

Steamboat

The Weeks

Wasting away on the mighty Mississippi
Hoping God forgives me for my sins
Well starlight stained steamboats, and a rich man clears his throat
Took a sip of whiskey from his glass

The piano plays softly and his daughter screamed, "get off me"
His wife she died a few years back
He drinks and drinks for days but the memories they stay
And the tears they flow like alcohol

Well his daughter she loves me, said she's always thinkin of me
That's why I stand here on this boat today
I watched a rich man clear his throat
But what that rich man doesn't know is that I'll take his life away

Please forgive me God for the things I've done
I could hide my problems, I could run
But it was I who held the gun, and I am the setting sun
And I promise I will never, ever run

I said, "take me down where the lovers died"
Where those steamboats don't go, and that Mississippi flows all night
Wastin' away where the lovers died

Wastin away on the mighty Mississippi
Hoping God forgives me for my sins
Well It was I who held the gun and I am the setting sun
And I promise I will never, ever run