The Waterboys, 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

<Instrumental Break - River Road Reel>

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

<Instrumental - River Road Reel>

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