New Ceremony

Dry The River

I waited by your bedside
and couldn't close my eyes all night.
I named you like a prayer.

It's anybody's guess how
the angel of doubt came down,
and crept into your bed.

But after we danced to the shipping forecast,
the words escaped your mouth.
I know it's gotta stop love, but I don't know how.

Now the stairs forget your shoes,
and the gate don't creak for want of you.
But the jury's out on me.

We're wise beyond our years,
but we're good at bad ideas, my love.
Or so it seems to be.

Shine a little light,
don't wrestle with the night,
don't think about the future now.
I know it's gotta stop love, but I don't know how.

My little one,
my kettle drum.
My Babel tongue,
my come-undone.

My prison kiss,
my dying wish,
I know I had a message at the start.
But it up and abandoned us,
when we were sleeping in our beds.

Shine a little light,
don't wrestle with the night,
don't think about the future now.

I know it's gotta stop love, but I don't know how.

My little one,
my kettle drum.
My Babel tongue,
my come-undone.

My prison kiss,
my dying wish,
I know I had a message at the start.
But it up and abandoned us,
when we were sleeping in our beds.

It's anybody's guess how the angel of doubt
laid down sand beneath our house.
I know it's gotta stop love, but I don't know how.

I know it's gotta stop love, but I don't know how.

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