

Peter Murphy, Girlchild Aglow

Throws a look
Blows away
She woke up to follow
The lapping ocean
Is her thing
An ever friend
Not hollow
Her whispers are
In the wind
Rain for her
Just fountains
Her garden where
The Lovers go
No thunder there
Not harrow

Just woke up
To follow it
Throws a look
And still
The swallows fall
Around that face
And wonder is for her

Girlchild with the universes in her

With sleepy eyes
She throws a look
At the passing swallow
Nestled in
Her candy hair
She's never heard
Of tomorrow
How it filled me
How it filled
Girlchild Aglow
How it filled me
How it filled
Letting go of sorrow