

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)