

Cold & Wet

Bonnie "Prince" Billy

Water may stop warmth, this do not forget
When things become too warm make them a little wet
And douse them with a mouthful, put the baby down
Clean the earth surrounding and cause the warm to drown
And introduce to every soul a drink made of tears
Hear them bicker, watch them die impaled on balsa spears
And looking in the morning the streets are flooded out
The men are wailing toothless, the ladies ghostly pout
And they shout: Our shoes are wet, our skin is cold
And we no longer fear the voices of the brave or bold
Making what is to come clear
Well, future is diminished by what today we did
We wetted warmth and killed it and in the water hid
We wetted warmth and killed it and in the water hid

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