Don't Cross the River

Garth Brooks

There's a little girl Out lying on her own She's got a broken heart She's not the kind You take down for long She knows and Plays it smart And if she's coming She's shown no more She's heard no whistle Blowing from the door She feels like leaving and She don't know why Without no bridges She's trapped So I sigh

Don't cross the river If you can't swim the tide Don't try denying Living on the other side All your life you were On your own

If you want You can ride my train Soon forget the reason That you're leaving Lose yourself and Then sometimes Maybe even save yourself Some grieving

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