

## **Pour Your Meaning**

Words and Music Copyright Robert  
Edgar

Wooden dock soaks in the river  
Mullet grass slides o'er the brink  
Outboard motor fuel slick floating  
Hold on while I fill my drink.

Hérons pose like gray morticians  
Needlefish swim on the grass  
What's forever now is ending  
What the hell has come to pass?

We didn't come this far.  
We didn't work this hard.  
We didn't keep our aim so true  
To not learn this from you.

Vapor trail before the fire  
Wooden chairs before the grass  
Letters sent before Chicago.  
Pour your meaning on me.  
Pour your meaning on me.