The River

Chely Wright

On a Friday night where I grew up
There ain't a whole lot you can do
The same ole' faces the same ole' places
Ain't nothin' ever new
After the football game we'd hang around
The high school parking lot
Then we'd pile into a couple of cars
And head off to our favorite spot
Down to the river
We went to the river
My sophomore year was a carbon copy
Of the ones that came before
'Til a night in late November
That shook us all down to the core
We'd won the game by twenty points
Couldn't wait to celebrate
But our lead car was goin' way too fast
They never even hit the breaks
They went into the river
Deep in the river
We buried Laurie Mabrey
In the clothes that she'd been wearin'
Her cheerleader outfit never looked
So out of place
That sweater and that pleated skirt
Of blue and white and crimson
Just didn't belong in that shiny silver case
I moved here to Nashville
On May twelfth of eighty-nine
And I started gettin' letters once a week
From this friend of mine
I'd gone to school with Christine Thuro
From kindergarten on
She'd say, "Hang in there 'cause
I just know you're gonna be a star"
She and her boyfriend and a couple of kids
I guess she met through him
Set out for the Marais Des Cygne
To try to cool off by takin' a swim

There'd been a lot of rain that summer
And the current was too strong
I heard they did all they could
But Christine she was gone
Into the river
She died there in the river
I was baptized in that same water
Gave my soul to Jesus
How can such a peaceful place
Be filled with so much pain
'Cause two young mothers lost their daughters
Right there for no reason
I swear I'll never go down there again
Back to the river
That mean ole' river
That beautiful river
That damn ole' river
That damn ole' river
That damn ole' river
That beautiful river

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