

Ryan Adams, Don't Ask For The Water

I hate this old place
And what it represents
And I hate who I was
And who I ended up since
But if you learned how to swim in case you'd drowned

Don't ask her for the water
Cause she'll swallow you down

And she's ten miles of peace
And the hardest of nights
And her belfry's got arch
But her rooftops all right
But down here in the sewer
I'm smelling a rat

Don't ask her for the Whiskey
Cause her waters all that

And what horses we rode
Through what somber fields
With our lovers at war
And the dust on their heels
And the infidels screamed, "it's all but a lie"

Don't ask her for the water,
Cause she'll teach you to cry
Don't ask her for the water
Cause she'll teach you to cry

And her weapon of choice is a red-patterned dress
And a sac full of stones
With her hands on her chest
And a book full of quotes
And a tight fastened lip

Don't ask her for the water
Cause you'll sink like a ship
Don't ask her for the water
Cause you'll sink like a ship