

Exile

Enya

Cold as the northern winds,
in december mornings,
cold is the cry that rings,
from this far distant shore.
Winter has come too late,
too close beside me.
how can i chase away,
all these tears deep inside.
I 'll wait, the sgns to come.
i'll find a way.
i will wait, the time to come.
i'll find a way home.
My light shall be the moon,
and my path - the ocean.
my guide the morning star
as i sail home to you.
I'll wait, the signs to come.
i'll find a way.
i will wait, the time to come.
i'll find a way home.
Who then, can warm my soul?
who can quell my passion?
out of these dreams - a boat,
i will sail home to you.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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