

Weights & Measures

Dry The River

You've made your decision
Now get up and leave
The familiar sting of the woodcutter's swing to the tree

I'll fall in the forest
To elbows and knees
And it won't make a sound
Since there's no-one around here to see

I was prepared to love you
And never expect anything of you

If the spirit has left you baby
Don't lie to yourself
Put them old records on
And admit that it's gone somewhere else

Just because we're beasts of blame by nature
Doesn't mean that you should carry it again
It's a question of needs and not rosary beads in the end

I was prepared to love you
And never expect anything of you
There's no patron saint of silent restraint
Baby there ain't no sword in our lake
Just a funeral wake

You were the coldest star in the sky
Only I couldn't see it: I was blind.

And in comes the black night
Calling your name since you were born
Only I couldn't hear it: I was empty as a drum.

I was prepared to love you
And never expect anything of you
And there's no patron saint of silent restraint
Baby there ain't no sword in our lake
Just a funeral wake

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