

River

John Denver

River, there are no stars in the city
Here there is no telephone in the trees
Beautiful days all on the water
And all I can do is write you a letter
River, it's cold here in the morning
Later I can see it in your eyes
Mild and white, we follow the canyons
Quiet at night, we stare at the sky
Leaving you now will never change things
Running away will just change the view
All I can see is the highway
All I can see is you
River, you'll carry me through the fire
Maybe you'll drown me in your arms
But if I die like that, it won't be like dying
When I rise again, the ashes are gone

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