The City With No Rivers

Basia Bulat

We took him to the train
Cross the border
The city with no name and no rivers
The windows all became pure and golden
The promises of kings
And their orders
The city with no river sings
Now in my dreams he's there
In the darkness
The careless river path, there in cursive
Written in his hand like a warning
The ones we never found waiting for us
The city with no river sings
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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