

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