

# 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