

Gray David**"The Rice"**

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The draft's blue cold
Under the door
When we threw our clothes
To the kitchen floor
The broccoli balls
In a pan on the gas stove
Where you stand
Won't you take this
Spatula in your hand

Let the rice burn
It cannot determine love
For you
We have no concern
Under the hem of the night

Out on the roof
Over harbored streets
Where the sky's a blanket
Each sweet kiss
So melodramatic
Embroidered by shadow
By the fridge I remenisce

Let the rice burn
It cannot determine love
For you
We have no concern
Under the hem of the night
Under the hem of the night

We staggered a doorway
And all of the sudden
The drum of the rain
On the heathered hills
Now everythings changed
And our silence is bitter
And you are all unhinged

Let the rice burn
It cannot determine love

For you
We have no concern
Oh we have no concern
Oh we have no concern
Under the hem of the night

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