

Howlin Rain "Riverboat"

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These are not thieves come to take your ruby ring
They are not ghosts with tales too long
It's the sound of dancing of many legged things
That gather your tears from off the ground

Our home is a feast love moving from the land
We're swaying swamp reeds in the sand
It's a cold feeling that hangs about our bones
When we ride the death's head waters like leaves

Take my arrow, the last one I got
Wait for the wind to take your shot
Maybe tomorrow you'll leave another tombstone
Made of sand and moss

Here's my teeth, mama, do you want them back
To tear the woven web and wires that bind you?
I killed a man and I'd kill a country full
To keep the rusted boat beneath your feet

Our days are numbered too but not outnumbered yet
While I see you laughing at the sun
The stars lay on your naked skin, the moon was on your
breast
When a hail of arrows fell upon us

Take my shell of buckshot the last one I got
Wait for the wind and take your shot
Maybe tomorrow we'll leave two sunken tombstones
With the silt and moss

Can you take aim at my enemies?
I can't see them anymore
I will fire blindly into the trees and hope I hit someone's
god
Or three of some kind of ghost

These are our times, mama, made of blood and bone
Furious misfortune is upon us
We had a run of luck and ran it to the ground
It calls our lives from the darkness

I see you with burning eyes, burning with my tears
I hate, I hate to see your fear
I'll leave a hundred bodies rotting in the sun
And when my final bullet flies I'll be gone
I'll be with my love upon the Styx river

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