

Watching the morning come in on the land
See the moon roll over Skeabost
See the young men late in the glen
All with camans in hand
Sea winds out on the wilds
Sea waves crash onto Uig
See the black homes strung out on a line
Across the island of Skye
Should have been home before daylight
But it's not easy when you're down and hungry
One man from the late run rolled up in a coat
I make my way across the moor
For a late summer in '84
But now there's a new day dawning
I've heard the Braes men talk in Portree
The news from Glendale
Still the morning comes in on the land
See the new sun red and rising
See the corn turn ripe in the fields
See the growth of the glen
And MacPherson's in Kilmuir tonight
What a night for a people rising
oh God not before time
There's justice in our lives
And I can't believe
That it's taken all this time
I can't believe
My life and my destiny
After the clans, after the clearings
Here I am
Recovering