## Enya, Evacuee

Each time on my leaving home I run back to my mother's arms, One last hold and then it's over.

Watching me, you know I cry, You wave a kiss to say goodbye, Feel the sky fall down upon me!

All I am, a child with promises All I have, are miles full of promises of home.

If only I could stay with you, My train moves on, you're gone from view, Now I must wait until it's over.

Days will pass, your words to me, It seems so long; eternity, But I must wait until it's over.