

Sinead Oconnor

"A Perfect India"

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A perfect indian is he
Remembering him life is sweet
Like a weeping willow
His face was on my pillow
Comes to me still in my dreams

And there i saw a young baby
A beautiful daughter was she
A face from a painting
Red cheeks and teeth aching
Her eyes like a wild irish sea

On a table in her yellow dress
For a fotograph feigned happiness
Why in my life is that the only time
That any of you will smile at me

I'm sailing on this terrible ocean
I've come for my self to retriive
Too long have i been feeling like Lir's children
And there is only one way to be free

He's shy and speaks quietly
He's gentle and seems to me
Like the elf-arrow
His face worn and narrowed
Is he a daydreamer like me

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