

Shallow

Poets of the Fall

More in my face than is my taste
I grow so weary I'll surrender
to what they say Let them lead the way
Till' I can no longer remember
my darling dreams Prewritten scenes,
whatever felt my own
So to save face I'll take my place
Where I may safely feel alone

Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs so cold
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When the river runs cold

I'm quick to wait, and so to hate
They call me gracious for my patience
And I feel proud under that shroud
And all the while it's all evasion

Some humor here to fend off fear
And I'm a little more lost, oh dear
So to save face I'll hold my place
So I may safely feel alone

Glad the waters are so shallow
When the river runs so cold
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