SONG TITLE : The Scottish Song

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I had a dream, the wind blew like nails

Out on the heath where the battle was played

Three of them standing, talk of the future

Pointing with sticks they call me king

Chorus: when will it be - sooner than you think

 how will it be - by your own hand

 when will it end - stranger than fiction

 when the forest moves across the plain

I had a dream, daggers before me

Blood on my hands that will not remove

She was the one that gave me the spur

Now she just talks in her sleep

Chorus

Someone is knocking down by the gate

Who could it be they come too late

Dawn will discover this dreadful deed

Blame the two sons

Blame it on greed

I had a dream, the ghost of my friend

Come to accuse me his wounds on show

Taking the place that should have been empty

His lifeless eyes staring at me

Chorus

I had a dream one born from the dead

Standing before me as it was foretold

Plunges his sword deep in my heart

Keeping the promise of fate

Chorus x 2