

The Work Song

Runrig

My father came from a Highland home
And I was raised in a Lowland town
He fought his life for a heartless soil
I watched the burning wheels go round

I tried to break out, I grew my hair
I kicked the ball and I made the grade
The more I kicked the more I wept
This is a hopeless, heartless cage

A man must work his hands
A man must bare his brow
A man must hold his head high
As he walks on through this world

We spoke in silence, we cursed in vain
Then I shook the old man's hand
If he could see me now, he'd be ashamed
Is this the son that became a man

He knew his place and he knew his pride
They've made a freeman of this slave
No, there was never beauty here, but there was life
What now for a freeman in his grave

A man must work his hands
A man must bare his brow
A man must hold his head high
As he walks on through this world

So what will I tell the woman I love
Lying in her arms as the sun goes down
You tell me you can live on love
Rivers of plenty, money to burn

And as I lie across her breasts
I feel the heartbeat of an unborn love
I close my eyes and I pray to God
Make this a daughter, not a son

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A man must bare his brow
A man must hold his head high
As he walks on through this world
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