

# Old Man River

Chet Atkins

Here we all work 'long the Mississippi  
Here we all work while the white folk play  
Pulling' them boats from the dawn till sunset  
Getting no rest till the judgement day  
Don't look up and don't look down  
You don't dare make the white boss frown  
Bend your knees and bow your head  
And pull that rope until you're dead  
Let me go 'way from the Mississippi  
Let me go 'way from the white man boss  
Show me that stream called the River Jordan  
That's the old stream that I long to cross  
Old Man River, that Old Man River  
He must know something, but he don't say nothing  
He just keeps rolling, he keeps on rolling along  
He don't plant taters, and he don't plant cotton  
And them what plants 'em is soon forgotten  
But Old Man River, jest keeps rolling along  
You and me, we sweat and strain  
Bodies all aching and wracked with pain  
Tote that barge and lift that bale  
You get a little drunk and you land in jail  
I get weary and so sick of trying  
I'm tired of living, but I'm feared of dying  
And Old Man River, he just keeps rolling along

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