

Mull Of Kintyre

Celtic Thunder

Oh mist rolling in from the sea,
My desire is always to be here
Oh mull of kintyre
Far have I traveled and much have I seen
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green.
Past painted deserts the sunsets on fire
As he carries me home to the mull of kintyre.

Mull of kintyre
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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.

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