

# Birgit

## Peter Mulvey

The rain refuses,  
a few drops and then it stops,  
a few drops and then it stops

The city holds its breath  
You come home from work

And I can tell around the corners of our talk

That this waiting on the rain reminds us of waiting for her You and me hand in hand

Into the mist into the cool cool water You come back from out east,  
from out there the cool air  
from out there the cool air

You tell us you've found us a home

And we who have made a creed of anxiety

Spin and panic and jump the gun

For she is around every corner now we can taste her, we can You and me talking to the dog

In the black black black forest I'm already gone

most of me is gone to the sea  
most of me has gone to the sea

I can't finish my sentences

And if she doesn't appear soon

I am going to summon her if only to assuage this aching longing for... You and me hand in hand  
from the top of the Eiffel Tower

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>