

# The Girl Who Slept For Scotland

The Waterboys

I tried to sleep upon my back so I could  
hold her all night long as in my  
arms she slept, alas, but no I couldn't  
and when daybreak came and found her  
at the far side of the bed I tried to  
wake her, tried to stir her, but she wouldn't  
In her fug she lay like someone dead  
and even when I'd tug her head and  
press and nip and agitate and shake her  
or call her name or whisper it against her ear,  
my breath warm, there were  
no words in this universe would wake her

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It took me time to comprehend  
this state of play extended unto  
all her working, waking, shaking hours  
for when she finally woke, deep in the day  
still she did sleepwalk like a hollow ghost  
a-float in haunted towers  
and though she heard she didn't see  
and though she saw she didn't hear,  
attending only to what seemed precise and kind  
for she was settled in her dream,  
a shopping list of small illusions,  
pretty stories that she told her drowsy mind

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Yet I remember a day by a river wild  
when she clung to me hard like a darling child  
And a night in the sheets of a Dublin bed  
when she moaned like a woman  
and gave sweet head  
when we sang in tongues together  
and our synchronised guitars  
played music to the rafters  
made love among the stars  
and our bodies beat like light  
in love's bold embrace  
as her tiny kisses burst like  
popping suns around my face

but then drift, recline, collapse,  
the lights went out, she fell asleep again  
before my kiss-wet face was even dry  
I need another haircut she'd say,  
talking in her sleep, the sleep-motes  
gathered in the dust-bowls of her eye  
she teetered down the road apiece,  
she and her man, from dozy bedsit land  
to junkshop, with her sleeping clothes in sacks  
and when I'd gone she teetered down the road again,  
yawning as she went,  
and went and brought the bloody damn things back

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