

Weights & Measures

Dry the River

You've made your decision
now get up and leave
the familiar sting of the woodcutter's swing
to the tree

I'll fall in the forest
to elbows and knees
and it won't make a sound
since there's no-one around
here to see

I was prepared
to love you
and never expect
anything of you

If a spirit has left you babe
don't lie to yourself
Put them old records on
and admit that it's gone
somewhere else

And just because We've been
so blamed by nature
it doesn't mean you should carry it again
It's a question of need-to-know
rosary beads in the end

I was prepared
to love you
and never expect
anything of you

And there's no patron saint
of silent restraint
Baby there ain't no sword in our name
just a funeral wake

You were the coldest star in the sky
Only I couldn't see you, I was blind
And in comes the black night
calling your name since you were born
only I couldn't hear it
I was empty as a drum

I was prepared
to love you
and never expect
anything of you

And there's no patron saint
of silent restraint
Baby there ain't no sword in our name
There ain't no sword in our name
There ain't no sword in our name
just a funeral wake
Tisťeno z pisnický-akordy.cz