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 hushGone far from there now
Lord, I'll be back somehow
To where the wild water winds
In the shadow of the pinesOh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot belly stove
Where the firewood's all stackedMy Quebec girl, go with me
Oh, my bell, my fleur de lis
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pinesNow every body knows
Where that lost river flows
It's some place he's lost
Behind the bridges that he's crossedAnd he'd like to return
But the bridges are all burned
And he's much too far down
To return to higher groundOh, 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 pinesOh, 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 childOh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot belly stove
Where the firewood's all stackedMy Quebec girl, go with me
Oh my bell, my fleur de lis
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pinesWhere the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

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