

Little River

The Tallest Man on Earth

Well there is something 'bout the quiet, uplifting laughter
You've just spent so many years chased by a cloud, oh
It's taken you so far, far past the cliff's edge
And now your feet just poke around to feel the ground, oh You say "is this a joke," I float "come on now"
You see there's something down below
Just let me fall to be of use, make me the rainstorm
Just a piece of hail, you know You said, "all the time it needs to take
And all the time there is a shiver from some fallen tear
But is it on this lack of fallen luck
To dream of things like a little river to the golden ground?" And there is something 'bout the quiet surprise in
darkness
You just sing about your own death in your closet
You stumble out into the pitch-black hallway
You think you've lost so many times though it's not war yet You say "are these my eyes?"
You said "come on now, already lost my sense to feel"
But there is always someone out there who will listen
And then there's nothing but a dream You said, "all the time it needs to take
And all the time there is a shiver from some fallen tear
But is it on this lack of fallen luck
To dream of things like a little river to the golden ground?" And there is something 'bout the leaving of a lover
You think you knew through all the year's you've been a woman
And he's stepping out and walks out of the garden
Where all the lilies and all the weeds came from his cold hand
You say "is this my life," you said "come on now"
You see the diamonds when you yell,
That let you stay in all the corners I have been here
But now you travel, go to hell You said, "all the time it needs to take
And all the time there is a shiver from some fallen tear
But is it on this lack of fallen luck
To dream of things like a little river to the golden ground?"

Songwriters

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