

St. Patrick's Day

Oh Susanna

Alone in my room
The morning that you loved me
A sweet salt perfume
Gently swept around meThe bed became a sailing ship
The floor became the sea
And you became an ocean bird
And flew away from meI lie in my room
Delicate and broken
A dark echo looms
Of pretty words you'd spokenListing in my sailing ship
Upon the wine-dark sea
Sheets of red in brine and sweat
And no one at the wheelOver the waves now
I call to you to come and rescue me
But you're far away now
So forever I'll go drifting out to seaI locked up my room
And everything you'd opened
Sewed up my wound
To prove that you're forgottenBut I'll feast for you each year in spring
When birds begin to sing
When everything, yes, everything
Oh, everything is greenOver the waves now
I call to you to come and comfort me
But you're far away now
So your pretty face nevermore I'll see
No, your pretty face nevermore I'll see

Songwriters
Suzanne UngerleiderPublished by
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