Sing for Me

The Fiery Furnaces

Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead me home.
The girl around her father throws her arms to make him stay:
"My daddy dear it hails, it blows; you cannot go today!"
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead me home.
The April mud was on his boots, a' clinging through the fields
And desperate it send up its shoots-but at water's edge it yields.
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead me home.
The waves were pounding the dock; the pillars creak and growl.
The shoreman loading up the stock; the gulls were crying foul.
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead me home.
The father called up to the ship, "You need an extra hand?"
"Ah yes, for just a little trip: one month be back at land."
The rain had stirred the sea too well; the salt poured on the deck.
At last the captain rang the bell: they ship was left to wreck.
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead me home.
It calm but now the fog if thick: so which way should they head?
The rest knew not and they must be quick-so father softly said:
Sing for me, my daughter, sing for me.
When I'm away you'll be the siren that will finally lead me home.

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