

## Riverbed Dry

### Everything But the Girl

Conspired again to protest in vain  
that you'll never feel that way again.  
Despair and desire above far too sustain  
you'll never sink this low again.

Bitter as children we are now too much all of the time.  
What god would punish such sweet children  
for such a sweet crime?

Wrong as the world and right as rain,  
we'll never feel that way again.  
Riverbed dry, this is my terrain.  
I'll never feel that way again.

But I've tired of the city never blessed  
with respite from the rain,  
or has that changed too?

Is the riverbed dry?  
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Is the riverbed dry?

Conspired again to protest in vain,  
that you'll never feel that way again.  
Despair and desire above far too sustain,  
you'll never sink this low again.

Well, I've tired  
with your city never blessed,  
with respite from the rain  
or has that changed too?

Is the riverbed dry?