

On Your Shore

Enya

Strange how my heart beats
To find myself upon your shore.
Strange how I still feel
My loss of comfort gone before.

Cool waves wash o - ver
and drift away with dreams of youth
so time is stol - en
I cannot hold you long enough.

And so this is where I should be now
Days and nights falling by
Days and nights falling by me.

I know of a dream I should be holding
days and nights falling by
Days and nights falling by me.

Soft blue hori - zons
reach far into my childhood days
as you are ris - ing
to bring me my forgotten ways.

Strange how I fal - ter
to find I'm standing in deep water
Strange how my heart beats
to find I'm standing on your shore.