

# 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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