She Tows the Line

Crooked Fingers

she tows the line
up the river, through the low lands
hanging out on the jetty,
by the arcade, it ain't high
see it so clear in her eyes
she won't be bringing it up again
so she rises and goes
so they'd never know
that she even came here at allcouldn't count the times
we'd believe in, just for going
walking the banks of the levy
where the old hopes all get thrown
as soon as we drift from their sight
they won't dare bring our names up again
and we'll rise and we'll hope
that they'll never know
that we even came here at allhe thinks we ride
on the meadow, heavy rolling
heading into the city
like they all have some place to go
to leave it now, so far behind
you can't blame people for giving in
to decide where they go
so they never know
that we even came here at all

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