

Thrill

Future Islands

Blue water
Black bible
Old river
Come quietly
Just asking
A glass of water
They don't know me
Don't try me

Nobody gonna pick me up
I'm falling down
And I'm 5th Street Bound
Now nobody wanna fill me up
I've fallen down
None of my friends around

Seen it on the news
Looked like me and you
Did they hear me calling?

Blue water
Black rider
Keep on rolling
Keep on riding
Old silver
Old Tar River
Keep running
Black water
Old river
That old Tar River
Just keeps rising
Inside me

Nobody gonna pick me up
I'm falling down
And I'm 5th Street Bound

Seen it on the news
Some never seem to lose
They say, the rest are fallen
I seen it on the news
It wasn't mine to lose
Do they hear me calling?

(Heavy this leans inside me)
Keep Rising
(The river seethes)
(Parting the ground beneath me)
Keep Rising
(Just like the sea)
Oh, Tar River
(Watching it washing over)
Tar River
(The broken reeds)
It grows inside me
(Gambling the rushing water)

Keeps on running (Over me)
Keeps rising (Over me)
Keeps rising (Over me)
(Over me)
Keeps rising
Keep rising