

# Moody River

John Fogerty

Moody river more deadly  
Than the vainest knife  
Moody river your muddy waters  
Took my baby's life  
Last Saturday evening  
I 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 waters

Took my baby's life  
I 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  
Was at his fingertips  
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