

Towing the Line

Ben Howard

Towing the line
I watch the host drink all the wine
And now she rambles through hue
And hue of night

The old man is a painter
Of tired seascapes, tired of adventures
So my mind wonders, picking at the table
To cure the raw

Like a bird in a world of no trees
You will hum up there in your disbelief
I know I'm a hard rock
To drag around

Love is in the early mornings
And the shadows under the trees
Not in a cuckolded ashes
Floating down from the broken bridge

Down here, I'll crow for you
You crow for me
Down here, I'll crow for you
You crow for me

Towing the line
I watch the host drink all the wine
And now I'm purring
For a drop of anything

Throwing stones at your window
You turn to me as if it's sinful
Why can't you be like the black bird
And sing

I say I'm the Westerlies in Ireland
So decadent and violent
Can't you see I will fold you
Clawing at the bedrock

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