

Where The Waves Are Highest

Common Rider

I was made from reels left out of the feature
So if you like bad scenes I'm your creature
Enter these embarrassing moments
Tantrums and unclear omens
Arrange the things I marry
Dress up what I can't bury
Counting pops in the jumble of short waves
Cracking jokes trying to appear brave
(I should know by now)
Where the waves are highest
When the house of stone falls down

And your reasons to go on grow quiet
This is where the answer will be found
This city is made for taxis
Not sensitive types like you and me
They offered you a sack full of diamonds
Headlines, handshakes, even triumphs
Waves more but water stands still
Its beautiful say what you will
You'll ride in the back of the train
Writing down notes in the book of hard rain
(You should know by now)