

The Flood

The Mekons

I was pretty, you were clever
You helped me out in my endeavours
Down die river late in September
We told jokes I can't remember

Deeper men with truer vision
Never knew what they'd been missing
'Ehe rwer's full but not for fishing
The wish comes true but not through wishing

Up in die hills you trickled slyly
'through die grass a flash of silver
Just let me do all the talking
Together we'll pull it off

Sing me a work song, water baby
Sing your heart out through the city
Wider boys with bottles shiny
Sailed away down to die briney

Zip up those pants, there's someone coming
Pull on your vest and over die side
One more rain will flood the cellars
Under the car parks in die dark

I sat in a bar at night, right at river level
And watched die black swollen river in fiill flood
Great broken trees spin slowly, just feet away from me
On die other side of die plate glass