

In our troubled times
We simply hide away
And dream of the one
We'd love to see
At the end of the day
Solitary winter chill me no more
I dream an angel by the western seashore

Ciara...
Ciara...

There is an angel
I would like to know
I sing and dream her face
Lying on my pillow
I kissed her one day
In the cool of Brigid's well
My heart beat crystal clear like a church bell

Ciara...
Ciara...

I can hear the winter knockin' on my door
I dream an angel by the western seashore

Ciara...
Ciara...