

Sad Stephen's Song

Duncan Sheik

And there were mermaids, weren't there?
Sweet, silver mermaids
All through that gray Trafalgar square
Such silver mermaids

And they were young and they were fair
They brushed their bronze and dusky hair
And whispered, "Come, sad Stephen
Come and play here"

"You will love, you will be loved
You will grow up and do so much
You will be strong, you will be sung
By all the mermaids, silver mermaids"

And once they'd sung their satin song
They beckoned to me from the fog
They spread their arms and lifted
Pale portrait faces, I was taken

To their coral cavern halls
To rooms with oyster shells for walls
To sandy nooks, pearly books and ivory dolls
In ivory stalls, in ivory stalls

And there were mermaids, weren't there?
Sweet, silver mermaids
All through that wan, forgotten square
Silver mermaids

They were young and they were fair
And they brushed their bronze and dusky hair
And whispered, "Come, sad Stephen, come"
And I was taken

Was I wrong? Should I have run?
I wanted all, I wanted young
And portrait faces, I was taken

Did I love? I didn't care
Did I grow up? Well, unaware
And was I strong? And was I sung?
How do I haunt Trafalgar fog?

And find I want so much, still want
And no more mermaids
No more mermaids
And no more mermaids