

# Mike Scott, When Ye Go Away

Now he's brought down the rain  
and the indian summer is through  
In the morning you'll be following your trail again  
Fair lady

You ain't calling me to join you  
and I'm spoken for anyway  
But I will cry when ye go away  
I will cry when ye go away

Your beauty is familiar  
and your voice is like a key  
That opens up my soul  
And torches up a fire inside of me

Your coat is made of magic  
and around your table angels play  
And I will cry when ye go away  
I will cry when ye go away

&lt;Instrumental Break - River Road Reel&gt;

Somebody left us whisky  
and the night is very young  
I've got some to say and more to tell  
and the words will soon be spilling from my tongue

I will rave and I will ramble  
I'll do everything but make you stay  
Then I will cry when ye go away  
I will cry when ye go away

&lt;Instrumental - River Road Reel&gt;

When ye go away...  
When ye go away.