

# 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 nearly 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...