# Down The Burning Ropes

## James Vincent Mcmorrow

When the hills let go
Slowly fade into the water like some ancient lover
On a ship filled with ghosts
It's something to behold
When the paper thin girls
With twisting little braids in their hair,
They take off their coats and throw
Pebbles and stones from the side of the boat,
Crying out
The stones they float, the stones they float
Oh my God, the stones they float, the stones they float
Down the burning ropes
Past the places where the steal beams meet concrete skies
You make your bed under the moonlight
I think it's time we said goodbye
Cause nothing moves in the warm air
And words that once would cut like a knife,
They just hang in the cloud and you're

Pushed by the lord,
But you're pulled by the crowds and
You're overboard, you're overboard
Oh my God, she's overboard
My love she's overboard
She's overboard
My love she's over board
Not a shell unbroken
In the valley where my heartache and the timbers lay
It's not the time to be hanging around here
You know what some might say
That people get too reckless
That even with the simplest of crimes
They leave, blood behind,
As I clean the knife for the very last time
I think she knows, I think she knows
Oh my God, I think she knows
I think she knows

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