

Kate Bush, A Coral Room

There's a city, draped in net
Fisherman net
And in the half light, in the half light
It looks like every tower
Is covered in webs
Moving and glistening and rocking
It's babies in rhythm
As the spider of time is climbing
Over the ruins

There were hundreds of people living here
Sails at the windows
And the planes came crashing down
And many a pilot drowned
And the speed boats flying above
Put your hand over the side of the boat
What do you feel?

My mother and her little brown jug
It held her milk
And now it holds our memories
I can hear her singing
"Little brown jug don't I love thee"
"Little brown jug don't I love thee"
Ho ho ho, hee hee hee

I hear her laughing
She is standing in the kitchen
As we come in the back door
See it fall
See it fall
Oh little spider climbing out of a broken jug
And the pieces will lay there a while
In a house draped in net
In a room filled with coral
Sails at the window
Forests of masts
Put your hand over the side of the boat
Put your hand over the side of the boat
What do you feel?