

Dave McNamara

"The Current"

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You were speaking like the white on waves, My craft is
no longer.
I was thinking 'bout the cross town trains, Your life is no
stronger.

Hand-in-hand, let's leave the water in our past
Boat unmanned, our ears deceive us no avast.

We were looking for a sort of way to prolong her

And so we rowed until the light of day, the current can't
save her
Silently, the waves took her from me
Patiently, my mind let go though gravely.

I don't know what you're looking for,
But I hope you find it.
And no matter who you've implored,
I hope they denied it

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