

Heather

By Scott Wilcox

Too many city lights, too many airway flights
It seems to me you need a place to stay
The people in your day,
Give a smile and be on their way
What will be will, be but it won't be that way with me

Your no longer a mystery,
With me you're more than my history
And with you in my arms, the skies will be never gray.
Give me your sunshine, give me your pain.
When it pours outside I'll dry the rain

CHORUS

I know you're missin' the heather, rollin' hills rainy weather
What can I give to you to remind you,
Remind you of your Scottish home?

As the weather chills you think of heather and hills
So far away is the place that you call home
Your Scottish dream is still a distant scene
While you're here with me you'll never be alone
Your no longer a mystery,
With me you're more than my history
And with you in my arms, the skies will be never gray.
Give me your sweetness, give me the gift of flight
Take me in your wings, fly out of sight.

CHORUS

Give me your sunshine, give me your pain
When it's cold outside, I'll dry the rain
Oh, I'll dry the rain.