

Silver River Turning

Jethro Tull

I walked down that boulder road
Through a child's eye saw places where I used to go
Where I crawled barefoot with a fishing pole
To the rock that overlooked that steel head hole
But it's true, silver river turning blueIt was a small town in a smaller world
Just a black dot on an old map with its edges curled
Where they built their industries on the edge of town
Leaching chemicals from underground
Now it's true, that silver river turning blueJust got a late reaction, face reality and stare it down
Sometimes it's harder hanging on
Much easier to look around but I need that jobWell, this place no city, we're just small players here
Like a million other heroes drinking poor man's beer
We know what's right, we're just living it wrong
But there's no easy answer in the green man's song
What do you do? When your river's turning blueI walked down that boulder road
Through a child's eye saw places where I used to go
Where I crawled barefoot with a fishing pole
To the rock that overlooked that steel head hole
But it's true, that silver river turning blueJust had a late reaction, face reality and stare it down
Sometimes it's harder hanging on
Much easier to look around but I need that job

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