

Moody River

Kitty Wells

Moody River
More deadly than the vainest knife
Moody River
Your muddy water took my baby's life.

Last Saturday evening
I came to the old oak tree
That stands beside the river
Where you were to meet me.

On the ground your glove I found
With a note addressed to me
It read dear love I've done you wrong
Now I must set you free...

No longer can I live
With this hurt and this sin
I just couldn't tell you
That girl was just a friend.

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Your muddy water took my baby's life.

I looked into the muddy water
And what could I see
I saw a lonely, lonely face
Just looking back at me.

Tears in her eyes
And the prayer on her lips
And the glove of her lost love
At her fingertips.

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