

# Burning The River

Pete Francis

His lips don't move  
But still he speaks  
His dark green eyes stare at me  
He tells me of his papa  
Working on the railway  
Blowing his harmonica  
In the morning

I'm checkin' in, checkin' out  
Feeling loved, filling out  
Deeper fish, deeper lungs  
Deeper words for the deeper tongue

He says i'm telling you  
I'm burning the river

So i go home  
A girl lies in my bed  
I hold her hipbone  
And pulle her closer  
I put her cold hands  
Between my thighs  
Stare out the window  
Into a darkening sky

I'm checkin' in, checkin' out  
Feeling loved, filling out  
Deeper fish, deeper lungs  
Deeper words for the deeper tongue

He says i'm telling you  
I'm burning the river

She's left only  
Her body for me  
I lie here feeling her hair  
Waiting for sleep  
In the early hours of night

I'm checkin' in, checkin' out  
Feeling loved, filling out  
Deeper fish, deeper lungs  
Deeper words for the deeper tongue

He says i'm telling you  
I'm burning the river