

## Mull of Kintyre

Brotherhood of Man

Mull of Kintyre  
Oh, mist rolling in from the sea  
My desire is always to be here  
Oh, Mull of Kintyre

Far, have I traveled, and much have I seen  
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green  
Past painted deserts the sunsets on fire  
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre

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Sweep through the heather  
Like deer in the glen  
Carry me back to the days I knew then  
Nights when we sang  
Like a heavenly choir of the life  
And the times of the Mull of Kintyre

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