

# The EXILE

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The north - - east wind's a bit - - ter wind When \_\_\_\_\_

streets are filled with snow And it's cold in - - side this

lone - ly room But I've no - - where else to go I \_\_\_\_\_

left my home and came out here To \_\_\_\_\_ streets not paved with

gold Ten \_\_\_\_\_ years, no friends, no mo - - ney left: God, \_\_\_\_\_

how I hate the cold! \_\_\_\_\_ And it's a long way home It's

such a long way home From here to where my \_\_\_\_\_ heart is: Such a

long way home \_\_\_\_\_ In home! \_\_\_\_\_

Am F

D G Am Am Am7

F D G Am

C G Dm G

Am Am F

D G Am (chorus) C G Am

Dm Am F G C Am

Dm E | 1 Am Am | 1 Am Am

continued / / /

# *THE EXILE*

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(1)

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!

(chorus)

And 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

(2)

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 room was empty  
But the snow was still the same

(3)

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:

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(4)

On empty streets the pubs are shut  
And dawn's a dirty gray -  
Turn off the light and 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

(5)

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  
But I made my choice, and now I sit  
And I curse the falling snow

- B.Black

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