

Only a River

Bob Weir

Well, I was born up in the mountains
Raised up in a desert town
And I never saw the ocean
Till I was close to your age now Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, your rolling river
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right I'm going back to San Angelo
The ground is hard and the count is dry
But I'm gonna get my fill somehow
Rivers of corn, and wheat and rye
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, your rolling river
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, your rolling river
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right Now, red, red, river bowing
Will she remember all the things we said?
And what's the chance that she'll remember
All those nights in the riverbed?
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, your rolling river
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right
Only a river gonna make things right

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