

Josh Rouse

"The Western Isles"

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All the day, I can see the life from the western isles
Faded in white like a western smile
We could live here, you know
Nobody say, caught up in a life that is based on lies
Struggle and strife from the knife and fire
Just get on by, you know
Cigarettes and black bees tea could it fill that room

Far, far away,
I can hear the birds on western isles
Singing in the night like an ancient choir
Oh how I love you so
Don't worry baby,
You'll be alright with the western smile
Maybe there's a life on the western isles
In a few years or so
Cigarettes and black bees tea
maybe we've been aging in
And we're almost home
Almost home

Head up for the western isles
We head up for the western isles
We head up for the western isles
We head up for the western isles
Oh and there we wanna go
Oh and there we wanna go

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