

David Gray, L's Song

I love your nervous fingers
Won't you fumble all night long
Let the morning air sting us
To rise and stumble on
And down the crooked pavements
The wind blows my thoughts like a leaf
The brittle bell chimes
And fortune smiles with it's broken teeth

And the many-rivered land
Grateful for the rain
I'd be grateful for one morsel
Of your lovin' again

Summer restless summer
Won't let sleeping dogs lie
Your barbed voice
Re-awakens time gone by
Owls face fine boned
Parched land dry stone
Thunders muttered promise
Impatient gull on the scented wind
Your grey eyes startling
Rain nearly upon us

And the many-rivered land
Grateful for the rain
I'd be grateful for one morsel
Of your lovin' again
And the many-rivered land
Grateful for the rain
I'd be grateful for one morsel
I'd be grateful for one morsel
I'd be grateful for one morsel
Of your lovin' again