

Camping Next to Water

Badly Drawn Boy

Camping next to water
Fish infested slaughter
I feed the fishes into me
It's a misty within reason
I'm hoping I don't freeze here
I fuel the fire, I feed it's glow
But these's no use in feeling
All the things I'm feeding
There's no one here to feel with me

The second is easier
Though it may be breezier
And the snow is falling down
But as the fire smoulders
I will never will grow older
Because I drink from Waterfalls
The stars above shine on me
I'll catch and save them in a jar

My feet a mass of blisters
Collecting frost on whiskers
As I taste the moring Dew
I think my mind is clearer now
I want you to be nearer now
I'm ready t come back to you
Cause there's no use in feeling
All the things I'm feeling
There's no one here to feel with me.