

# 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