Moody River

South Filthy

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
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