Deaver's Crossing

James McMurtry

He walked the road with his back all bent
Ever since the accident
Leaning on his walking cane
He kept walking just the same

Deaver's gone from the crossing
No one now keeps the ford
From the banks of Jeremiah's run
Off into the setting sun

He was there through the darkest nights
The gypsy moth and the chestnut blight
The market crash and the teapot dome
He was there when the boys came home

Deaver's gone from the crossing
No one now keeps the ford
From the banks of Jeremiah's run
Off into the setting sun

He was there when Uncle Sam
Took away the neighbors' land
To make that Shenandoah Park
The Woods got thick and the woods got dark

Start walking back towards town
Retrace your steps as you go
Keep walking, watch the ground
It's there somewhere I know

Deaver's gone Mrs. Deaver, too
Finer folk you never knew
With smiles for all you passers by
And in the churchyard now they lie

So, when you fish that March brown hatch
Won't you share your morning's catch
With those whose ground you walked across
May their memory be not lost

Deaver's gone from the crossing
No one now keeps the ford
From the banks of Jeremiah's run
Off into the setting sun

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