

The River

Blacktop Mojo

Where have you gone to hide this time?
When will you face me for your crimes?
You have always been concealed by your lies and your tricks
Now the wall you hide behind is six feet thick

They can't protect you from death
I will see you again
And I will come to collect when I cross the river

Oh, You slip through my hands like smoke from the flame
You think you're safe in the ground, deep down in the grave
You think that you'll get you rest, not if I've got a say
I'll come to you in your sleep and shake you awake

Oh take my advice and run for cover
There's nowhere to hide from the thunder
They can't protect you from death I will see you again
And I will come to collect
When I cross the river

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