The Rice

David Gray

The draft blew cold under the door When we threw wour clothes to the kitchen floor The broccoli boils in the pan on the gas stove where you stand Won't you take this spatula in your hand?

Let the rice burn It cannot deter my love for you we have no concern under the hem of the night under the hem of the night

Out on the roof over havoc streets Where the sky is a blanket each sweet kiss so melodramatic embroidered by shadows by the fridge I reminice

Let the rice burn It cannot deter my love for you we have no concern under the hem of the night under the hem of the night

we stagger in the doorway and all of the sudden the drum of the rain on the heather hills now everything's changed and our silence is bitter and you are all unhinged

Let the rice burn It cannot deter my love for you we have no concern we have no concern oh we have no concern under the hem of the night