

Peter Murphy, Thelma Sings To Little Nell

Fragments spinning in the waves
The sea is dreaming of shining caves
A drop of petal rings the bell
In the corner of Heaven of my Little Nell

Words from the vine and essence flow
A teardrop turns in its fall to a glow
And Thelma sings her sing song show
To the mother that lost her before she did grow

VERSE 3

And her wintered feet now shim and shine
As she sings from one to ninety-nine
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As she sings from one to ninety-nine

(Oo, mm)

(Oo, mm)

VERSE 3