

# The Cure, The Drowning Man

She stands twelve feet above the flood  
She stares  
Alone  
Across the water

The loneliness grows and slowly  
Fills her frozen body  
Sliding downwards

One by one her senses die  
The memories fade  
And leave her eyes  
Still seeing worlds that never were  
And one by one the bright birds leave her...

Starting at the violent sound  
She tries to turn  
But final  
Noiseless  
Slips and strikes her soft dark head  
The water bows  
Receives her  
And drowns her at its ease...

I would have left the world all bleeding  
Could I only help you love  
The fleeting shapes  
So many years ago  
So young and beautiful and brave

Everything was true  
It couldn't be a story...  
I wish it was all true  
I wish it couldn't be a story

The words all left me  
Lifeless  
Hoping  
Breathing like the drowning man

Oh Fuchsia!  
You leave me  
Breathing like the drowning man  
Breathing like the drowning man