

Dave Smallen

"Underneath the Flood"

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I knew love in dripping coffee
Flooded streets and rust and rotting
I knew love in drunken talking
'Fore the weather changed.
And long before the fever dreams
The pale-faced machinery
For the rain came like artillery
Pulled me underneath the flood.

And underneath the flood it's quiet
All my thoughts are softly dying
All the rain, the rain is silent
Underneath the flood.

Well I was bred in anxious tryst
All soft of hand and soft of fist
Through sanity so tedious
I'm searching in the blood.
Well my hatred needs no victim oh
My hatred like religion
Crucify me while I'm kicking
Pull me underneath the flood.

And underneath the flood it's quiet
All my thoughts are softly dying
Oh the rain, the rain is rising
Underneath the flood.

And underneath the flood I'm drowning
Have no friends to gather 'round me
Oh my god my greed has found me
Underneath the flood.

And underneath the flood
My tears are turning to the water
Rusted coins and crumpled dollars
I sink underneath, sink underneath.

I sit here in torrential silence
Coffee keeping up my eyelids
Thoughts of you all turn to violence

Trying to find love
But I hate how you believed in me
You believed with such cold objectivity
So tired I relinquished everything
Fell underneath the flood.

And underneath the flood it's quiet
All my thoughts are softly dying
All the rain, the rain is silent
Underneath the flood.

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