



LONELY SKY

From Album Spanish Train And Other Stories / Best Moves . By Chris de Burgh . Written by Chris de Burgh

The cold north wind they call "La Bise"
Is swirling round about my knees,
Trees are crying leaves into the river;

I'm huddled in this French café,
I never thought I'd see the day,
But winter's here and summer's really over,

Even the birds have packed up and gone,
They're flying south with their song,
And my love, she too has gone, she had to fly,

Take care, it's such a lonely sky,
They'll trap your wings my love and hold your flight,
They'll build a cage and steal your only sky,
Fly away, fly to me, fly when the wind is high,
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky...

The old cathedral lights are low
She and I we'd often go there,
To admire and sometimes kneel in prayer;
Lords and ladies lie in stone,

Hand in hand from long ago,
And though their hands are cold they'll love forever,

Even the choir rehearses those songs,
For Christmas is not long,
And alone, I sing my song, she had to fly,



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Out there it's such a lonely sky,
They'll trap your wings my love and hold your flight,
They'll build a cage and steal your only sky,
Fly away, fly to me, fly when the wind is high,
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky,
Fly away, fly to me, and if you need my love,
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky...
I'll come in with the dawn,
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky,
On the wings of the morn,
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky,
Above the world we'll be flying,
I'm sailing beside you in your lonely sky...