

# 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 place  
Oh 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  
Lazy 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 alone  
Oh 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  
There'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 clean  
Oh 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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