

# Badly Drawn Boy, Camping Next To Water

Badly Drawn Boy  
Hour Of Bewilderbeast  
Camping Next To Water  
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Fish infested slaughter  
I feed the fishes into me  
It's a misty within reason  
I'm hoping I don't freeze here  
I fuel the fire, I feed it's glow  
But these's no use in feeling  
All the things I'm feeding  
There's no one here to feel with me

The second is easier  
Though it may be breezier  
And the snow is falling down  
But as the fire smoulders  
I will never will grow older  
Because I drink from Waterfalls  
The stars above shine on me  
I'll catch and save them in a jar

My feet a mass of blisters  
Collecting frost on whiskers  
As I taste the moring Dew  
I think my mind is clearer now  
I want you to be nearer now  
I'm ready t come back to you  
Cause there's no use in feeling  
All the things I'm feeling  
There's no one here to feel with me.