

# Niger River

Martha Wainwright

What, what would I do  
If I can't have you  
If I can't have you  
What, what  
If I can't have you

Here, here I am  
On this black river  
Dotted in time  
And the mangroves  
They grow  
Like our love

Stronger than the time spent  
Down in the valley below

Take, take my hand  
And push to the side  
And come inside  
And your hair it grows  
Around your ears  
Like a mysterious pose  
That's music  
To my fears, that will follow the years  
Down to the valley below

Why did you come in the night  
You hardly like me  
You like people strong and free  
That's not like me  
I am caged in chains  
Of my own sad nature  
How do you changes so fast  
Like my face in the looking glass  
I hardly recognize it