

# The River

Chely Wright

On a Friday night where I grew up  
There ain't a whole lot you can do  
The same ole' faces the same ole' places  
Ain't nothin' ever new After the football game we'd hang around  
The high school parking lot  
Then we'd pile into a couple of cars  
And head off to our favorite spot Down to the river  
We went to the river My sophomore year was a carbon copy  
Of the ones that came before  
'Til a night in late November  
That shook us all down to the core We'd won the game by twenty points  
Couldn't wait to celebrate  
But our lead car was goin' way too fast  
They never even hit the breaks They went into the river  
Deep in the river We buried Laurie Mabrey  
In the clothes that she'd been wearin'  
Her cheerleader outfit never looked  
So out of place That sweater and that pleated skirt  
Of blue and white and crimson  
Just didn't belong in that shiny silver case I moved here to Nashville  
On May twelfth of eighty-nine  
And I started gettin' letters once a week  
From this friend of mine I'd gone to school with Christine Thuro  
From kindergarten on  
She'd say, "Hang in there 'cause  
I just know you're gonna be a star" She and her boyfriend and a couple of kids  
I guess she met through him  
Set out for the Marais Des Cygne  
To try to cool off by takin' a swim There'd been a lot of rain that summer  
And the current was too strong  
I heard they did all they could  
But Christine she was gone Into the river  
She died there in the river I was baptized in that same water  
Gave my soul to Jesus  
How can such a peaceful place  
Be filled with so much pain 'Cause two young mothers lost their daughters  
Right there for no reason  
I swear I'll never go down there again Back to the river  
That mean ole' river

That beautiful river  
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That beautiful river

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