

Niger River

Martha Wainwright

What, what would I do
If I can't have you
If I can't have you
What, what
If I can't have you

Here, here I am
On this black river
Dotted in time
And the mangroves
They grow
Like our love

Stronger than the time spent
Down in the valley below

Take, take my hand
And push to the side
And come inside
And your hair it grows
Around your ears
Like a mysterious pose
That's music
To my fears, that will follow the years
Down to the valley below

Why did you come in the night
You hardly like me
You like people strong and free
That's not like me
I am caged in chains
Of my own sad nature
How do you changes so fast
Like my face in the looking glass
I hardly recognize it