

Coming Home

Grave Digger

For glory and fame I wandered the Earth
And now I've come back to the place of my birth
Where shadows turn human see mountain streams
Ghosts of buried centuries in my shattered dreams

Wild winds, heavy rain
Beneath Scottish skies
Sad faces, bloody reigns
But shining eyes

I play the tunes for my brothers and Glen
The woods of my childhood call me again
For the colours of freedom so far I did roam
Cause I'm the piper and I coming home

The sound of the drums from the hills far away
Like a thunder they roar and call me to stay
As a sailor a soldier as a brave true ancient Scot
I play tunes for the freedom for a life full of rock

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