

# Loreena McKennitt, The Old Ways

The thundering waves are calling me home to you  
The pounding sea is calling me home unto you

On a dark new year's night  
On the west coast of Clare  
I heard your voice singing  
Your eyes danced the song  
Your hands played the tune  
T'was a vision before me.

We left the music behind and the dance carried on  
As we stole away to the seashore  
And smelt the brine, felt the wind in our hair  
And with sadness you paused.

Suddenly I knew that you'd have to go  
your world was not mine, your eyes told me so  
Yet it was there I felt the crossroads of time  
And I wondered why.

As we cast our gaze on the tumbling sea  
A vision came o'er me  
Of thundering hooves and beating wings  
In clouds above.

Turning to go I heard you call my name,  
Like a bird in a cage spreading its wings to fly  
"The old ways are lost," you sang as you flew  
And I wondered why.

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