

The Fiery Furnaces "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.
 Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
 When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
 me home.
 The waves were pounding the dock; the pillars creak
 and growl.
 The shoreman loading up the stock; the gulls were
 crying foul.
 Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
 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.
 Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
 When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
 me home.
 It calm but now the fog if thick: so which way should
 they head?
 The rest knew not and they must be quick-so father
 softly said:
 Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
 When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead
 me home.

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