

## L's Song

David Gray

I love your nervous fingers  
Won't you fumble all night long  
But in the morning they are stingers  
To rise and stumble on  
Down the crooked pavement  
The wind rolls my thoughts like a leaf  
The brill bell chimes  
And fortune smiles with its broken teeth

And the many rivers run  
Grateful for the rain  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
Of your loving again

Summer, restless summer  
Won't let sleeping dogs lay  
Your bobbed voice  
You awaken as time goes by  
Don't know, don't know  
Don't know, don't know  
Thunder's muttered promise  
Impatient girl on the scented wind  
Your gray eyes starve in the rain  
Nearly upon her

And the many rivers run  
Grateful for the rain  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
Of your loving again

And the many rivers run  
Grateful for the rain  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
I'd be grateful for one morsel  
Of your loving again  
Ah, oh  
Ah, oh  
Eh, oh yeah