

## Drought

## Snow Ghosts

Daylight comes and I'm still thirsty  
Though I've drank the ocean dry

Wander barefoot on the sea bed  
I still hear the sirens cry

I feel the earth cracks underfoot  
As if my pain is understood

And the peeling glows still like holes  
One's for sorrow two for good

Stumble to my knees  
Bagging for the drought to ease

I call on the rain  
Call on the rain  
Call on the rain  
Call on the rain

I my sleep I dream of rivers  
Rapids wash the salt away  
But these lips are dry as deserts  
Left to simmer in the day

Stumble to my knees  
Bagging for the drought to ease

I call on the rain  
Call on the rain  
Call on the rain  
Call on the rain