

# Cold & Wet

## Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

Water may stop warmth, this do not forget  
When things become too warm make them a little wet  
And douse them with a mouthful, put the baby down  
Clean the earth surrounding and cause the warm to drown  
And introduce to every soul a drink made of tears  
Hear them bicker, watch them die impaled on balsa spears  
And looking in the morning the streets are flooded out  
The men are wailing toothless, the ladies ghostly pout  
And they shout: Our shoes are wet, our skin is cold  
And we no longer fear the voices of the brave or bold  
Making what is to come clear  
Well, future is diminished by what today we did  
We wetted warmth and killed it and in the water hid  
We wetted warmth and killed it and in the water hid

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