

Big Head Todd And The Monsters, Drought of 20

In 2010 I took her in and said I'd love her till
the sky has lost her blue and the rivers all run still.
Followed her till she came in and put her hand in mine.

Then we lived in green fields but now it's just a shame.
Cities which once grew like weeds, now shipwrecks on the plain.
750 days since a drop of rain.

Then came November and my lover hid up rye.
Drank it in the swelter as she laughed as the red sun died.
She said she was gonna leave me and head out to the sea-side.
Catch a cloud and ride.
Never such a thing.

Politicians blamed each other.
The preachers swelled with pride.
The wealthy killed each other and the poor gave up a smile.
Cause 750 days without a drop of rain made everyone the same.