

Sinead O'Connor, Harbour

The street bears no relief
When everybody's fighting
The street bears no relief
With light so hot and binding

I run the stairs away
And walk into the nighttime
The sadness flows like water
And washes down the heartache
And washes down the heartache

My heart is full
My heart is wide
The saddest song to play
On the strings of my heart

The heat is on its own
The roof seems so inviting
A vantage point is gained
To watch the children fighting

So lead me to the harbour
And float me on the waves
Sink me in the ocean
To sleep in a sailor's grave
To sleep in a sailor's grave

My heart is full
My heart is wide
The saddest song to play
On the strings of my heart

My heart is full
My heart is wide, so wide
The saddest song to play
On the strings of my heart