

## Always the Winner

Runrig

When you close your eyes there's  
a frightened pride that lives  
for you. That your mothers life  
and your fathers eyes can't  
hide. You had no choice didn't  
ask the dice too fall for you.  
Still your courage comes like  
thunder through the skies. So  
you carry time down the tortured  
line where mysteries show. Well  
hidden from lifes learned and  
lifes wise. Mans useless ways  
and worthless conversation lie  
well exposed and humbled in your  
smile. Always the winner, the  
victor and the giver. Somewhere  
through that winter you'll never  
be alone. For evermore the  
winner. The taker and the giver.  
Somewhere through that winter  
you will not grow old. Still you  
run out in the morning with the  
boys and the girls. The miracle  
of innocence on a head of curls.  
We'll search every reason  
wherever we roam to find a place  
for these broken hearts and  
bones. We'll keep a fire on the  
hillsides after the summers gone  
and we'll wait here till the  
war-wounded come home.