The Dead Waltz

Radical Face

I saw your daughter yesterday
As I was idle on the porch
She slept-walked from your house down the walkway
As though she'd done it all before
And the moon was outAnd in her gown beside the riverbed
She got down on her knees
And wrapped her long hair up in vines, and leaves, and branches
And with the wind beneath her feet
Oh, she waltzed with the dead
And everything was bathed
In light white as milk
As the impossible began
She danced across the water's edge
But her feet, they didn't sink
As though she flewI ran out in the water
With a lantern in my hand
I was waste deep and shivering
I took her wrist and walked her in
I was loathe to interrupt her
But I had to get her home
If people were to see thisthey'd gather up, raise hell and burn her alive
Don't you mind, don't you mind
She'll be fine
Tie a bell around her ankle
Before she lays down at night
And the sound of her footsteps
Will wake me in time
Don't you mind, don't you mind
I'll watch over her
As though she were mine

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