

Covette

"Dragging Hooks"

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Can't lose the taste of this river mud
Black water in my lungs
They say you can't step in the same river twice
Well I've been steppin' in this river
Seems like most of my life, so
Sharpen up those dragging hooks
Pull that sheepshank tight
Cast into the river, boys
We're dragging for lost years tonight
See that man he's lost his wife
Said she's be home by eight
But that was well on three weeks ago
Now he's walking those banks, searcher reduced to her
fate, yeah
See that boy he's lost his girl
Flash flood stole her away
Now he keeps a vigil on that suspension bridge
Praying for that river to return her one day, so
Sharpen up those dragging hooks
Tie that clove hitch tight
Cast into the river boys
We're dragging for lost love tonight
Can't lose the taste of this river mud
Black water in my lungs
They say even the weariest river in the end will find the
sea
But here among the cattails all we discuss is breaking
free, so
Sharpen up those dragging hooks
Pull that sheepshank tight
Cast into the water boys
We're dragging for lost souls tonight, so
Sharpen up those dragging hooks
Pull that sheepshank tight
Cast into the water boys
We're dragging for lost souls tonight

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