

# Girlchild Aglow

Peter Murphy

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

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