

The Barclay James Harvest

"Forever Yesterday"

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Talk about a loser, I was just about to go
When someone grabbed me by the arm, a man I did
not know
He said he'd been a drover, a member of the clan
With runrig in his very soul and nowhere left to stand
Now me I'm just a highland boy and cottar was my
trade
He'd seen me at Kildoanan when the black-face came
to stay
He'd oatcakes and he'd whisky and one foot in the
grave
For us it's over
Bitter tears began to fall as whisky tore away the years
From the straths and the braes
Forever yesterday

The royal George it was that brought the Countess to
our door
She wanted us to leave the hills for crofts upon the
moor
She took our piece of paradise and left us on the shore
For us it's over
Bitter tears began to fall as whisky tore away the years
From the straths and the braes
Forever yesterday

They cleared the clans from Strathnavar, the heart of
Sutherland
They cleared us from our highland homes by ship to
foreign glens
There's Linton and there's Cheviot and red deer on the
bens
For us it's over, over, over, my friend

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