

Family

Dry the River

So much for reason when, cold and unfeeling,
It brings every trial to your door.
When worries are swarming like bats in the morning
Or shadows of moths on the wall.
Shadows of moths on the wall.

Lover, remember:
The sorghum and the cane shake.
We don't.

Here comes the breath, comes the unwanted guest.
The flock before dogs taking shape.
In henna and feathers it sweeps through the desert
When something you love is at stake.
Something you love is at stake.

Lover, remember:
The sorghum and the cane shake.
We don't.

Lover, the weather
Is changing every day.
I won't.

Under the mountains are roofs of our houses and homes.
There with your mother, your father and brother, below.
Bury your worry, or worry your worry tonight.
Follow your mother, your father and brother back home.

Lover, remember:
The sorghum and the cane shake.
We don't.

Lover, the weather
Is changing every day.
I won't.

Follow your mother, your father and brother back home.
Follow your mother, your father and brother back home.