

Riverbed Dry

Everything But the Girl

Conspired again to protest in vain
that you'll never feel that way again.
Despair and desire above far too sustain
you'll never sink this low again.

Bitter as children we are now too much all of the time.
What god would punish such sweet children
for such a sweet crime?

Wrong as the world and right as rain,
we'll never feel that way again.
Riverbed dry, this is my terrain.
I'll never feel that way again.

But I've tired of the city never blessed
with respite from the rain,
or has that changed too?

Is the riverbed dry?
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Is the riverbed dry?

Conspired again to protest in vain,
that you'll never feel that way again.
Despair and desire above far too sustain,
you'll never sink this low again.

Well, I've tired
with your city never blessed,
with respite from the rain
or has that changed too?

Is the riverbed dry?