

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.