

Capercaillie

"Waiting For The Wheel To Turn"

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Living in a place with time
Living in a place where reality is
Standing on a big broad line
Watching it all go by
Ah, but you're taking it all away
The music, the tongue and the old refrains
You're coming here to play
And you're pulling the roots from a dying age

Remember the Buachaille Mor
Reaching for the skies from the barren shores
Watching over the village of burns
And counting the days since the gael kept home
But the stranger claims it now
Sitting like a king with his gold from the south
Don't you see the waves of wealth

Washing away the soul from the land

Chorus

Here come the Clearances my friend
Silently our history is coming to life again
We feel the breeze from the storm to come
And up and down the coast
We're waiting for the wheel to turn

Free were the fields of fern
Free was the fishing in the coves of care
Empty are the hornes of old
Empty for the sake of summer's cause
Yes, you're taking it all away
The music, the tongue and the old refrains
You're coming here to play
And you're pulling the roots from a dying age...

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