

The Icicle Melts

The Cranberries

When, when will the icicle melt? The icicle, icicle
And when, when will the picture show end?
The picture show, picture show
I should not have read the paper today
'Cause a child, child, child, child he was taken away
There's a place for the baby that died
And there's time for the mother who cried
And she will hold him in her arms sometime
'Cause nine months is too long, too long, too long
How, how could you hurt the child?
How could you hurt the child?
Now, does this make you satisfied
Satisfied, satisfied?
I don't know what's happ'ning to people today
When a child, child, child, child, he was taken away
There's a place for the baby that died
And there's time for the mother who cried
And she will hold him in her arms sometime
'Cause nine months is too long, too long, too long
There's a place for the baby that died
And there's time for the mother who cried
And you will hold him in your arms sometime
'Cause nine months is too long, too long, too long, too long

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