

Cowboy Junkies, The Summer Of Discontent

Another note afloat upon this paper sea
Explain to me
How this can be

Another face erased
From this tidal pool
Found one day
Then swept away

I will carry you my love
If you can carry me
Through this summer of our discontent

Another day away
From clutching hands
Explain to me
How this can be

I will carry you my love
If you can carry me
Through this summer of our discontent

Another falling wave
Upon this crumbling beach
How many more
Until we meet?

I will carry you my love
If you can carry me
Through this summer of our discontent