

Camping Next to Water

Badly Drawn Boy

Camping next to water
Fish infested slaughter
I feed the fishes into me It's a misty within reason
I'm hoping I don't freeze here
I fuel the fire, I feed it's glow But there's no use in feeling
All the things I'm feeling
There's no one here to feel with me The second day is easier
Though it may be breezier
And the snow is falling down But as the fire smolders
I never will grow older
Because I drink from Waterfalls The stars above shine on me
I beckon them to follow me
I'll catch and save them in a jar My feet a mass of blisters
Collecting frost on whiskers
As I taste the morning Dew I think my mind is clearer now
I want you to be nearer now
I'm ready to come back to you 'Cause there's no use in feeling
All the things I'm feeling
There's no one here to feel with me

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