

Brass Ring

In the Valley Below

Your daddy was tall, he fought in the war
Your mama was wild, she never came home
And I was a distant daughter

Me and my friends slept with the stones
By the light of the lake, with luck in our bones
And I was the man in the moon

We'll swing, swing from the brass ring
We will never be this young again

Take me there again one day
Let the cold water come and wash it away
On the Russian, the Russian River

We'll swing, swing from the brass ring
We will never be this young again