

# Cold River

John Hiatt

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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