

Everything But The Girl "Riverbed Dry"

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Conspired again your protest in vain
that you'll never feel that way again.
Despair and desire are both hard to sustain
you'll never sink this low again.

Bitter as children we are now too much of the time.
What god would punish such sweet children
For such a sweet crime?

Wrong as the world and right as rain,
we'll never feel that way again.
Riverbed dry, this is my terrain.
I'll never feel that way again.

But I'm tired of the city never blessed
with respite from rain,
or has that changed too?

Is the riverbed dry?
Is the riverbed dry?

Is the riverbed dry?

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Well, I'm tired
with your city never blessed,
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Is the riverbed dry?

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