

The River Runs Low

Bruce Hornsby

The rain held back again
Haven't felt a drop since you went away
Outside of town, the hills are brown
I guess way out there you'd call 'em golden
Lines outside the welfare store
The clock is stopped at the bank next door
They yelled like hell when the boys left home
Now just like you, they're all gone

The river runs low tonight
And eyes are closed on the waterline
The river runs low tonight
And you're always drifting through my mind
The river runs low tonight
And nobody waits for the tide to rise
I'm gonna wait till you make
The river run high

Whoa-oh...Whoa, oooh...
The old man's gettin' on
Keeps the morning paper in his overcoat
It keeps him warm in the cold storm
And he told me today I look a little lonely
Up in the air they're heading south
The sky is light to the west of town
With a little cash I could get around
You know I'd come out there and find you

Whoa...
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Whoa-oh-oh...Whoa, oooh...ooooo...la-laaa....