

Enya, Orinoco Flow

Let me sail, let me sail,
let the Orinoco Flow,
let me reach, let me beach
on the shores of Tripoli.

Let me sail, let me sail,
let me crash upon your shore,
let me reach, let me beach
far beyond the Yellow Sea.

Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.

From Bissau to Palau - in the shade of Avalon,
from Fiji to Tiree and the Isles of Ebony,
from Peru to Cebu feel the power of Babylon,
from Bali to Cali - far beneath the Coral Sea.

Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up, up, adieu. Ooh.
Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up, up, adieu. Ooh.
Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up, up, adieu. Aah...

Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.

From the North to the South, Ebudae into Khartoum,
from the deep sea of Clouds to the island of the moon,
carry me on the waves to the lands I've never been,
carry me on the waves to the lands I've never seen.
We can sail, we can sail with the Orinoco Flow,
we can sail, we can sail.
(sail away, sail away, sail away)

We can steer, we can near
with Rob Dickins at the wheel,
we can sigh, say goodbye Ross and his dependencies
we can sail, we can sail
(sail away, sail away, sail away)

Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.
Sail away, sail away, sail away.