

Moody River

Doc Watson

 Last Saturday evening
I came to the old oak tree
 It stands beside the river
Where you were to meet meOn the ground your glove I found
 With a note addressed to me
 And it read, "Dear Love, I've done you wrong
Now I must set you free"Moody River, more deadly
 Than the vainest knife
 Moody River, your muddy waters
Took my baby's lifeLooked into your muddy water
 And what did I see
 I saw a lonely, lonely man
 Just looking back at meTears in his eyes
 And a prayer on his lips
 And with the glove of his lost love
There at his finger tipsMoody River, more deadly
 Than the vainest knife
 Moody River, your muddy waters
Took my baby's lifeMoody River, your muddy waters
 Took my baby's life

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