

Daniel Lanois, Fisherman's Daughter

I laid awake a whole night long,
waiting for the sun to beat down on my head
in this broken bed

I laid awake and dreamt of ships
passing through night,
searching for shelter,
stopping at no harbor

I heard the screaming waters
call sixty sailors' names
Raging words, pounding on the sail
like an angry whale

I felt the iron rudder skip
the smell of seeping oil,
the heat of slipping rope.
Failing hands, failing hope

Every sailor asks...
asks the question about the cargo
he is carrying

God's anger broke through the clouds
and He spilt the cargo for all to see -

The fault of the sailor,
the fault of he who asks no questions
about the cargo he is carrying

Fishes and tales and a fisherman's daughter
walks in the rain, she walks to the water
to the sea...