Bruce Springsteen, Many Rivers To Cross

There's so many rivers to cross
But I can't seem to find my way over
Wandering, I'm lost
As I travel along the white cliffs of Dover

Many rivers to cross
And it's only my will that keeps me alive.
I've been hurt, washed up for years
But I mearly survive because of my pride

And this loneliness won't leave me alone,
It's such a drag to be on your own
My baby left, and she wouldn't say why,
Now all I do is cry...

I've got many rivers to cross
And it's only my will that keeps me alive
I've got so many rivers to cross,
Oh, so many rivers to cross...