

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

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