

The River

Julia Stone

Well, the river came to me, and it washed us all away.
Someone is chasing me and noted where I used to stay.
And I feel as I've been here many times before.
As I kneel and I pick up the pieces on the floor.
And you ask me in a voice, that is quiet, that is strong:
"Tell me of a place where the living don't belong."
I remember falling to the other side.
I remember leaving my body behind.

But the river pulled me away,
Before I got a chance to say what I say.
And under the jacket I did lay.
And the Christmas lights, they come from nowhere.

I had visions often of rivers,
No, I didn't know their names.
I had visions, notwithstanding in the heart of it all.
And you ask me to tell you:
"Oh, what people might we become?"
Tell me of the dying we have done.

But the river pulled me away,
Before I got a chance to say what I say.
And under the jacket I did lay.
And the Christmas lights, they came from nowhere.

Oh, and under the river I stay.
I won't get the chance to say what I say.
Under the jacket, I will lay.
And the Christmas lights, they come from nowhere.
And the Christmas lights, they come from nowhere.
And the Christmas lights, they come from nowhere.