

Angry Waters

Tim Bluhm

When the first big rains
of the season came through
I drove us down to the river
Me and you
And we stood in the thundering sounds
of the angry waters
where we swam as a child
in the summertime

You wait all alone by the phone (by the window)
Reading your magazine (magazine)
And they dragged the river
Over and over
And all night long
All night long
I was waiting for you (ohhhhh)

So if you ever go down
to your river any more
Take off your shoes
and stand on the shore
And remember
the thundering sound
of the angry water
They were over your head (ohhhhh)

You wait all alone by the phone (by the window)
Reading your magazine (magazine)
And they dragged the river
Over and over
And all night long
All night long
I was waiting for you (ohhhhh)

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