

# Waterkill

Red House Painters

It isn't great tryin' to breathe  
From the bottom of the fate lake  
I feel the vibes as feet of Christ go by  
Large and small and fast they fall  
Under meltin' summer sky

Prayin' for my dear breath  
Don't want to face my fear of death  
Dredge and fork and dive and fish  
For everyone's best wish  
But still with my eyes and ears

Without breath, even still  
I like it down here in waterkill  
Without breath, even still  
I like it down here in waterkill

Separate from the shoal of unserious  
Who fed upon my dwindlelin' life  
Robbed what dim and dyin' soul that I might

Settled in the nervous core  
Days down, recollectin' youth before  
Holdin' my dear self  
Don't want to feel my flesh unfelt

Slowest tortoise, fastest shark  
I watch from the bottom of the lake dark  
Slowest tortoise, fastest shark  
I watch from the bottom of the lake dark