# Oh Cumberland

## Matraca Berg

Fire on the asphalt, L.A. freeway
Santa Anna windstorm come blow me away
This rear-view mirror could use some adjustment
Some other reflection, some other placeOh Cumberland, I'm a faithful son
No matter where I run, I hear you calling me
Mississippi's wide and long, St. Paul to New Orleans
But my heart's resting on your banks in TennesseeLazy old river, not a lick of ambition
You get to Kentucky then you roll on home
If you were a highway, you wouldn't go nowhere
And I wouldn't be lost out here all aloneOh Cumberland, I'm a faithful son
No matter where I run, I hear you calling me
Mississippi's wide and long, St. Paul to New Orleans
But my heart's resting on your banks in TennesseeThere's a stolen river in the San Fernando
Down in the valley in the shadow of greed
But I have a memory knee deep in salvation
Of that old muddy water that once washed me cleanOh Cumberland, I'm a faithful son
No matter where I run, I hear you calling me
Mississippi's wide and long, St. Paul to New Orleans
But my heart's resting on your banks in Tennessee

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