

## The River Song

Paul Kelly

Sleeping she lies by my side  
Our bed is green, our room is small  
Unseen still swells the river's tide  
Though the rain has ceased to fall  
She's tossed off our sheet in the night  
I'm sleepless but feeling fine and mellow  
Watching her in yellow light  
Her back a lovely, breathing cello  
Now touching with soft, secret care  
Her neck, her spine, her ribs, her hips  
Not to wake her, just to hear  
The gentle moans and sighs she sleeps

At last my mind and limbs grow slack  
Just as the stars give up their proof  
I wake to fingers on my back  
Tapping like sweet rain on the roof