

## **Barclay James Harvest**

### **"Forever Yesterday"**

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Talk about a loser, I was just about to go  
When someone grabbed me by the arm, a man I did  
not know  
He said he'd been a drover, a member of the clan  
With run rig in his very soul and nowhere left to stand

Now me I'm just a highland boy and cottar was my  
trade  
He'd seen me at Kildoanan when the black-face came  
to stay  
He'd oatcakes and he'd whiskey and one foot in the  
grave  
For us it's over

Bitter tears began to fall  
As whiskey tore away the years  
From the straths and the braes  
Forever yesterday

The royal George it was that brought the Countess to  
our door  
She wanted us to leave the hills for crofts upon the  
moor  
She took our piece of paradise and left us on the shore  
For us it's over

Bitter tears began to fall  
As whiskey tore away the years  
From the straths and the braes  
Forever yesterday

They cleared the clans from Strathnavar, the heart of  
Sutherland  
They cleared us from our highland homes by ship to  
foreign glens  
There's Linton and there's Cheviot and red deer on the  
Ben's  
For us it's over, over, over, my friend

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