

## Huntress

### "My Broken Scottish Heart"

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This is the tree where we used to play  
And in it's shade she promised me we'd marry one day  
But Scotland is small, and I'm smaller still  
And if she gets the chance to leave I fear that she will  
And I'm telling myself  
When she goes I'll close my eyes  
When she goes I'll turn away  
The saddest sounds you'll ever hear  
Are her bagpipes in the distance  
And the slowing of my broken Scottish heart  
This is the place she asked me to meet  
To break the news of promises that she could not keep  
I asked are you sure  
She answered sweetly  
You silly fool America will not come to me  
And I'm telling myself  
When she goes I'll close my eyes  
When she goes I'll turn away  
The saddest sounds you'll ever hear  
Are her bagpipes in the distance  
And the slowing of my broken Scottish heart  
This is the tree  
Where I'll make my grave  
If death won't comfort me at least I'll be in the shade  
And maybe one day she'll return to this place  
To recollect our parting and the look on my face  
As she walked away  
When she went my eyes were wide  
When she went I took her on  
Those last goodbyes were like the thunder  
And I was deafened despite the distance  
And the silence of my broken Scottish heart

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