

Ol' Man River

Jeff Beck; Mickey Waller; Nicky Hopkins; Rod Stewa

Here we all work, on the Mississippi
Here we all work, while the white folk play
Pullin' them boats from the dawn till sunset
Gettin' no rest till the judgment day
Don't look up and don't look down
You don't dare make a white man frown
Bend your knees and bow your head
And pull that rope until you're dead
Let me go 'way from the Mississippi
Let me go 'way from the white man boss
Show me that stream called the River Jordan
That's the old stream that I long to cross
I know that Ol' Man River, that Ol' Man River
He must know somethin', the man don't say nothin'
I know he just keep on rollin'
I want you to know he keeps on rollin' along
He don't plant tatters, he don't plant cotton
And them folk they plant 'em
I want you to know they're soon forgotten
But Ol' Man River, somehow he just keep on rollin', rollin' along
You and me, we got to sweat and strain
Body's all achin' and racked with pain
Tote that barge, somebody said, "Lift that bail"
You drink a little scotch, I want you to know, you gonna land in jail
You know I get weary and so sick of trying
I'm tired of livin', but I'm scared, I'm scared of dyin'
But that Ol' Man and the river, I say he just
The man just keep rollin' on [Incomprehensible]

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