

# Papermill, A River Will Wash My Bones

I couldn't run.  
(Can't run even now...)  
Welcome to my burial,  
I'm greeting the ground.  
I've always been lying ill,  
now I'm lying here, still.  
And though every spring i dreamt  
i was not even able to sip.

And i still wonder  
which river will wash my bones.  
And I still wonder  
when i will become a ghost.  
So I will wander  
stumbling like I always did.  
And I still wonder  
which river will wash my bones.

I'm feeling like  
Francis Turner did,  
but I'm afraid  
there's no Mary for me.  
I'm afraid that I'll be alone,  
alone among the trees.  
But i hope something great  
will be written upon my grave.  
I hope something great  
will be written upon my grave.  
Well I don't care if something great  
will be written upon my grave