

Runrig "Big Sky"

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The light is on me
All time is here
I'm going down to Clachan
To stem the rush of years
Big sky above me
Powerlines overhead
I get lifted up enraptured
I keep falling at your feet
I'm looking over colour fields
Past the white sands
And our human years
And it's all waiting here
Breaking the seed

It's coming again
Gathering the wind
Returning to claim a harvest

I'm lifted where I stand
On the never-ending land
I'm coming to a sense of home

Wind through the barley
Your early dream
A rising choir of birdsong
Your fields of summer green
It's all passing over
I've no complaints
We're just a row of unlit candles
Waiting at the gate of saints
I'm living on the borderline
Between the moment
And the shining miles
The far stretching stones
All the lines of the sown

It's coming again
Gathering the wind
Returning to claim a harvest

I'm lifted where I stand
On the never-ending land

I'm coming to a sense of home

The light of ancient shine
On your ordinary lives
We joyed went to the fires of harvest

So open up the land
Open up the sand
Returning again in Clachan

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