

Dear Robert Graves

The Innocence Mission

Dear Robert Graves, I got your last letter
Is it that bad? on your side of the ocean?
You seem to live under the clouds above us
Clouds that are made. End of my toes bleed.
Raining on you
Raining on you Robert Graves
Raining down on all your joy
Things are the same in American society
These clothes have souls convincing other souls to close the ru
mor place
No wonder they're unhappy. No room for life.
End of my toes bleed.
Raining on us
Raining on us everywhere
Raining down on all your joy
Raining on us
Raining on us everywhere
Raining down on all our joy
Oh I can see you, I'm sitting on my river
I'm looking into your yard. I didn't mean to look down.
I was actually thinking of myself when I said those things.
I have my days, believe me there are days when
I cannot see the purpose of my own life
But I know flags must be faced, the pills must be swallowed
Here comes the sea, a sea of hope to wash them down.
Raining on us
Raining on us Robert Graves
Soaking us from head to toe.
Raining on us
Raining on us Robert Graves
There we are with all our joy, all our joy.