

# Sinead O'Connor, On Raglan Road

On Raglan Road on an Autumn day  
I saw her first and knew,  
that her dark hair would weave a snare  
that I might one day rue.  
I saw the danger yet I passed  
along the enchanted way.  
And I said, "Let grief be a fallen leaf  
at the dawning of the day."

On Grafton Street in November,  
we tripped lightly along the ledge  
of a deep ravine where can be seen  
the worth of passions pledge.  
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts  
and I not making hay.  
Oh, I loved too much by such, by such  
is happiness blown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind,  
I gave her the secret sign that's known  
to the artists who have known the true  
gods of sound and stone.  
And word and tint I did not stint  
for I gave her poems to say.  
With her own name there and her dark hair,  
like clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet  
I see her walking now,  
away from me so hurriedly.  
My reason must allow,  
that I had loved, not as I should.  
A creature made of clay.  
When the angel woos the clay,  
he'll lose his wings at the dawn of day.