

Kate Bush, My Lagan Love

When rainy nights are soft with tears,
And Autumn leaves are falling,
I hear his voice on tumbling waves
And no one there to hold me.
At evening's fall he watched me walk.
His heart was mine.
But my love was young, and felt
The world was not cruel, but kind.
Where Lagan's light fell on the hour,
I saw him far below me--
Just as the morning calmed the storm--
With no one there to hold him.
My loves have come, my loves have gone,
And nothing's left to warn me,
Save for a voice on the traveling wind,
And the glimpse of a face at morning