

# Shallow

## Poets Of The Fall

More in my face than is my taste  
I grow so weary, I'll surrender  
To what they say let them lead the way  
Till I can no longer remember  
My darling dreams pre-written scenes  
Whatever felt my own  
So, to save face, I'll take my place  
Where I may safely feel alone  
Glad the waters are so shallow  
When the river runs so cold  
Glad the waters are so shallow  
When the river runs cold  
Glad the waters are so shallow  
When the river runs so cold  
Glad the waters are so shallow  
When the river runs cold  
I'm quick to wait and so to hate  
They call me gracious for my patience  
And I feel proud under that shroud  
And all the while it's all evasion  
Some humor here to fend off fear  
And I'm a little more lost, oh dear  
So to save face, I'll hold my place  
So, I may safely feel alone  
Glad the waters are so shallow  
When the river runs so cold  
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