

# Not The Leaving

[Aoife O'Donovan](#)

Go and gather up your things for the long ride

Don't ask me, "Where are we going?"

It'll take time And the flowers, oh, the flowers will be buried under snow when the cold winds blow

But the lake changes quicker than you know At the seaside wading in the low tide in the shallows

In the wintertime, stars in the western sky flicker and fade out But the water, oh, the water is shaking at the  
breeze from the high, high seas

And the lake changes are bitter to my knees

Then I'll wade down

I'm weighed down with family photographs and relics I've found in a back room

I'll be back soon

I won't sink, I'll swim

I'll be back soon You and I, let's build a bonfire in the sand dunes

And sit a while, cheek-to-cheek

And I'll be humming your favorite tune It's not the leaving that's grieving me

It's the thought of you alone making my heart moan

And when the lake changes, down the road I go Then I'll wade down

I'm weighed down with family photographs and relics I've found in a back room

I'll be back soon

I won't sink, I'll swim

Then, I'll wade down

I'm weighed down with family photographs and relics I've found in a back room

I'll be back soon

I won't sink or swim

I'll be back soon Go and gather up your things for the long ride

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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