

The Land

Dougie MacLean

He says it goes with the land and we can do nothing more
And no-one can see what is wrong and is right
It goes with the land and it's broken and sore
And it bleeds from inside and is tired of this long
endless flight

CHORUS

But they never will learn
It never will break up and burn
It's holding it close until we make our return

And it flows in the burns they're diluted and stale
They fall weary down hillsides and cry for relief
It flows in the burns and they're cloudy and pale
And the once foaming waters run tepid in sheer disbelief

CHORUS

It could have been healthy and strong
It could have been laughter and light
But the hope of a people holds on
Shining and bright

And it blows with the wind and it hangs in the breeze
And it cuts through the trees like the slash of a blade
It blows with the wind you can smell the disease
And it rolls across mountains destroying the patterns
we've made

CHORUS