

# Water Under the Bridge

[Guy Clark](#)

They baptized me one fine day  
Down at the river's edge  
All my sins are washed away  
Like water under the bridge I had a little girl and her eyes were blue  
She lived just over the ridge  
Her love ran deep and her love ran true  
Like water under the bridge Sailin' away on a paper boat  
As far as I can go  
All the way to New Orleans  
And the Gulf of Mexico River run clear river run clean  
River run rough sometime  
River run wild and it run serene  
Just like a friend of mine Tie my troubles in a gunnysack  
And throw 'em over the edge  
Sailin' away and I won't be back  
Like water under the bridge You might be saint you might be sinner  
You might be Billy The Kid  
You might crap out or roll a winner  
It's water under the bridge

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