

The Old Boys

Runrig

the old Boys
are all leaving
leaving one by one
where young birds go flying
spread your wings and run
but over the fields
by the drystone walls
an eagle will come no more

welcome
were the headlands
st Valery behind
no medals worth wasting
on memories of sand
but sweet is the breeze
over Raasay
the morning awaits you there

what kind
of heroes
here for us now
where leaders, stone preachers
minnows on flow
but low hang the lights
over Viewfield
and this night will day see no more