

Pete Francis, Burning The River

his lips don't move
but still he speaks
his dark green eyes stare at me
he tells me of his papa
working on the railway
blowing his harmonica
in the morning

i'm checkin' in, checkin' out
feeling loved, filling out
deeper fish, deeper lungs
deeper words for the deeper tongue

he says i'm telling you
i'm burning the river

so i go home
a girl lies in my bed
i hold her hipbone
and pulle her closer
i put her cold hands
between my thighs
stare out the window
into a darkening sky

i'm checkin' in, checkin' out
feeling loved, filling out
deeper fish, deeper lungs
deeper words for the deeper tongue

he says i'm telling you
i'm burning the river

she's left only
her body for me
i lie here feeling her hair
waiting for sleep
in the early hours of night

i'm checkin' in, checkin' out
feeling loved, filling out
deeper fish, deeper lungs
deeper words for the deeper tongue

he says i'm telling you
i'm burning the river