

Daniel Lanois "Fisherman's Daughter"

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I laid awake a whole night long
Waiting for the sun to beat down on my head
In this broken bed

I laid awake and dreamt of ships
Passing through night
Searching for shelter
Stopping at no harbor

I heard the screaming waters
Call sixty sailors' names
Raging words, pounding on the sail
Like an angry whale

I felt the iron rudder skip
The smell of seeping oil
The heat of slipping rope
Failing hands, failing hope

Every sailor asks
Asks the question about the cargo
He is carrying

God's anger broke through the clouds
And He spilt the cargo for all to see

The fault of the sailor
The fault of he who asks no questions
About the cargo he is carrying

Fishes and tales and a fisherman's daughter
Walks in the rain, she walks to the water
To the sea

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