

# L's Song

David Gray

I love your nervous fingers  
Won't you fumble all night long  
But the morning they are stingers  
To rise and stumble on And down the crooked pavement  
The wind rolls my thoughts like a leaf  
The bell chimes  
And fortune smiles, with its broken teeth And the many rivers run  
Grateful for the rain  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
Of your loving again Summer, restless summer  
Won't let sleeping dogs lay  
Your bobbed voice  
You awaken as time gone by [Foreign content]  
Thunder's muttered promise Impatient girl on the scented wind  
Your gray eyes starve in the rain  
Nearly upon her And the many rivers run  
Grateful for the rain  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
Of your loving again And the many rivers run  
Grateful for the rain  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
Of your loving again Yeah

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