

Mike Scott, Gala

Gala hangs from the window frame
dressed in black and white
Her face is colourless
in the moonlight
She turns around and her lips move
but the words just drop away
She leans on the back of a chair
and her arms begin to sway
She and I can hear voices
talking in the room next door
Saying things we used to say
that we can't believe in any more
We've seen too many castles crumble
made too many innocent mistakes
Who could have known that one house
could hold so much heartbreak?

And then the clockbell rings
the wind blows in -
Gala makes for the door.
Her eyes blaze
and her hands are shaking
She opens her mouth and ROARS!
Gala doesn't want, Gala doesn't need
She claws at her face
with her nails till it bleeds
She runs down the stairs
in her poor bare-feet
She's too woman to cry or go down on her knees
then her mother is there
And her voice is soft
she pulls Gala close
She soothes Gala's cuts
and gently chides
And Gala knows...

That Gala shouldn't worry
she needn't be afraid
Because there are sailors on the sea tonight
in ships that God made
Look! They cast out the line
with a "heave two-three-four"
And they sing as they pull
our lost souls aboard