

# Fisherman's Daughter

Daniel Lanois

I laid awake a whole night long  
Waiting for the sun to beat down on my head  
In this broken bed

I laid awake and dreamt of ships  
Passing through night  
Searching for shelter  
Stopping at no harbor

I heard the screaming waters  
Call sixty sailors' names  
Raging words, pounding on the sail  
Like an angry whale

I felt the iron rudder skip  
The smell of seeping oil  
The heat of slipping rope  
Failing hands, failing hope

Every sailor asks  
Asks the question about the cargo  
He is carrying

God's anger broke through the clouds  
And He spilt the cargo for all to see

The fault of the sailor  
The fault of he who asks no questions  
About the cargo he is carrying

Fishes and tales and a fisherman's daughter  
Walks in the rain, she walks to the water  
To the sea