

The Hardest Word

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(kirsty maccoll/hamish maccoll)
With me in the valley you out on the hill
I can just see you if I close my eyes
Climbing those mountains I picture you still
I see your smile just as I saw the sunrise
This land is ancient it's built out of bones
At war with each other, the mother, the father
The sisters, the brothers, the daughters and sons
Be kind to each other, your father, your mother
On the horizon the eagles are flying
And I mean no more than a cloud in the sky
I never know if I'm laughing or crying
The hardest word is the word goodbye
Teach me the old ways I'm ready to learn
Be kind to the sister, be kind to the brother
The writer, the singer, the poet, the clown
Be good to the man and be kind to them all
And we are ancient built from bones
Make time for the young and make time for the old
Be kind to each other oh that's what I know
Be kind to the mothers, daughters and sons
The true and the great and the scared and the small
Be kind to each other, be kind to them all
Forgive our indignity and we forgive yours
As I am the mother, you are the father
Entwined in each other, now and forever
The fathers of daughters, the mothers of sons
Forever and ever and ever as one
As we are the fathers, we are the sons
And we are the daughters, the mothers and brothers
Forever and ever and ever as one