

## The Rice

David Gray

The draft blew cold under the door  
When we threw wour clothes to the kitchen floor  
The broccoli boils in the pan on the gas stove where you stand  
Won't you take this spatula in your hand?

Let the rice burn  
It cannot deter my love for you  
we have no concern  
under the hem of the night  
under the hem of the night

Out on the roof over havoc streets  
Where the sky is a blanket each sweet kiss  
so melodramatic embroidered by shadows  
by the fridge I reminice

Let the rice burn  
It cannot deter my love for you  
we have no concern  
under the hem of the night  
under the hem of the night

we stagger in the doorway and all of the sudden  
the drum of the rain on the heather hills  
now everything's changed and our silence is bitter  
and you are all unhinged

Let the rice burn  
It cannot deter my love for you  
we have no concern  
we have no concern  
oh we have no concern  
under the hem of the night