

Pernice Brothers

"Water Ban"

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There's a mark on me
Love song burning up in effigy
Two roads diverging in a lovely dream that only two
can tear It's hard to understand
The cruel, cruel summer of a water ban
A dead grass cradle and a water can
To hold our prayer for rain

Be the same
Have we severed every courtesy we've made?

There's a mark on me
Scorched earth lovers, is that all we'll be?
Road diverging in a living dream of hope and love and
time

Be the same
Though we severed every courtesy we've made
Be the same
Though we severed every courtesy we've made

Now we severed every courtesy we've made
Have we severed every courtesy we've made?

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