

Inspiral Carpets "St. Kilda"

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We all rose when the pouring broke, I opened my eyes
when a stranger spoke
Slowly stroke through windswept moors, tempted by
the vice on shore
But now the time has come, I'm not sure what we have
done
MISTY MOOR (MISTY MOOR)
MOUNTAIN PATH (MOUNTAIN PATH)
WE SING THE SONGS, THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK
(THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK)
GOLDEN DREAM, WINTER LEAVES (I'LL HEED THE
DREAM)
WE'LL NEVER FORGET A SINGLE THING
All aboard and gather round, father's appeared, made
no sound
The Lord tells us no one must stay, father threw his
friend in the bay
With no real intent, so we prayed our pastor's sweet
lament
MISTY MOOR (MISTY MOOR)
MOUNTAIN PATH (MOUNTAIN PATH)
WE SING THE SONGS, THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK
(THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK)
GOLDEN DREAM, WINTER LEAVES (I'LL HEED THE
DREAM)
WE'LL NEVER FORGET A SINGLE THING
Slowly as the land goes down
We'll roll uphill there, sit and sing as we gather round
MISTY MOOR (MISTY MOOR)
MOUNTAIN PATH (MOUNTAIN PATH)
WE SING THE SONGS, THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK
(THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK)
GOLDEN DREAM, WINTER LEAVES (I'LL HEED THE
DREAM)
WE'LL NEVER FORGET A SINGLE
MISTY MOOR (MISTY MOOR)
MOUNTAIN PATH (MOUNTAIN PATH)
WE SING THE SONGS, THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK
(THEY'LL NEVER COME BACK)
GOLDEN DREAM, WINTER LEAVES (I'LL HEED THE
DREAM)
WE'LL NEVER FORGET A SINGLE THING

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