

Sally Forth

Peter McPoland

Gentle was the tide breaking in foreign sky;
Beside the moon there were echoes of this home
Broken were the streets, concrete river beneath his feet
Cracked and cratered and whispering all alone

Bleeding through the blinds was the moonlight and the lights
Crossing over and finding a young man's eyes
Lost was the might of that young man on that night
Looking for where the sea met the sky

Oh, sally forth my love
I adore you more and more
As each day the rocks are around him, on the shore
I wait beside the lighthouse every night in my home
I am here, waiting for a turn

Shallow was the one in the crack on the tile
As she dropped a bottle, frightened by the cry of the wind
"He will come in time," she would say, once in a while
And she hoped that the screen door would sing again

Soft was the light, hanging down beside the night
In the kitchen streaks of plaster lay still cracked
Lost was the might of the women on that night
For the earth had taken that blue sea and turned it to black

Oh, sally forth my love
I adore you more and more
As each day the rocks are around him, on the shore
I wait beside the lighthouse every night in my home
I am here, waiting for a turn

Oh, sally forth
My love, I adore you more and more
As each day the rocks are around him, on the shore
I wait beside the lighthouse every night
In my home, I am here, waiting for a turn
In my home, I am here, waiting for a turn