

# Dry The River, Weights & Measures

I was prepared to love you  
and never expect anything of you

If the spirit has left you baby  
don't lie to yourself  
Put them old records on  
and admit that it's gone somewhere else

Just because we're beasts of blame by nature  
doesn't mean that you should carry it again  
It's a question of needs and not rosary beads in the end

I was prepared to love you  
and never expect anything of you  
And there's no patron saint of sudden restraint  
Baby there ain't no sword in a lake  
Just a funeral wake

You are the coldest star in the sky  
only I couldn't see it, I was blind  
And in comes the black night  
Calling your name since you were born  
only I couldn't hear it  
I was empty as a drum

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and never expect anything of you  
And there's no patron saint of sudden restraint  
Baby there ain't no sword in a lake  
There ain't no sword in a lake  
There ain't no sword in a lake  
Just a funeral wake