

Row

Hiss Golden Messenger

The tide is high
The river is starting to rise
And if we want to stay alive
We better row, oh row

Our love was bold
Our love was like a rambling rose
I pinned it to my coat
Oh, so row, oh row

Once we prayed for rain
Now we pray for it to go away
Oh, the levee's about to break
Oh, so row, oh row

"Don't climb too high," that's what I heard on my way back down
But look at me now, I'm wasted
On my way to the dark side of town
On my way to getting wasted

The Tokay wine
Oh it tastes like turpentine
There's no grapes on the vine
Oh, so row, oh row

But child don't cry
Oh I'll sing you a lullaby
Called "To Live Is to Fly"
Oh, so row, oh row

Up around the bend
There's a chance we might meet again
But I think we better learn to swim
Oh, so row, oh row

"Don't climb too high," that's what I heard when I hit the ground
But look at me now, I'm wasted
On my way to the dark side of town
On my way to getting wasted

It's a hard boat to row
It's so hard to make it home
And if we gamble
Against the tide
We might make it
Make it to the other side

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We better row, oh row
Row, row
Row, row