

Exile

Enya

C#mi A E B
Cold as the northern winds
C#mi A Asmi E
in Decem - ber morn - ings,
C#mi A E B
Cold is the cry that rings
A Asmi C#mi
from this far distant shore.

Win - ter has come too late
too close be - side me.
How can I chase away
all these fears deep inside?

C# Bmi F# As C#
I'll wait the signs to come.
Bmi F# As
I'll find a way
C# Bmi F# As C#
I will wait the time to come.
Bmi F# As C#
I'll find a way home.

My light shall be the moon
and my path - the o - cean.
My guide the morning star
as I sail home to you.

Who then can warm my soul?
Who can quell my pas - sion?
Out of these dreams - a boat
I will sail home to you.