

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 floourescent 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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