

Hearthhammer

Runrig

With the eyes of a child the
wonder of it all. I used to
search the stars at night and I
felt so safe and small. Sweet
sounds from a Merseytown and my
nursery God. I wanted to ride
with Yuri Gagarin as he circled
all around my world. Lying under
the covers. Radio on. Settle
down with Caroline as she sailed
all summer long. Sweetheart of
the Rodeo. Mining Hearts of
Gold. I think it was somewhere
post Rubber Soul. There was the
first caress. There were the
Labour years. There was the man
that walked the moon something I
never really believed. The Di
Stefano twists the Charlton
goals. Now I'm still here with
the eyes of a child the wonder
never grows old. Hearthhammer.
The wonder never grows old.