

Gala

The Waterboys

Gala hangs from the window frame dressed in black and white
Her face is colorless in the moonlight
She turns around and her lips move but the words just drop away
She leans on the back of a chair and her arms begin to sway

She and I can hear voices talking in the room next door
Saying things we used to say that we can't believe in any more
We've seen too many castles crumble, made too many innocent mistakes
Who could have known that one house could hold so much heartbreak?

And then the clock bell rings, the wind blows in
Gala makes for the door
Her eyes blaze and her hands are shaking
She opens her mouth and roars

Gala doesn't want, Gala doesn't need
She claws at her face with her nails till it bleeds
She runs down the stairs in her poor bare feet
She's too woman to cry or go down on her knees

Then her mother is there and her voice is soft
She pulls Gala close
She soothes Gala's cuts and gently chides and
Gala knows

That Gala shouldn't worry, she needn't be afraid
Because there are sailors on the sea tonight in ships that God made
Look, they cast out the line with a heave two-three-four
And they sing as they pull, our lost souls aboard