

And the Accordions Played

Runrig

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See the bracken green on the hills
See the gifts of every summer
Suns sinking low in the long grass
Always rising and falling down
There's bluebells growing under the trees
And I will be there in June
I will walk back down the river
To some unknown salvation
Taking me back again
Memories of the incomplete
The birch, the oak, the rowan
And the accordions down in the hall
By the riverside
As if God hadn't happened at all
Stealing heaven from a moon-lit door
Taking me back down the railroad tracks
To get lost in it all
On young ploughed fields I kissed your eyes
A crown of songs around your head
And by the railings at the harbor wall
The radios played
Never thought I could look again
Something so beautiful, so pure
Brighter than sun on snow
In some new enchanted garden
She said we've been here before
As the skies are slashed by flames
Our citadels come crashing down
A constant sea, a war of waves
Lay down your life for me
Lay down your love again
We'll talk it over
And we'll waken
Like kings some day
And the accordions played
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