

# 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

Girlchild with the universes in 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  
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With the universes in her