

Let the River Run Cold

It was just too good
Too good to be true
To think that a woman
As beautiful as you
Would not have a man
To be sat next to
On the chair I had set down

It was just too good
Too good to be real
To think that the things
I was starting to feel
Would be delivered
Read signed and sealed
Like a lithograph etched in a crowd

No one has to know
If the truth be told
People come and go
Let the river run cold

So the water drips now
Could I be so bold
To be wet with drought
Let the river run cold