

R: Mull of Kintyre oh mist rolling in from the sea, my desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre.

- 1. Far have I travelled and much have I seen, dark distant mountains with valleys of green. Past painted deserts the sunset's on fire As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre
- 2. Smiles in the sunshine an tears in the rain, still take me back where my mem'ries remain. Flickering embers grow higher an higher, as they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre.
- 3. Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen, oh carry me back to the days I knew then. Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre.