

## 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