

Fiery Furnaces, The

"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

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me home

The waves were pounding the dock, the pillars creak
and growl
The shoreman loading up the stock, the gulls were
crying foul

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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

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It's calm but now the fog is thick: so which way should
they head
The rest knew not and they must be quick-so father
softly said

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