

The River

Elbow

I walked with the river in kind of a dream
Hand in hand, the all-knowing river and me
To the clammer of rushes and deeply barren trees
A drunk making blossom, the blush to be seen

I told him my sorrows and broken-down dreams
Confessed every lie, replayed every scene
He openly wept as he listened to me
And then, with the sun in the west, he showed me the sea