

# Haunted River

Brian Setzer

With that, the cold New England wind  
Blowin' through my hair,  
As my blood and whisky  
Run through me as one.  
Didn't anybody hear her silent scream?  
Didn't anybody see his twisted grin? All the neighbours wept and cried  
By her shallow grave,  
And her mama prayed the lord her soul to take,  
And her daddy stood alone - he swore revenge.  
And the haunted river flowed with blood again. Late one night he crossed  
The river by himself.  
The waters surged to reach for him through the night,  
And the storm raged on, and on.  
On and on, and on, and on. Everybody wondered: what ever happened to  
The old reverend Brown, who preaches Sunday mass,  
And the sea turned calm and blue  
By the oceans door.  
And the haunted river flowed with blood no more.

Songwriters

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