

Mathilde Santing

"Bad News From Home"

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High on a cliff in the County Mayo
Staring down at the rocks
And the sea below
I can hear the church bells ring
I can hear the choir

I remember the night she left
I drove to the station in the pouring rain
Sat all night behind my big iron desk
The oil on the water made a rainbow

At the end of this bone white gravel road
They both lie sleeping on their feather bed
And their hair's as black as the sky at night
But her eyes are grey like the moon

You can run but you can't hide
You can run but you can't hide
You said you loved me but I know you lied
You said you loved me but I know
You lied

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