

Expectation

Dougie MacLean

To chase the reasons we are stranded one by one
What did we expect to find here?
What did we expect to find?
Ragged strands of freedom we trust to the forces that
move us along
Revealing the time of wild growing fears
Of restless made rhyme of innocent years

Was it the gentle ones
Was it the folding light
Was it the fire that burns
Turning it all in the summer night

To face the seasons and yet stand so far away
How could we have been so blind here?
How could we have been so blind?
Another chance has opened, we want to believe in the
journey we're on
We trust to the smiles of the old and the wise
Uncovered in time to reflect in our eyes

Was it the gentle ones
Was it the folding light
Was it the fire that burns
Turning it all in the summer night