Ol' Man River

Jeff Beck

Old man river, that old man river
He don't say nothin', but he must know somethin'
That old man river, he just keeps rolling alongHe don't plant tater's
And we all know, he don't pick cotton
But them that plant 'em, are soon forgotten
That old man river, he just keeps rolling along, oh, yes he doesYou and me, we sweat and toil
Our bodies, all naked and racked with pain, now listen
Lift that bar, you'd better tote that bail
And if ya get a little drunk, you'll land in jailI'm so weary, I'm sick of tryin'
I'm tired of livin' but afraid of dyin'
That, that god-darn old river, he just keeps rolling along
Keep on rollin' along

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