

Pass Me on Over

The Walkabouts

Lead you over to the water,
Said "Hold it down until it does not breathe."
Tried drowning it on dry land for too long,
But it was not supposed to be.
This recklessness might kill you,
But I know you would miss it if it died.
This recklessness is not a curse,
It's just the old convictions runnin' out of time.

Pass me on over,
Let it pass me by.
We'll keep on movin',
Leave this shit behind.
Take all our money,
but ya know we'll never quit.
Pass me on over,
But don't pass,
Me back to this.

Birds on empty watertowers,
Owned it all but did not own a thing.
Prisoners of dry land for to long,
Until only our love remained.
By this river, we laugh loud
And leave for dead what we cannot explain.
Head out to the hiding place,
Covered in the strong arms of the aspen trees.

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