

Down, Down, Stream

Zach Bryan

Bought a house from a man in New York
This house had four small apartments in it when he got it in '78
Said he had seen children grow old and elderly people die in each little apartment
Said he didn't change the wooden floors for sixteen years 'cause he knew where the scuff came from
We talked for a bit and he took me around the corner and told me everything had gone down, down stream from him
Like that cold water of his life had gone up his back, down his front, and around his legs
And before he could drink any of it, it'd already passed him by
I went home after drinkin' with him a bit, made a pallet and a fire on the floor and closed my eyes on one of the coldest nights Manhattan had seen all winter
I imagined my dog Jack and me back home cuttin' through some Oklahoman landscape with greens, moisture, and heat and finding some screen right there in the clearin'
He jumped, chasin' something naturally, and I just let that water run past my shoulders under my neck and under my feet
And down, down stream
Every good and bad thing that ever happend to me floating down down stream
They're just floatin', the Tulsa bars and all the throw up in 'em
The ducks we killed, the fights we had
The New York 3ams, the piano through my neighbors wall and the Italian restaurant voices mashin' together through the opposite one
My mother's couch that I sang her songs on
The African desert heat, runnin' from the police, and my father's swollen pride
They're just floatin' by, every woman I have ever loved and every man I have ever called a brother
The New Year's fireworks and the July Fourth's too, every failure and every ugly, little victory
Screamin' off the Grand Canyon and hearin' one of my best friends have gotten into a wreck under some cold, dark western sky
My sister laughin', the streets of London, and my band playin' sweet notes in front of a hundred thousand people
I took a big gulp and I wondered if all that water led to more streams and those led to some big ocean somewhere
Prayed all that suffering and all those belly laughs led to some big ocean somewhere
As soon as I took that big gulp, my eyes opened to a fire in that livin' room and the fire department came and hydrant filthy New York water was goin' up my back, down my front and down, down stream

And so were we