

Enya, Evacuee

Each time on my leaving home
I run back to my mother's arms,
One last hold and then it's over.

Watching me, you know I cry,
You wave a kiss to say goodbye,
Feel the sky fall down upon me!

All I am, a child with promises
All I have, are miles full of promises of home.

If only I could stay with you,
My train moves on, you're gone from view,
Now I must wait until it's over.

Days will pass, your words to me,
It seems so long; eternity,
But I must wait until it's over.