

Sinead Oconnor

"Reaching For The Rail"

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(Wright, Moore)

I'm ill with a fever, I feel like a child
I lay in the dark 'til morning came.
And it's so unoriginal
But I feel it worse at night
And I know it's not terminal
But I'm near half dead with fright
And freezing cold.

But sooner than wake up
To find it all unchanged
I'll sleep through the day till the daylight ends.
'Cos it's so familiar
As it comes around again
The same taste to everything
The same unbroken chain
That still remains.

With morning I rise,
In dream that won't leave me,
You're sad, naked and pale
And you're reaching for the rail

You took a look inside, how could you peel away
Or braek the shell, the hurt you've hidden so well
For all your days.

And you're going down
As you slip beneath the waves,
Won't make a sound
Won't even leave a trace before you.

I hear an appalling sigh from the street below
And it's creeping fear congealed in stone
That paves the crazy road.
And all are succumbing and they look so hopelessly
At the heartbreak, it's easy to deal with,
Just take these and you'll really never feel it.

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