

Rupee

"On The Waterline"

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On the waterline
Blue green
The gasoline lies
Floating like a fly in the lazy summertime
Pick a pocketful of light
Breathe a whileaway bar
Facing somewhere
Throwing out a haze
Wander in a daze
Take my lonely self along
Maybe just a smile
Are the waters wide
Or the time decayed
All the children cry
Men talk over fences now
Chasing the hour
But following late
Believing and warm
Dealing their hands
Cursing the dice by a flickering light
Shielding their eyes
See the door
Swing open wide
They see me as fear
Wiping the dust from my smile
Strange the perfume remains
Though the incense has gone
In a quiet voice
Must I breathe so loud
Am I young or old
Or just outside
In these shapeless bars
Can you feel
Can you feel my shame
In these shapeless bars
On the waterline I empty ease
I empty ease
On the waterline
All the children cry
-
Lyric: David Maclver

Music: Rupert Hine
Piano, Electric Piano, Spinet & Organ: Rupert Hine
Congas: Ray Cooper
Drums: Mike Giles

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