The Rice

David Gray

The draft blew cold under the door
When we threw wour clothes to the kitchen floor
The broccoli boils in the pan on the gas stove where you stand
Won't you take this spatula in your hand?
Let the rice burn
It cannot deter my love for you
we have no concern
under the hem of the night
under the hem of the night
Out on the roof over havoc streets
Where the sky is a blanket each sweet kiss
so melodramatic embroidered by shadows
by the fridge I reminice
Let the rice burn

It cannot deter my love for you
we have no concern
under the hem of the night
under the hem of the night
we stagger in the doorway and all of the sudden
the drum of the rain on the heather hills
now everything's changed and our silence is bitter
and you are all unhinged
Let the rice burn
It cannot deter my love for you
we have no concern
we have no concern
oh we have no concern
under the hem of the night

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