

## Weights & Measures

### Dry the River

You've made your decision  
now get up and leave  
the familiar sting of the woodcutter's swing  
to the tree

I'll fall in the forest  
to elbows and knees  
and it won't make a sound  
since there's no-one around  
here to see

I was prepared  
to love you  
and never expect  
anything of you

If a spirit has left you babe  
don't lie to yourself  
Put them old records on  
and admit that it's gone  
somewhere else

And just because We've been  
so blamed by nature  
it doesn't mean you should carry it again  
It's a question of need-to-know  
rosary beads in the end

I was prepared  
to love you  
and never expect  
anything of you

And there's no patron saint  
of silent restraint  
Baby there ain't no sword in our name  
just a funeral wake

You were the coldest star in the sky  
Only I couldn't see you, I was blind  
And in comes the black night  
calling your name since you were born  
only I couldn't hear it  
I was empty as a drum

I was prepared  
to love you  
and never expect  
anything of you

And there's no patron saint  
of silent restraint  
Baby there ain't no sword in our name  
There ain't no sword in our name  
There ain't no sword in our name  
just a funeral wake

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