

## The Cutter

Runrig

When you arrived in Canada you walked the streets  
Out of work out of money, prospects bleak  
Now the plane comes down from the morning sky  
And you touch the land where the fire won't die  
Johnny, you're home, man  
It's a long road  
You drove us down  
It's only a moment  
Since the diesels turned  
Now the blade cuts clean through the island soil  
The years roll back and the world grows small  
You stand on the banks in the wind and the rain  
And all of your money now can't hide this pain  
So you hold your mother and you bless the air  
With the tears of the emigrant, tongue of the Gael  
And the plane takes off in a clear blue sky  
Life's a long lost list of last goodbyes  
The heath flame is burning bright  
Burning every night  
It's winter in Ontario  
The wheels that turned us village kids  
Still carry through the heaths  
They no longer turn for you