Mull of Kintyre

Paul Mc Cartney

Mull of Kintyre oh mist roll in' in from the sea. My desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre.

Far have I travelled and much have I seen, dark distant mountains with valleys of green. Past painted deserts, the sun set's on fire as he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre.

Mull of Kintyre oh mist roll in' in from the sea. My desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kintyre. Sweep through the heath' like deer in the glen, carry me back to the days I knew then.

Nights when we sang like a heav'ly choir of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre. Mull of Kintyre oh mist roll in' in...
from the sea. My desire always to be here, oh Mull

of Kin tyre. Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain

still take me back where thy mem'ries remain. Flickering

embers grow higher and higher as they carry me back to the Mull

of Kin tyre. Mull of Kin tyre oh mist roll in' in from the sea.

My desire is always to be here, oh Mull of Kin tyre.

Mull of Kin tyre oh mist roll in' in from the sea. My desire is always

to be oh Mull of Kin tyre. La, la la la, Mull of

Kin tyre. La, la la la, Mull of Kin tyre. La, la la