

River Rolls

The Silent Comedy

It's time that faith forgot
My hand-stained heart will stop
And high on a hill, I'll soon be still
Embraced by a wooden box

I loan myself to gods
I face their chopping blocks
And boarding my train for a faster pace
I'll leave my worried lot

And the hair on the face of my father
Marks his way to the grave as it loses its color
But I've got a minute if you've got a cigarette
We can sit as the river rolls by, oh Lord
We can sit as the river rolls by

My bones, my face, my jaw
Will join the earth and rock
My family will say, "We miss the place
The boy held in our hearts"

And the hair on the face of my father
Marks his way to the grave as it loses its color
But I've got a minute if you've got a cigarette
We can sit as the river rolls by, oh Lord
We can sit as the river rolls by