

Worker for the Wind

Runrig

Since I was young I've faced this pill
I've worked this land and I always will
Through life and death I've learnt the hill
A worker for the wind
I fake my sheep and cattle days
The endless storm, the months of rain
But this land holds me ball and chain
A worker for the wind
You need heart, you need dreams
Laughter, joy, you need beliefs
But without love you sow an empty field
A worker for the wind
In the night the light grows thinner
The lust for love cuts like shiver
I need to hold you through the winter
A worker for the wind
Mary, I'll wait for you
Mary, I'll wait for you