

Buckley Tim**"I Woke Up"**

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Now the sun sits on my hand
O where are you?
Walking the wind I fly above the shore of the town
To the hills where I can hear
The harbor bells ring slavery
Where the fortune teller sighs to me
O I see your woman in the raw
Ride a mare of stone and howl

I woke up
While morning built
The world with light,
Crossing their hearts,
Twelve sailor boys all stood in a ring
Round our bed,
And from the grass a dancer rose,
Shivering,
Oh the sailors pointing
Out to sea
And the dancer diving
Up the sky
'Til we forgot the day

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