

No longer I roam on the shores that I love.
The ship that I am sailing is lost at sea.
Lord knows I long for the blue skies above.
You know, home is where the heart is.
Why can't you see?

But now there are asking questions.
So be careful for what you say.
"Step into room sixteen, sir".
Please come right this way.
Because you are in exile.
Exile no!!

I cannot believe they are wasting my time.
Please tell me what is happening.
Cause I don't have a clue.
It's so hard to conceive that I'm still standing in line.
I'm feeling so lonely, I could cry the blues.

But then there is a ray of hope somewhere.
At least that's what they always say.
Again "step into room sixteen, sir".
Because you are in exile.
Exile no!!

[guitar solo]