

Fiery Furnaces "Sing For Me"

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Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
me home.
The girl around her father throws her arms to make
him stay:
"My daddy dear it hails, it blows; you
cannot go today!"
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
me home.
The April mud was on his boots, a' clinging through the
fields
And desperate it send up its shoots-but at water's edge
it yields.
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
me home.
The waves were pounding the dock; the pillars creak
and growl.
The shoreman loading up the stock; the gulls were
crying foul.
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
me home.
The father called up to the ship, "You need
an extra hand?"
"Ah yes, for just a little trip: one month be
back at land."
The rain had stirred the sea too well; the salt poured on
the deck.
At last the captain rang the bell: they ship was left to
wreck.
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
me home.
It calm but now the fog if thick: so which way should
they head?
The rest knew not and they must be quick-so father
softly said:
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
me home.

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