

Sinead O' Connor, A Perfect Indian

A Perfect Indian is he
Remembering him life is sweet
Like a weeping willow
His face on my pillow
Comes to me still in my dreams
And there I saw a young baby
A beautiful 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 photograph 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 retrieve
Too long have I been feeling like Lir's children
And there's only one way to be free
He's shy and he speaks quietly
He's gentle and he seems to me
Like the elf-arrow
His face worn and harrowed
Is he a daydreamer like me
I'm sailing on this terrible ocean
I've come for my self to retrieve
Too long have I been feeling like Lir's children
And there's only one way to be free