The Ferryman

Pete Townshend

The river is always flowing
Relentless towards the coastal tides
It travels down to the great oceans
While most of us simply watch from the water sideThe water becomes Siddhartha's teacher
Sometimes powerful and stern
Sometimes gentle, forgiving
It never changes in direction
As it carries even mountains down to the seaI'll take you over, I don't want your money
Just hang on tight, till we reach the other wall
Things in Vegas, they all cling to my ankle
The horn blows wide and the currents roarGod fill this gutter that breaks my shoulder
Smash me to pieces and wash me to mud
Dry me to dust and set me to smolder
Please let me dissolve in the autumn flood

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