

The Go-Betweens

"River of money"

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Lyric: Grant

It is neither fair nor reasonable to expect sadness to confine itself to it's causes. Like a river in flood, when it subsides and the drowned bodies of animals have been deposited in the treetops, there is another kind of damage that takes place beyond the torrent.

At first, it seemed as though she had only left the room to go into the garden and had been delayed by stray

chickens in the corn. Then he had thought she might have eloped with the rodeo-boy from the neighbouring property but it wasn't till one afternoon, when he had heard guitar playing coming from her room and had rushed upstairs to confront her and had seen that it was only the wind in the curtains brushing against the open strings, that he finally knew she wasn't coming back. He had dealt with the deluge alright

but the watermark of her leaving was still quite visible. He had resorted to the compass then, thinking that geography might rescue him but after one week in the Victorian Alps he came back north, realising that snow which

he had never seen before, was only frozen water.

I'll take you to Hollywood

I'll take you to Mexico

I'll take you anywhere the

River of Money flows.

I'll take you to Hollywood

I'll take you to Mexico

I'll take you anywhere the

River of Money flows.

But was it really possible for him to cope with the magnitude of her absence? The snow had failed him. Bottles had almost emptied themselves without effect. The television, a samaritan during other tribulations, had been repossessed. She had left her travelling clock though thinking it incapable of functioning in

another time-zone; so the long vacant days of
expensive sunlight
were filled with the sound of her minutes, with the
measuring of
her hours.

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