By This River

Martin L. Gore

Here we are stuck by this river
You and I underneath a sky
That's ever falling down, down, down
Ever falling downThrough the day as if on an ocean
Waiting here always failing to remember
Why we came, came, came
I wonder why we came?You talk to me as if from a distance
And I reply with impressions
Chosen from another time, time, time
From another time

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