

The Divine Comedy, Neptune's Daughter

When the last course has been consumed
They withdraw to the drawing room
Where the Schubert she plays with style
Keeps her friends happy for the while
But the memories are a burden,
So she draws back both the curtains
Stepping out into the night

As the glow from the house recedes
And their voices blend with the breeze
She is free to be who she will
Free to skip barefoot down the hill
Maybe she is Neptune's daughter
For she's drawn towards the water
Stepping out into the night

The water cold against her skin
Conceals a multitude of sins
And laughing like a little girl
She enters an enchanted world
Where seaweed girls with silver tails
Play games upon the backs of whales
They want her to come home with them
They grab her legs and drag her
Down again, down again
Into the sea he strides
And takes her in his arms
And he carries her back to shore