

# Sinead O'Connor, A Perfect Indian

A Perfect Indian is he  
Remembering him life is sweet  
Like a weeping willow  
His face on my pillow  
Comes to me still in my dreams

And there I saw a young baby  
A beautiful daughter was she  
A face from a painting  
Red cheeks and teeth aching  
Her eyes like a wild Irish sea

On a table in her yellow dress  
For a photograph feigned happiness  
Why in my life is that the only time  
That any of you will smile at me

I'm sailing on this terrible ocean  
I've come for my self to retrieve  
Too long have I been feeling like Lir's children  
And there's only one way to be free

He's shy and he speaks quietly  
He's gentle and he seems to me  
Like the elf-arrow  
His face worn and harrowed  
Is he a daydreamer like me

I'm sailing on this terrible ocean  
I've come for my self to retrieve  
Too long have I been feeling like Lir's children  
And there's only one way to be free