

# Fisherman's Daughter (Intro.)

**Daniel Lanois**

I laid awake a whole night long  
Waiting for the sun to beat down on my head  
In this broken bed I laid awake and dreamt of ships  
    Passing through night  
    Searching for shelter  
Stopping at no harbor I heard the screaming waters  
    Call sixty sailors' names  
    Raging words, pounding on the sail  
Like an angry whale I felt the iron rudder skip  
    The smell of seeping oil  
    The heat of slipping rope  
Failing hands, failing hope Every sailor asks  
    Asks the question about the cargo  
He is carrying God's anger broke through the clouds  
And He spilt the cargo for all to see The fault of the sailor  
    The fault of he who asks no questions  
About the cargo he is carrying Fishes and tales and a fisherman's daughter  
    Walks in the rain, she walks to the water  
    To the sea

Songwriters

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    patents pending.

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