

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 And river
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 But river
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 But river
I've got no place to run

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