

Moody River

[Doc Watson](#)

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
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 life Looked into your muddy water
And what did I see
I saw a lonely, lonely man
Just looking back at me Tears in his eyes
And a prayer on his lips
And with the glove of his lost love
There at his finger tips Moody River, more deadly
Than the vainest knife
Moody River, your muddy waters
Took my baby's life Moody River, your muddy waters
Took my baby's life

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