

Walkabouts

"Death at Low Water"

Visit "[Death at Low Water](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I could hear you callin'
Through the whisperin' woods
I could hear you call my name
from the back porch door

Said Prosper come here quick
It's worse than we expected it
Found him this mornin'
And the news ain't good
Finally caught up with him last night
Near the Nevada line

Trail of blood along the clean white salt
Found him faced down on the alkali flat
Rolled him over, barely breathin'
Still he got a few words out

Said he was drivin' the Denio track
A 4 x 4 appeared behind his back
Headlights burning up the sky
To the top of Steens mountain

Death at low
Death at low
Death at low water
Death at low
Death at low
Death at low water

Crashed his side door,
And they forced him to stop
Three men got out dressed in camouflage
Told him: "Start digging us a well
And when you're done you'll dig another."

Then shots they ricocheted around his head
Kicked him hard and they left him for dead
He started crawlin' back to town
And that is when we found him

Death at low

Death at low
Death at low water
Death at low
Death at low
Death at low water

And the last thing your father said
When he closed his eyes:

Now it's said the sun's a big door
That protects us from the dark
And if you look behind it
All you'll see is yourself

Since he died I lost my will to ride
It's 'neath the surface
With my shame and my pride
Someday it will explode
Explode in the sky
All the way to the top of Steens mountain

Death at low
Death at low
Death at low water -ac

Visit [Walkabouts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.