

The Fields of Inverness

The Real McKenzies

I first came into being
By my Mama and my Da
They took the best of care for me
I was a strapping lad!

Running throught the thistles in the
Sunshine by the sea
Oh yes these were such happy times
Such pleasant memories

They brought me up
The Highland way
And we all did our best
We worked with the land and tilled the soil
With little time to rest

We rose at dawn the days were long
Until the sun had set
Hard-working friends and family
No better ye can get

I was to be a plowman!
A farmer in the glen!
Back at home in the fields
With my friends!

Growing up in Scotland
And I soon became a man
I build a cottage by the loch
With my own two hands
Here my life was golden
As I cherished ever day
Until The King conscripted me
And took me far away

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A farmer in the glen!
Back at home in the fields
With my friends!
A was to be a farmer!
A plowman in the glen!
Back at home in the
Fields of Inverness!

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