To the Harbour

Jerry Leger

In the winter of my day
She lays in the snow barely awake
And good boys don't touch
What they can't understand
And the shadows 'round here
Never witness anythingI know I've felt her on the breeze
Wounded lips
The hunted refugee
With my hard pressed pen
I wrote for her to come where I standIs she lost in the water
No one sees her in the wind
I've been wondering
All about where she's been
Blue eyes upon the damp light
Never worried when she's sure
One day she'll return
In the dull whispering night
To the harbourIf the mercy bell rang for her
In sweetened air
The tin painters and poets would glare
Cement their minds on the girl
Who never was freeOh, I'd give it all just to hold her close
To feel what harms her the most
The war in her heart
The war on her home
The shivering speech from her children
She hears and can't controlIs she lost in the water
No one sees her but me
I've been wondering
Where she goes in my dreams
Blue eyes upon the damp light
Never worried when she's sure
One day she'll return
In the dull whispering night
To the harbour
To the harbour

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