

River

David Allan Coe

River, you heard my first cry as a baby
And, like my mom, you sang me lullabies
 You knew my fishing pole
 When I was eight years old
You never told me lies
River, I can see you from my window
 Your muddy water makes me feel alone
 River, you keep flowing
 Like you know just where you're going
Will you ever take me home
River, I'm not proud of what I've done
 Somehow my fishing pole became a gun
 Through these prison bars I see
 That you're still running free
 I've got no place to run

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