

## Riverman

Lydia

Though I thought about it once or twice  
No, I guess it was more like all the time  
couple oceans, a couple miles  
wondering down brick roads and hillsides  
while them guns were going off  
when your love is not enough  
where them pages write themself  
a couple of stories I'll never tell  
so, welcome to your brand new life  
and welcome to this city  
that's crawling with life and them devil eyes  
what's it feel like?  
when your pulse runs dry  
when your mouth grows quiet  
paint your lips all bright  
you got a little wicked in your eye  
back when you were on your own  
in a tiny place outside Chicago  
tell me when you're feeling low  
you would wonder downhill sides and brick roads  
while them guns were going off  
feel my love is not enough  
while them pages write themself  
a couple of stories i'll never tell  
so welcome to your brand new life  
and welcome to this city that's crawling with lovely devil eyes  
what's it feel like  
when your pulse runs dry  
when your mouth grows quiet  
paint your lips all bright  
you got a little wicked in your eye  
folks they living peacefully  
river man nods his cap at me  
f\*\*ked up smiling ear to ear  
blood on your feet  
holding your heals  
even black and white  
yelling something about tonight  
cuz everything was short lived  
if only you could stay still  
so welcome to your brand new life  
and welcome to this city that's crawling with lovely devil eyes  
and tell me what it feels like  
when your pulse runs dry  
when your mouth grows quiet  
paint your lips all bright  
you got a little wicked in your eye