

## Runrig "Skye"

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How can't you see  
The wilderness growing free  
Time wounded and scarred  
Stroking away the years  
It's hard to believe  
But memories are old ghosts  
Mountains of black and gold  
Sunsets falling over the moor  
Oh, take me there

'S na horo eile, horo bho  
'S na horo bho, hillean o  
'S na horo eile ho, take me there!

You take your dream  
You make life what you feel  
Appearances lead to deceive  
This drama so far from me

Destiny  
On fact's aching wings  
Wild geese fly low over your shore  
Hearts sailing over the trees

Oh, take me there!  
'S na horo eile, horo bho  
'S na horo bho, hillean o  
'S na horo eile ho, take me there!

ChÀr mi 'n t-eilean uaine  
TÀr nam beanntann Àrda  
CeÀ² a' tuiteam tron a' ghleann  
Na shÀr-neadh air do raointeann

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