

# 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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