

# Fifteen Miles Downriver

Tom McRae

The snakeskin bracelet on your wrist always came  
undone,  
and it's strange the little things the mind remembers  
when the big things in love have gone.  
And all motion it seems is a relative thing,  
but I can't tell who's further from whom,  
sometimes I think I'm flying into the distance  
sometimes I think it's you,

and fifteen miles downriver,  
fifteen miles downriver I'll find the truth.

Outside the waitress smokes a cigarette  
for a minute she feels free,  
but the river pays no mind, indifferent to time,  
puts distance 'tween me and you.  
And I've swum against tide  
and been breathless all my life,  
now I'm drifting free,  
and it's time I realised a man can't fight the tide  
and the moon has more influence than me,

and fifteen miles downriver,  
fifteen miles downriver's where I wanna be.

The final conversation is ringing in my ears,  
like the dying chords of a song.  
And in a pillar of fire thought I saw your face,  
it's just a lightning storm.  
And the lights of these towns fade up and fade down,  
and they all look the same from here,  
so I'm digging my nails into the palm of my hand,  
not gonna show you my tears.  
Cos fifteen miles downriver,  
fifteen miles downriver that rain'll clear.

The walls of the harbour have fallen behind,  
that river proved to short,  
and fifteen miles was never that far,  
now a thousand don't seem much.  
So I threw away the map and now I'm sailing by the  
stars,  
but the stars can be liars too,  
so I raise my flag and sit back down,  
let the wind blow where it will.  
Cos a thousand miles of ocean's calling me,  
yeah a thousand miles of ocean's where I'll find peace.

I've crossed a thousand miles of ocean, is that a river  
I see.