

# 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  
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