

## 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)