

Travellers

Runrig

We stood in the moonlight and the river flowed
And God walked through the garden
A mist came falling down to the ground
I watched it all with no obligation
This is your sister, this is your brother
This is your mother, not somebody's dream
And all our lifetimes drifted through the trees
To that place of moments where all was certain
Travellers on an olden road
With all the baggage of our days and years
We're life's carriers to the next unborn
And I'll carry you
Till this great race is over
We stood in the garden
And the river flowed....