

Art Of Fighting, Two Rivers

come brace yourself against the wind
feel it rise against your chest
all things that lie in valleys grow
the kind of growth we'll never know again
oh no
got washed around the river bend
the kind of chase that never ends
oh yeah oh no
and that's why whenever i see you now
it closes me up closes out
where our two rivers came about
blows that coldest wind
i have ever felt
so little was that mystery
it all became plain history
so fast so well
like captured drops of water sent
down rivers that are summer spent
oh yeah oh no
and that's why whenever i see you now
it closes me up closes out
where our two rivers came about
blows that coldest wind
i have ever felt