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

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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