

Rocket to the Moon

Runrig

Here hangs an open landscape
A wild and huge frontier
From a harsh
and barren wasteland
Through the grave and to the promised
field
You came, you trapped, you charted
You bed the railroads and
the schemes
And you tamed this land by enterprise
And by the power
of your dreams
From the olden coasts of Ireland and the Hebridean
shores
With the forgotten chosen ones
Running from Europe in
droves
Oh there's a town in Manitoba
They say the windows touch the
sky
But across the brine the shipyards close
But in this garden flowers
die
And still the homelands divide us
Like your blood red brothers of
the plains
But where they grieve a candle still burns
I pray from a
flicker to a flame
But you made this Clan great
And you made this
nation bloom
And you rose
With your people through the new
world
Like a rocket to the moon