

Underneath the Falls

The Handsome Family

The green one sleeps underneath the falls.
Deep in the roar of water he slowly dreams the world.
And those who venture close to that shadow 'neath the sea,
they fall asleep forever in the eddy of the reeds.

Don't listen, don't listen to the call.
Turn away, away, from the whisper in the falls.

On the first summer nights the windows open wide.
The world expands in darkness, black waters rushing by.
There are hunters in the hedges, there are whispers in the green.
The soaking mud is hungry, closer now it seeps.

Don't listen, don't listen to the call.
Turn away, away, from the hissing in the walls.

Be careful summer nights, keep the windows closed.
Outside the yard is crawling, the heavy branches bow.
In heat the world remembers when all rushed with the sea.
In heat the old waves rise again to claim what has crawled free
.

Don't listen, don't listen to the call.
Turn away, away, from the one beneath the falls.