

Dougie MacLean, Broken Wings

A tall tree, turn and face the west
O were running with the wind
A high cliff-top, were waiting with the rest
For this journey to begin

But these broken wings wont fly
These broken wings wont fly at all

And oh how we laugh, maybe we should crawl
Oh, and ask to be excused
We shout loudly, have answers to it all
Oh, but we have been refused

But these broken wings wont fly
These broken wings wont fly at all

Girl child, youre dancing with the stream
Growing with the silver trees
Your young questions, you ask me what it means
O but I am not at ease

But these broken wings wont fly
These broken wings wont fly at all