

## The River

Elbow

I walked with the river in kind of a dream  
Hand in hand, the all-knowing river and me  
To the clammer 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