

The Ferry

Runrig

Well the captain called from ship to shore
And the green light slipped away
The captain called for another song
The day was getting late
For the distant light of the Weavers Point
The Lochmor faced the gale
With your Gaelic sons in the city long
Round the saloon by the stairs
She tossed around the sun went down
And she fought her way to the shore
The fever of this sea believes
The boys are coming home