Moody River (Re-Recorded Version)

Pat Boone

(Moody river, moody river)Moody river, more deadly than the vainest knife
Moody river, your muddy water took my baby's lifeLast Saturday evenin' came to the old oak tree
It stands beside the river where you were to meet me
On the ground your glove I found
With a note addressed to me
It read "Dear love, I've done you wrong"
"Now I must set you free"
"No longer can I live with this hurt and this sin"
"I just couldn't tell you that guy was just a friend"Moody river, more deadly than the vainest knife
Moody river, your muddy water took my baby's lifeI looked into the muddy water and what could I see?
I saw a lonely, lonely face just lookin' back at me
Tears in his eyes and a prayer on his lips
And the glove of his lost love at his fingertipsMoody river, more deadly than the vainest knife
Moody river, your muddy water took my baby's life

Songwriters
GARY BRUCEPublished by
Lyrics Â© GARY BRUCE MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/