Peter Gabriel

"Mercy Street For Anne Sexton"

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looking down on empty streets, all she can see are the dreams all made solid are the dreams all made real

all of the buildings, all of those cars were once just a dream in somebody's head

she pictures the broken glass, she pictures the steam she pictures a soul with no leak at the seam

lets take the boat out wait until darkness let's take the boat out wait until darkness comes

nowhere in the corridors of pale green and grey nowhere in the suburbs in the cold light of day

there in the midst of it so alive and alone words support like bone

dreaming of mercy st. wear your inside out dreaming of mercy in your daddy's arms again dreaming of mercy st. 'swear they moved that sign dreaming of mercy in your daddy's arms

pulling out the papers from the drawers that slide smooth tugging at the darkness, word upon word

confessing all the secret things in the warm velvet box to the priest-he's the doctor he can handle the shocks dreaming of the tenderness-the tremble in the hips of kissing Mary's lips

dreaming of mercy st. wear your insides out dreaming of mercy in your daddy's arms again dreaming of mercy st. 'swear they moved that sign looking for mercy in your daddy's arms

mercy, mercy, looking for mercy mercy, mercy, looking for mercy

Anne, with her father is out in the boat riding the water riding the waves on the sea

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