

## Runrig "The Old Boys"

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The old boys  
Are all leaving  
Leaving one by one  
Where young birds go flying  
Spread your wings and run  
But over the fields  
By the drystone walls  
An eagle will come no more

Welcome  
Were the headlands  
St. Valery behind  
No medals worth wasting  
On memories of sand  
But sweet is the breeze  
Over Raasay  
The morning awaits you there

What kind  
Of heroes  
Here for us now  
Where leaders, stone preachers  
Minnows on flow  
But low hang the lights  
Over Viewfield  
And this night will day see no more

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