

## 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....