

Marillion

"The Memory Of Water"

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I wonder if my rope's still hanging from the tree
By the standing pool where you drank me
And filled me full of thirsty love
And the memory of water?
I wonder if a king still fishes there
His back towards the burned-out air
His laughing catches singing loud
The memory of water

Your taste is blood and ecstasy
But I must drink you all alone
You're freckled like a speckled egg
A dove, but this bird has flown
O stay with me sweet memory
O stay with me

I wonder if my rope's still hanging from the tree
By the standing pool where you drank me
As pain flows through me like champagne
Of the memory of water

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