

Basia Bulat

"Rower's Mark"

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There is a game you know that we always go to when
the rain is hard
You start with memories and you sail them to me in the
humblest of arks
So many years could go and I still wouldn't know just
when I thought I was
Don't let the windows close, no we open them wide and
we cheer the thunder on
When I'm far from my home, look above and below, let
the anchors down, when you say you're sure.
Oh I want to know how you held on so, when the water's
far from the rower's arms and the rower's mark

There is a story I always try to remember when the first
snow falls
The ending wanders along and it settles down on the
ice when the river's warm
Your boat's gone loose from the ropes and you said
there is hope still frozen with the oars
A finer side to be on, oh I wouldn't know one lovelier
than yours
When I'm far from my home, look above and below, let
the anchors down, when you say you're sure.
Oh I want to know how you held on so, when the water's
far from the rower's arms and the rower's mark
When I'm far from my home, look above and below, let
the anchors down, when you say you're sure.
Oh I want to know how you held on so, when the water's
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