Waterline

Lloyd Cole

Well, it used to be everything was fine
Everything, this all was mine
All I had to do was write it down
You'd just be there with your perfect frownI made up my mind
I traded holy water for cheap wine
And I ran out of timeWell, it used to be everything was fine
Everything, this all was mine
But one fine day, you might say
That I, I threw it all away'Cause I made up my mind
I traded holy water for cheap wine
And I ran out of timeOr something that I can't define
I traded my whiskey for your wine
Leaving my river running dry
And a waterlineYou might say I'm wasting my time
You might say well, I don't mind
I ran out of timeOr something that I can't define
I traded holy water for cheap wine
Leaving my river running dry
Leaving just a waterline
Just a waterline

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