

# Cowboy Junkies, Bea's Song (River Song Trilogy

Michael Timmins

Speed River at my feet running low and flat  
I'm sitting here burning daylight,  
thinking about the past  
and that distance out there  
where the earth meets the sky.  
The slightest move and this river mud  
pulls me further down.  
John's at my side, but he's sitting on firmer ground.

John says I look at the moon and the stars  
these days more often than I look into his eyes  
and I can't disagree so I don't say nothing.  
I just stare on past his face at Venus rising,  
like a shining speck of hope hanging over the horizon.

With each passing year that I sit here  
that horizon seems to inch just that much nearer  
and all that appears on it seems as clear as spit.  
But if there's one thing in my life  
that these years have taught  
it's that you can always see it coming  
but you can never stop it.

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where the earth meets the sky.  
The slightest move and this river mud  
pulls me further down  
John's at my side,  
but he's not noticing that I'm drowning.  
The slightest move and this river mud  
pulls me further down.  
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but he's not noticing that I'm drowning.