

## Edge of the World

Runrig

All the homes on the globe are  
like the television in your  
eyes. A cross guarding your  
heart the living years a  
sacrifice. A shiver at the door  
in the night, clouds cross a  
black moonlight. Rushing on down  
to the sound of a turning world.  
There's a south by sou'westerly  
force eight coming in strong.  
Across the continental shelf  
from the cold grey Malin beyond.  
The need to keep control. The  
need to stand alone at the edge  
of the world. The adrenalin  
infrastructure bringing on it's  
troubles some more. All the laws  
of the jungle stranded on your  
latest shore. But the waves hold  
the healer force. The years  
disappear like a ghost.  
Somewhere out of the sight of  
the night and the light of day.  
Now civilisation groans and the  
news reel cries. Like a drowning  
man his life in front of his  
eyes. But the need to keep  
control. The need to bare the  
soul at the edge of the world.  
And the man from St. Kilda went  
over the cliff on a winters day.  
At the edge of the world. At the  
edge of the world.