

The EXILE

THE NORTHEAST WIND'S A BITTER WIND
WHEN STREETS ARE FILLED WITH SNOW
AND IT'S COLD INSIDE THIS LONELY ROOM
BUT I'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO
I LEFT MY HOME AND CAME OUT HERE
TO STREETS NOT PAVED WITH GOLD
TEN YEARS, NO FRIENDS, NO MONEY LEFT
GOD, HOW I HATE THE COLD!

*BUT IT'S A LONG WAY HOME, IT'S SUCH A LONG WAY HOME
FROM HERE TO WHERE MY HEART IS - IT'S SUCH A LONG WAY HOME!*

IN WINTER'S HARSH REALITY
MORE PLEASANT IS THE DREAM:
I SMILED TO SEE MY BROTHER
LEAD HIS CATTLE BY THE STREAM
WITH A SHOUT I RAN TO GREET HIM
THEN ALL VANISHED IN A FLAME
WHEN I WOKE THE SNOW WAS DEEPER
BUT THE ROOM WAS STILL THE SAME

AND IN THE BILLION SNOWFLAKES
COMES THE PATTERN OF A FACE:
A GIRL I LOVED, AND LOVED TOO WELL
FROM ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE
SHE CAME OUT HERE TO BE WITH ME
BUT FOUND SHE COULDN'T STAY
WHEN I LEFT HER AT THE AIRPORT
I THOUGHT I HEARD HER SAY:

ON EMPTY STREETS THE PUBS ARE SHUT
AND DAWN'S A DIRTY GRAY
NO MORE TO SEE - I'LL TRY TO SLEEP
NOTHING ELSE TO DO TODAY
I OWE MY MOM A LETTER
BUT THERE'S NOTHING NEW TO TELL
NOT EVEN SHE BELIEVES IT NOW
WHEN I SAY I'M DOING WELL

NOW TIME IS SUCH A FUNNY THING
IT ONLY MOVES ONE WAY
AND NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY YOU CAN'T
GET BACK TO YESTERDAY
IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHAT'S WRONG OR RIGHT
TO STAY BEHIND, OR GO
I MADE MY CHOICE, AND NOW I SIT
AND CURSE THE FALLING SNOW