

By The River

Weeping Willows

These streets are deserted
Black asphalt and rain
Behind the drawn curtains the homes look the same
I've been here too long and I don't belong
No one cares about the man whose head hangs down
No one hears the cries of the man about to drown
This town is soaked in silence
A quiet threat of violence
And here I am
By the river
I'm down by the river
I stand by the water with the light of the moon
A road made of silver
Am I leaving too soon?
I've been here too long and I don't belong
No one cares