

# One More River to Cross

Bob Weir

The [?], the bristles, the wide Rio Grande  
One more river to cross  
The [road?] running wild through the cottonwood stand  
One more river to cross I tried to be good for most of my life  
Never done wrong when I knew what was right  
So when I cross over, my heart will be light  
One more river to cross I was twelve when I first crossed the Cumberland Gap  
One more river to cross  
And except for in memory, I never looked back  
One more river to cross The Snake and the (Sand?), the Priest, the Payette  
The Willow, the Bravo, the San Bernadette  
And I'm tired, but I still got one left in me yet  
One more river to cross  
My one true companion is carrying me  
One more river to cross  
And when I cross over, he'll go running free  
One more river to cross

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