

Missy Higgins, The River

She ran until her face was numb with cold and
Wore a cotton gown that blazed the night untold.
She ran until her feet refused to hold
So heavy a heart for someone merely ten years old.
And when she reached the river her knees began to shiver,
Her head with pounding voices from home.
Behind her was a vision, a painful apparition
Of a darker world that no-one should know.

Somebody's bed will never be warm again,
The river will keep this friend.
Yeah somebody's bed will never be warm again,
No never again.

She dived beneath the water's icy skin,
Hoping the cold would kill the smell of angry gin,
And her eyes grew wider than they'd ever been
Just wishing the numbness to cut deeper with its pins.
And as her body lay there she decided to stay there
Till darkness came to pull her away.
And beautifully she sank as up river was the bank
Where some bodiless troubles would stay.

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