

Song from the End of the World

The Waterboys

Here is the smell
Of seafood pie
A broken tower
On the open sky

A chain of islands
Rolling West
In sight of the house
Where we are guests

A rambling old river
Twist through the fields
Ancient names
Imprinted on shields

Gifts arrive
For a baby girl
Born a queen
At the end of the world

Furious music
From an open door
The sound of feet
Beating on a stone flood

Always the wind
Always the form
Of an elder God
Hooved and horned

The head of the mountain
Lost in a cloud
A country woman
Soft and proud

Into the bay
The horses swirl
For we come to the sea
At the end of the world