Donovan, Roots Of Oak

Driving across the highlands Of Scotland in our land rover

Shadow of cloud falls
And with it a chill
High oer heather
Hawk hover the hill
Just begun is my journey
And Danus my name
I am the juggler of fortune and fame

Let me not hear facts figures and logic Fain would I hear lore legends and magic (x 4)

Feathers of raven Slithers of coal Armour of silver In the mackerel shoal Sun in the west Tis ruby blood red Travelers a-weary Do make their bed

Let me not hear facts figures and logic Fain would I hear lore legends and magic (x 4)