

Lonesome Words

Gruff Rhys

Lonesome are the words,
The words I think to myself,
Since you said goodbye.

Lonesome are the dreams;
The dreams that you lay shattered
On that distant night

Lonesome are the tears,
Lonesome are the years,
Lonesome are the waves goodbye

Vultures in the sky,
Ready to pounce down,
On my corpse one day,

Cultured are the books;
The books that you left rotting,
By our poisoned bed,

Ruined are the crops
The Oxon hang aloft,
Lonesome is the swirling wind

Lonesome are the tears,
Lonesome go the years,
Lonesome are the waves goodbye