

# Sinead O' Connor, A Perfect India

A perfect indian is he  
Remembering him life is sweet  
Like a weeping willow  
His face was on my pillow  
Comes to me still in my dreams  
And there i saw a young baby  
A beatiful daughter was she  
A face from a painting  
Red cheeks and teeth aching  
Her eyes like a wild irish sea  
On a table in her yellow dress  
For a fotograph feigned happiness  
Why in my life is that the only time  
That any of you will smile at me  
I'm sailing on this terrible ocean  
I've come for my self to retriive  
Too long have i been feeling like Lear's children  
And there is only one way to be free  
He's shy and speaks quietly  
He's gentle and seems to me  
Like the elf-arrow  
His face worn and narrowed  
Is he a daydreamer like me