

PASSING PLACES

John Conolly

I'M DRIVING INTO HISTORY, THE STORY AND THE SONG
SEARCHING FOR THE MYSTORY OF WHERE MY ROOTS BELONG
ABOVE THE OBAN FERRY BOAT, THE SKY HANGS LOW AND GREY
BUT WHEN I HIT THAT SINGLE-TRACK, MY TROUBLES LIFT AWAY

**PASSING PLACES, ON THE HIGHWAY OF MY DREAMS
PASSING PLACES, LAY ASIDE YOUR PLANS AND SCHEMES
AS, FOR A WHILE, THESE WESTERN ISLES ENFOLD YOU IN THEIR WAYS
PASSING PLACES, YOU'LL REMEMBER ALL YOUR DAYS**

I PASSED THE RUINED HOMES OF TENANT FARMERS AND THE REST
THE LONELY PIER WHERE YESTERYEAR THEY SAILED INTO THE WEST
THE RED DEER ON THE MOUNTAIN, THE EAGLE IN THE SKY
THEY TELL ME KEEP YOUR FREEDOM CLOSE, IT'LL GIVE YOU WINGS TO FLY

THE CROFTERS WERE EVICTED WITH THE POWER OF THE SWORD
THE CLERGY CLAIMED STARVATION WAS THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD
THE CHURCH STANDS HIGH AGAINST THE SKY, THE PRIEST HE PROSPERS STILL
WHILE SCATTERED STONES OF CROFTERS' HOMES LIE RUINED ON THE HILL

LAST NIGHT IN TOBERMORY, I DRANK FROM MARY'S WELL
I SAILED THE GOLDEN GALLION ALL THE WAY FROM HERE TO HELL
I DON'T REMEMBER HALF THE NIGHT, NOR HALF THE MORROW'S DAY
BUT WHEN I WOKE, THE SUN HAD BURNED THE MIRK AND MIST AWAY