

## Waiting For The Wheel To Turn

Capercaillie

Living in a place with time  
Living in a place where reality is  
Standing on a big broad line  
Watching it all go by, ah,  
But you're taking it all away  
The music, the tongue and the old refrains  
You're coming here to play  
But you're pulling the roots from a dying age

Remember the Buachaille Mor  
Reaching for the skies from the barren shores  
Watching o'er the village of Burns  
And counting the days since the gael kept home  
Well, the stranger claims it now  
Sitting like a king with his gold from the south  
Don't you see the waves of wealth  
Washing away the soul from the land?

Here come the Clearances, my friend  
Silently our history is coming to life again  
We feel the breeze from the storm to come  
And up and down this coast  
We're waiting for the wheel to turn

Free were the fields of fern  
Free was the fishing in the coves of care  
Empty are the homes of old  
Empty for the sake of summer's cause  
Yes, you're taking it all away  
The music, the tongue and the old refrains  
You're coming here to play  
But you're pulling the roots from a dying age