

# Song from the End of the World

The Waterboys

Here is the smell  
Of seafood pie  
A broken tower  
On the open sky

A chain of islands  
Rolling West  
In sight of the house  
Where we are guests

A rambling old river  
Twist through the fields  
Ancient names  
Imprinted on shields

Gifts arrive  
For a baby girl  
Born a queen  
At the end of the world

Furious music  
From an open door  
The sound of feet  
Beating on a stone flood

Always the wind  
Always the form  
Of an elder God  
Hooved and horned

The head of the mountain  
Lost in a cloud  
A country woman  
Soft and proud

Into the bay  
The horses swirl  
For we come to the sea  
At the end of the world