Girlchild Aglow

Peter Murphy

Throws a look, blows away
She woke up to follow
The lapping ocean is her thing
An ever friend, not hollowHer whispers are in the wind
Rain for her just fountains
Her garden, where the lovers go
No thunder there, not harrowJust woke up to follow it
Throws a look and still
The swallows fall around that face
And wonder is for herWith sleepy eyes she throws a look
At the passing swallow
Nestled in her candy hair
She's never heard of tomorrowHow it filled me, how it filled
Girlchild aglow
How it filled me, how it filled
Letting go of sorrowGirlchild with the universes in her
Girlchild with the universes in her
Girlchild with the universes in her
Girlchild with the universes in herWith the universes in her
With the universes in her

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