

Shallow

Poets of the Fall

More in my face than is my taste
I grow so weary, I'll surrender
To what they say let them lead the way
Till I can no longer remember My darling dreams pre-written scenes
Whatever felt my own
So, to save face, I'll take my place
Where I may safely feel alone Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs so cold
Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs cold Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs so cold
Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs cold I'm quick to wait and so to hate
They call me gracious for my patience
And I feel proud under that shroud
And all the while it's all evasion Some humor here to fend off fear
And I'm a little more lost, oh dear
So to save face, I'll hold my place
So, I may safely feel alone Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs so cold
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