

# Cold Water

[Matthew Good](#)

Insane I wake up, the oars I take up and row to right  
a dawnless widow, a Portsmouth ghost of East End slight  
For you I hold this to build from nothing an Ancient  
Light  
and so in motions of all distortions I pull for my life  
This cold water is weighing us down  
oh how I wish I was with you and nowhere else  
Late this morning I came by Hampstead in a Devon scow  
that found me drifting just off of Rame Head near Plymouth Sound  
In the room that we let I found your  
hairbrush broke on the ground  
and so in motion, like stone in potion, I just laid down  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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