

Green River

C.W. McCall

(c.w. mccall, bill fries, chip davis)[spoken]

Way out in the canyons of the west, there's a wild river. the spanish named it san buenaventura;
but we knew it as the green. It was daylight on the river but we couldn't see the sun

And we couldn't hear our voices through the roar

But we felt the boilin' current and our blood was runnin' cold

As we headed down the canyon of lodore

And the gods were runnin' with us

On the day we ran the rapids of the green[chorus]

And we died a thousand times in that forty miles of hell

The longest day of life we'd ever seen

But we lived to tell the story and we know the story well

The day we ran the rapids of the green

We were thirty-two in number when we gathered on the shore

And we headed off into the great unknown

But we summoned up our courage an' we formed a mighty team

And we ran that ragin' river all alone

Yeah, the gods were runnin' with us

On the day we ran the rapids of the green[echoing shouts.] And we hear a thousand echoes on
the mighty canyon walls

As we shouted from the waters far below

And we saw the ancient warnings and we heard the ghostly cries

Of the men who ran the river long ago

And we prayed that they were with us

On the day we ran the rapids of the green[echoing shouts.]

Now the memories are swirlin' in the eddies of our minds

But the waters of the green are flowin' clear

And the canyon of lodore will be a long remembered tale

To be told around the campfires through the years

Yeah, the gods were runnin' with us

On the day we ran the rapids of the green[chorus]

And we died a thousand times in that forty miles of hell

The longest day of life we'd ever seen

But we lived to tell the story and we know the story well

The day we ran the rapids of the green[echoing shouts. fade out.]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>