

The River Song

Paul Kelly

Sleeping she lies by my side
Our bed is green, our room is small
Unseen still swells the river's tide
Though the rain has ceased to fall
She's tossed off our sheet in the night
I'm sleepless but feeling fine and mellow
Watching her in yellow light
Her back a lovely, breathing cello
Now touching with soft, secret care
Her neck, her spine, her ribs, her hips
Not to wake her, just to hear
The gentle moans and sighs she sleeps

At last my mind and limbs grow slack
Just as the stars give up their proof
I wake to fingers on my back
Tapping like sweet rain on the roof