

## Golden Kettle

Mipso

Rising water, where I used to play  
Not a current, but a cavalcade  
Old stones I used to know, float away

Shout across the bough the first cold night  
Morning memories are packed in white  
You know I try to go, I can't put up a fight  
Against fluorescent light

Golden kettle, golden beach, trying to remember  
Sunlight same effect on me, I'm trying  
To find a job on the riverbank, just outta reach  
I'm trying  
I'm trying

Strip of paper, in the cracker jacks  
Maple syrup on a short stack  
I found my Madeleine, right back  
Like a heart-attack

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