

# Down the Burning Ropes

James Vincent McMorrow

When the hills let go  
Slowly fade into the water like some ancient lover  
On a ship filled with ghosts  
It's something to behold When the paper thin girls  
With twisting little braids in their hair,  
They take off their coats and throw  
Pebbles and stones from the side of the boat,  
Crying out  
The stones they float, the stones they float  
Oh my God, the stones they float, the stones they float Down the burning ropes  
Past the places where the steel beams meet concrete skies  
You make your bed under the moonlight  
I think it's time we said goodbye  
Cause nothing moves in the warm air  
And words that once would cut like a knife,  
They just hang in the cloud and you're  
Pushed by the lord,  
But you're pulled by the crowds and  
You're overboard, you're overboard  
Oh my God, she's overboard My love she's overboard  
She's overboard  
My love she's over board Not a shell unbroken  
In the valley where my heartache and the timbers lay  
It's not the time to be hanging around here  
You know what some might say  
That people get too reckless  
That even with the simplest of crimes  
They leave, blood behind,  
As I clean the knife for the very last time  
I think she knows, I think she knows  
Oh my God, I think she knows I think she knows

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