

Waterboys

"Song From The End Of The World"

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Here is the smell
of seafood pie
a broken tower
on the open sky
a chain of slands
rolling West
in sight of the house
where we are guests
A rambling old river
twist through the fields
ancient names
imprinted on shields
gifts arrive
for a baby girl
born a queen
at the end of the world
Furious music

from an open door
the sound of feet
beating on a stone flood
always the wind
always the form
of an elder God
hooved and horned
The head of the mountain
lost in a cloud
a country woman
soft and proud
into the bay
the horses swirl
for we come to the sea
at the end of the world

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