

The Tragedy of David Gribble

Inkwell

Here we are, don't tell a soul
of secrets held with arms bent back against their fold
Say one word, don't breathe too fast.

We're both compelled to break off everything that lasts Now it's four more steps til we reach the top
and Heaven knows when we get there, we'll never stop. You bring the cigarettes, and I'll bring the conversation.
and if everything works out right, we will sing. The cupboard's bare, all lines are down.
The leaves are turning a nicer shade as they hit the ground.

Say one word, keep it close

We are trying to understand what we love the most. Now it's four more steps til we reach the top
and Heaven knows when we get there, we'll never stop. You bring the cigarettes, and I'll bring the conversation.
and if everything works out right, we will sing. My heart and I have yet to meet,
but I will heed every word it says to me. Now it's four more steps til we reach the top
and Heaven knows when we get there, we'll never stop. You bring the cigarettes, and I, I'll bring the
conversation.
and if everything works out right, we will sing

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