

Thelma Sings To Little Nell

Peter Murphy

Fragments spinning in the waves
The sea is dreaming of shining caves
A drop of petal rings the bell
In the corner of Heaven of my Little Nell

Words from the vine and essence flow
A teardrop turns in its fall to a glow
And Thelma sings her sing song show
To the mother that lost her before she did grow

And her wintered feet now shim and shine
As she sings from one to ninety-nine
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(Oo, mm)

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