at Kildoanan when the black-face came to stay  
He'd oatcakes and he'd whisky and one foot in the grave  
For us it's over  
Bitter tears began to fall as whisky tore away the years  
From the straths and the braes  
Forever yesterday

The royal George it was that brought the Countess to our door  
She wanted us to leave the hills for crofts upon the moor  
She took our piece of paradise and left us on the shore  
For us it's over  
Bitter tears began to fall as whisky tore away the years  
From the straths and the braes  
Forever yesterday

They cleared the clans from Strathnavar, the heart of Sutherland  
They cleared us from our highland homes by ship to foreign glens  
There's Linton and there's Cheviot and red deer on the bens  
For us it's over, over, over, my friend