

Island Crowd

Written by Norrie MacIver

VERSE 1

From the harbours of the Hebrides
To the far fields of the west,
I've travelled home by distant roads
With a compass in my chest.
Though the long road lies before me
And the A9 calls my name,
There's a tune that pulls me westward
That the old shores still proclaim.

CHORUS

Now I've wandered down in Glasgow,
Seen the Castle touch the sky,
But there's nothing like the broch and stones
that makes me feel alive
So I'll raise a glass to memory,
Let the ceilidh play on loud
For nothing beats a Gaelic song
With a good old island crowd.

VERSE 2

I've known nights in distant cities,
Where the bright lights never fade,
And I've worked the days in silence
On the crofts my father made.
But the sound of looms at sunrise,
And the voices on the shore,
Hold a strength the winds can't silence
They're the songs I'm sailing for.

BRIDGE

When the storm clouds break and scatter
And the west sea turns to gold,
I remember where my spirit
Found its footing, young and bold.
And no matter where I travel,
Or how far my boots have roamed
I will hear the tide behind me
Calling every heartbeat home.

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