

The River

Elbow

I walked with the river in kind of a dream
Hand in hand, the all knowing river and me
To the clamor of rushes and deeply barren trees
A drunk making blossom, the blush to be seen I told him my sorrows and broken down dreams
Confessed every lie, replayed every scene
He openly wept as he listened to me
And then with the sun in the west he showed me the sea

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