Cold River

Sara Storer

Well, he packed up his suitcase
'Cause the deal gone down
She was slipping on her stockings
Lord it made the sweetest sound
There was a baby in the reeds
Along the river outside of town
As he wound his pocket watch
To set time spinnin' 'em all around
Wasn't long they'd be forgetting
This old rainy Texas day
Little fella wasn't meant
For this old world anyway
Gambling and whoring
Hiding from plain view
Tell me which one of us rounders
Would you trust this poor child to
You just roll on cold river
Wash little Moses down
We've got business to attend to
In Chicago town, in Chicago town
They rolled out of Austin
On some kind of cattle train
She'd been with him for a year
Didn't know his second name
He worked the small towns hustling nine ball
She hooked the truck stops too
They were trying to make Chicago
Before the winter come blowing through
Some trucker sprang a leak
In California they supposed
Started working Arizona
Lord she missed the bloody rose
They rambled through the southwest
Making money and making time
But they never could find no help
Not a doctor, not that kind
You just roll on cold river
Wash little Moses down
We've got business to attend to

In Chicago town, in Chicago town
Some women love their babies
Some women won't have one
Some Texas woman found him
And we're still on the run
The kind of life we're living
He'd only slow us down
Ain't good for nothing anyway
Just rambling town to town
So, you just roll on cold river
Wash little Moses down
We've got business to attend to
In Chicago town, in Chicago town
Well he unpacked his suitcase
She pulled her stockings down
Started dreaming up a pool hall
And shooting up a round
She thought about tomorrow
When the money rolled around
That night they slept like babies
In Chicago town

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