

Woody Whatever

"Wild and Free"

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Four of Govan's finest, threw us into Maine
Presenter's, stars and rosary
We were nothing but shipwrecked
The hungry heirs of hardship
They were calling us the Wild and the Free

And I pray still
I'll climb up the Union Hill
And taste the salt wind on my tongue
Hear the Hearach Psalms being sung
Feel the North Atlantic sun
Shine on, the Wild and the Free

I took my chances in Pittsburgh
Where Andy builds the fires
That shine across the Northern sea
He's building island creels, from Pittsburgh steel
He's fishing for the Wild and the Free

And I pray still
I'll climb up the Union Hill
And taste the salt wind on my tongue
Hear the Hearach Psalms being sung
Feel the North Atlantic sun
Shine on, the Wild and the Free

Blue water and the Cannach are stealing Solan geese
As August paints the Machair and the corn
But back in Pittsburgh, the steel price is rising
That's where the Wild and Free are born

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