

Harlem River Blues

Steve Earle

Lord, I'm goin' uptown to the Harlem River to drown
Dirty water gonna cover me over and I'm not gonna make a sound
I'm on a roll, mama, I gotta go
Gotta get there while I still can

Troubled days are behind me now
And I know they're gonna let me in
When you see me walkin' up the empty yard
Just a-singin' and a-clappin' my hands

Tell my mama I love her, tell my father I tried
Give my money to my baby to spend
'Cause Lord, I'm goin' uptown to the Harlem River to drown
Dirty water gonna cover me over and I'm not gonna make a sound

Good times come and they go, even a good man'll break
He'll let his troubles bury him whole even though he knows what
's at stake
So I'm taking no chances, carrying over while I'm still good in
His grace
I'm no fool, mama, I know the difference between tempting and c
hoosing my fate

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