

## Sad Stephen's Song

Duncan Sheik

And there were mermaids, weren't there?  
Sweet, silver mermaids  
All through that gray Trafalgar square  
Such silver mermaids

And they were young and they were fair  
They brushed their bronze and dusky hair  
And whispered, "Come, sad Stephen  
Come and play here"

"You will love, you will be loved  
You will grow up and do so much  
You will be strong, you will be sung  
By all the mermaids, silver mermaids"

And once they'd sung their satin song  
They beckoned to me from the fog  
They spread their arms and lifted  
Pale portrait faces, I was taken

To their coral cavern halls  
To rooms with oyster shells for walls  
To sandy nooks, pearly books and ivory dolls  
In ivory stalls, in ivory stalls

And there were mermaids, weren't there?  
Sweet, silver mermaids  
All through that wan, forgotten square  
Silver mermaids

They were young and they were fair  
And they brushed their bronze and dusky hair  
And whispered, "Come, sad Stephen, come"  
And I was taken

Was I wrong? Should I have run?  
I wanted all, I wanted young  
And portrait faces, I was taken

Did I love? I didn't care  
Did I grow up? Well, unaware  
And was I strong? And was I sung?  
How do I haunt Trafalgar fog?

And find I want so much, still want  
And no more mermaids  
No more mermaids  
And no more mermaids