

# Lost River

Michael Martin Murphey

There's a lost river that flows  
In a valley where no one goes  
Where the wild water's rush  
Rumbles deep in the hush  
Gone far from there now  
Lord, I'll be back somehow  
To where the wild water winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back  
To the pot belly stove  
Where the firewood's all stacked  
My Quebec girl, go with me  
Oh, my bell, my fleur de lis  
Where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Now every body knows  
Where that lost river flows  
It's some place he's lost  
Behind the bridges that he's crossed  
And he'd like to return  
But the bridges are all burned  
And he's much too far down  
To return to higher ground  
Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back  
To the pot belly stove  
Where the firewood's all stacked  
My Quebec girl, go with me  
Oh, my bell, my fleur de lis  
Where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Oh, lost river, far over the ridge  
Now is it too late  
For me to build me a new bridge?  
To the bright golden time  
When her love was still mine  
And the world was still wild  
Like the heart of a child  
Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back  
To the pot belly stove  
Where the firewood's all stacked  
My Quebec girl, go with me  
Oh my bell, my fleur de lis  
Where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines