

Weeping Willows, By The River

These streets are deserted
Black asphalt and rain
Behind the drawn curtains
The homes look the same
I've been here too long
And I don't belong

No one cares about the man whose head hangs down
No one hears the cries of the man about to drown
This town is soaked in silence
A quiet threat of violence
And here I am
By the river
I'm down by the river

I stand by the water
With the light of the moon
A road made of silver
Am I leaving too soon?
I've been here too long and I don't belong

No one cares about the man whose head hangs down
No one hears the cries of the man about to drown
This town is soaked in silence
A quiet threat of violence
And here I am
By the river

No one cares about the man whose head hangs down
No one hears the cries of the man about to drown
This town is soaked in silence
A quiet threat of violence
Yes this town is soaked in silence
A quiet threat of violence
And here I am
By the river
I'm down by the river