

Memory Of Water

Marillion

I wonder if my rope's still hanging from the tree
By the standing pool where you drank me
And filled me full of thirsty love
And the memory of water

I wonder if a king still fishes there
His back towards the burned-out air
His laughing catches singing loud
Of the memory of water

Your taste is blood and ecstasy
But I must drink you all alone
You're freckled like a speckled egg
A dove, but this bird has flown

O stay with me sweet memory
O stay with me

I wonder if my rope's still hanging from the tree
By the standing pool where you drank me
As pain flows through me like champagne
Of the memory of water