

Peter Murphy, Wish

I wish it was spring
I wish it was your house
We'd invite the beggars
Hanging 'bout your front fence
Wish I was your tree
I wish I could bend and bow
Like the branch of ash
Bum idols for love

I wish we could dress
In only happy cloaks
And blow rave waves
To the lily pond
I wish I was your mirror
Give you up my wand
Wish I was your mirror
Be your fine shine
Wish I was a nomad
Living in your land
An Irish tinker
Drinking juice of rose
From your hand
Wish I was a beggar
Waiting at your door

I wish we could dress
In only happy cloaks
And blow rave waves
To the lily pond
I wish I was your mirror
Give you up my wand
Wish I was your mirror
Be your fine shine
I wish I could rush
To see the first sun
Rise to your call
Bum idols for love