

# Wickerman

## Pulp

Just behind the station  
Before you reach the traffic island  
A river runs through a concrete channel  
I took you there once  
I think it was after the Lead mill  
The water was dirty and it smelt of industrialization  
Little masters coughing their lungs up  
And globules, the color of tomato ketchup  
But it flows, yeah, it flows  
Yeah, underneath the city  
Through dirty brickwork conduits  
Connecting white witches on the Moor  
With Pre-Raphaelites, down in Broom hall  
Beneath the old Trebor factory  
That burnt down in the early seventies  
Leaving an antiquated sweet-shop smell  
And caverns of nougat and caramel  
Nougat, yeah, nougat and caramel  
And the river flows on  
Yeah, the river flows on  
Beneath pudgy fifteen year olds addicted to coffee whitener  
Courting couples, naked on Northern Upholstery  
And pensioners gathering dust like bowls of plastic tulips  
And it finally comes above ground again at Forge Dam  
The place where we first met  
I went there again for old time's sake  
Hoping to find the child's toy horse ride  
That played such a ridiculously tragic tune  
It was still there  
But none of the kids seemed interested in riding it  
And the cafe was still there too  
The same press-in plastic letters on the price list  
And scuffed Formica-top tables  
I sat as close as possible to the seat  
Where I'd met you that autumn afternoon  
And then, after what seemed  
Like hours of thinking about it  
I finally took your face in my hands  
And I kissed you for the first time

And a feeling like electricity flowed through my whole body  
And I knew immediately  
I'd entered a completely different world  
And all the time, in the background  
The sound of that ridiculously heartbreaking child's ride outside  
At the other end of town  
The river flows underneath an old railway viaduct  
I went there with you once  
Except you were somebody else  
And we gazed down  
At the sludgy brown surface of the water together  
Then a passer by told us  
That it used to be a local custom  
To jump off the viaduct into the river  
When coming home from the pub on a Saturday night  
But that this custom had died out  
When someone jumped and landed too near to the riverbank  
And had sunk in the mud there and drowned  
Before anyone could reach them  
Maybe he'd just made the whole story up  
You'd never get me to jump off that bridge  
No chance, never in a million years  
Yeah, a river flows underneath this city  
I'd like to go there with you now, my pretty  
And follow it on for miles and miles  
Below other people's ordinary lives  
Occasionally catching a glimpse of the moon  
Through man-hole covers along the route  
Yeah, it's dark sometimes but if you hold my hand  
I think I know the way  
Oh, this is as far as we got last time  
But if we go just another mile  
We will surface, surrounded by grass and trees  
And that fly-over that takes the cars to cities  
Buds that explode at the slightest touch  
Nettles that sting but not too much  
I've never been past this point  
What lies ahead, I really could not say  
And I used to live just by the river  
In a dis-used factory, just off the Wicker  
And the river flowed by, day after day  
On one day I thought, "One day, I will follow it"  
But that day never came  
I moved away and lost track  
But tonight, I am thinking

About making my way back  
I may find you there and float on  
Wherever the river may take me  
Wherever the river may take me  
Wherever the river may take us  
Wherever it wants us to go  
Wherever it wants us to go

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