

# Martin L. Gore, By This River

Here we are  
Stuck by this river  
You and I  
Underneath a sky that's ever falling down, down, down  
Ever falling down

Through the day  
As if on an ocean  
Waiting here  
Always failing to remember why we came, came, came:  
I wonder why we came

You talk to me  
As if from a distance  
And I reply  
With impressions chosen from another time, time, time  
From another time