Big River

Darrell Scott

Well I taught the weeping willow how to cry,
And I told the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky.
All the tears that I cried for that woman they're gonna flood y
ou Big River.
And I'm gonna sit right here until I die.

Well I met her accidentally in St. Paul (Minnesota).
And it tore me up every time I heard her drawl, Southern drawl.
Then I heard my queen was back downstream cavortin' in Davenpor
t,
And I followed you, Big River, when you called.

Then she took me to St. Louis later on (down the river).
A freighter said she's been here but she's gone, boy, she's gon
e.
I found her trail in Memphis, but she just walked up the block.

She raised a few eyebrows and went on down alone.

Why won't you batter down by Baton Rouge, River Queen, roll it
on.
Take that woman on down to New Orleans, New Orleans.
Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down in the gulf.
Hmm, she loves you, Big River, more than me.

Oh well I taught the weeping willow how to cry, cry, cry
And I told the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky.
Hmm, the tears that I cried for that woman they're gonna flood
you Big River.
And I'm gonna sit right here until I die.

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