French King

Mark Erelli

Driving home on the Mohawk Trail last night
My mind aimless as the dry leaves in headlights
When I saw a state trooper running out on the French King Bridge
Flashlight sweeping the darkness over the edge

On a fair day you can see the green mountains turn blue
Standing on the french king watching the river roll through
And on a moonless night the black wind howls and moans
And the river moves like a serpent a hundred feet below

(C)
So roll on river restless for the sea
Take this valley wash it clean
Who can say where a soul will find peace
Who will keep the river from the sea

I thought of the shepherd his flocked bedded down for the night
And the eyes of the wolves moving just beyond the firelight
And my own little child asleep in his bed
As I drove on into the darkness up ahead

(C)
Who will keep the river from the sea

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