

Run River Run

Run River North

Run river run
Mother's calling heavy the sun.
She's tired from the storm, which is from the norm.
Standing at the gate, so quiet, unafraid. But one has come,
One has come. Run river run.
I hear your father's gun.
He's wary from the road, the wolves and the crows.
Kept him at the gates with hands full of praise. But one has come,
One has one. Rushing like a spirit from a wineskin bag.
Settled by your sister like it's never going back.
Mother's crying out with a different kind of sadness,
Sam can't shoot between a promise and a habit. Run river run
Out of dreams, into the sun.
Wake river wake.
There's fire coursing through your blood.
There's gold in your hair, the silver line is:
I know that they're scared, oh they're rushing to the wind But you won't let 'em in.
No, you won't let 'em in. Rushing like a spirit from a wineskin bag.
Settle by your sister with your heart in her hands.
There's love in your words, she'll learn to sew.
I hear her laughing, and it sounds It sounds like
Home
It sounds like
Home
It sounds like
Home
It sounds like
Home Rushing like a spirit from a wineskin bag.
Settle by your sister with your heart in her hands.
There's love in your words, she'll learn to sew.
I hear her laughing, and it sounds It sounds like
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