

The Icicle Melts

The Cranberries

When, when will the icicle melt,
The icicle, icicle?
And when, when will the picture show end,
The picture show, picture show?

I should not have read the paper today,
'Cause a child, child, child, child he was taken away.

There's a place for the baby that died,
And there's time for the mother who cried.
And she will hold him in her arms sometime,
'Cause nine months is too long, too long, too long...

How, how could you hurt the child,
How could you hurt the child?
Now, does this make you satisfied,
Satisfied, satisfied?

I don't know what's happ'ning to people today,
When a child, child, child, child, he was taken away.

There's a place for the baby that died,
And there's time for the mother who cried.
And she will hold him in her arms sometime,
'Cause nine months is too long, too long, too long...

There's a place for the baby that died,
And there's time for the mother who cried.
And you will hold him in your arms sometime,
'Cause nine months is too long, too long, too long,
Too long.