

Carradale

Alan Reid

I TOOK THE ROAD TO CARRADALE ONE HAZY SUMMER'S MORN
IT WAS EARLY IN JULY, THE SUN WAS IN THE SKY
I TOOK THE ROAD RELUCTANTLY A LITTLE BIT FORLORN
WITH NO ONE THERE BESIDE TO ASK ME WHY
BUT WHEN I GOT TO ARROCHAR AND CAME UPON LOCH LONG
THE COBBLER HIGH ABOVE ME MADE ME SMILE
THE AIR WAS GROWIN SWEETER AND THE WATER LAY SERENE THAT SUNNY DAY THE
DAY I TOOK THE ROAD TO CARRADALE

I WAS GRATEFUL BY THE TIME THE REST AND THANKFUL HAD BEEN WON INVERARY LAY
AHEAD AND I DIDN'T FEEL SO BAD
IT ALREADY SEEMED ALTHOUGH MY JOURNEY WASN'T YET HALF DONE
SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE ID RISEN FROM MY BED
THE ROAD WAS SLOW AND TWISTING AS I ROUNDED EVERY TURN
AND ANOTHER VIEW TO LOOK UPON AND TAKE MY BREATH AWAY
I KNEW THERE WAS NO NEED FOR HASTE AND SO I TOOK MY TIME UPON THAT DAY THE DAY
I TOOK THE ROAD TO CARRADALE

I HEADED FOR LOCHGILPHEAD AND TURNED SOUTHWARD ONCE AGAIN
MEANDERING BY CRINAN AND ARDRISHAIG ON LOCH FYNE
THE SOMEWHERE AFTER TARBERT IN KINTYRE I SAW THE SIGN
AND I KNEW THAT I WAS NEARING CARRADALE
SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE LIVING IS A TRIAL YOU MUST ENDURE
YOU DO YOUR BEST BUT STILL IT FEELS YOU'VE FAILED
BUT OTHER TIMES IT SEEMS THAT LIFE IS GOOD AND YOU ARE SURE YOU KNOW YOUR WAY LIKE THE
DAY I TOOK THE ROAD FOR CARRADALE