

# Trail Of The Survivor

Dougie MacLean

Oh they tell their tales to the wide young eyes  
Of the fertile plains and the cloudless skies  
But honesty must take the strain  
Where lies move fast like a roaring train

Chorus:

And the shy ones bleed while the sure ones fail  
On the trail of the survivor  
And the trade winds blow through a burning soil  
On the trail of the survivor

And they make their moves around the virgin light  
Leave their filthy stains on the clear and bright  
But hope can never be restrained  
Where freedom's hand has been nailed and chained

Chorus

And sleep will com, it comes to us all  
And some will fade and some will fall  
But the distance gained is never gained at all  
And Atholl's children we rise and fall

Chorus