Old Rivers (Re-Recorded In Stereo)

Jimmy Dean

How old was I when I first seen Old Rivers
I can't remember when he weren't around
That old fellow he did a heap of work he spent his whole life walkin' plowed ground
He had the one roomed shack not far from us well we's about as poor as him
He had one old mule he used to call Midnight I'd tread along after then
He used to plow them rows just straight and deep and I'd come along behind
Bustin' up plows with my own bare feet Old Rivers he was a friend of mine
The sun had get high and that old mule he'd work Old Rivers he'd finally say whoa
He'd wipe his brow and he'd laid back on them reins
He'd talk about that place he's wanna go
He used to say one of these days I'm gonna climb that mountain
I'm gonna walk up there among them Clouds
Where the cotton's high and the corns're growin' and there ain't no fields to plowI got a letter today it's from the folks back home
They're all doin' fine the crop's a little dry
Mom said down near the end, you heard Old Rivers died
Sittin' here now on this new plowed earth just tryin' find a little shade
Well sun's beatin' down cross them fields now I can see that mule Old Rivers and me
I hear 'em sayin' one of these days...
With the sun beaitin' down cross them fields (I see) that mule Old Rivers and me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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