

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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