

# Cowboy Junkies, River Waltz

I'm going to find me a dying river  
And strike a deal with her I'll say,  
"I'll fold you in two and I'll carry you away  
To a place where your headwaters will flow  
Clean through to your mouth."

In return I'll request a small sanctuary  
By her banks where we will live with our small family  
She will water our garden and clean the dirt from our skin.  
While the world clamours at our door  
We will dance and not let them in.

And if one day we wake up to a bed dry as a bone  
Find our river stolen, find our sanctuary gone  
We will stand and take stock and be grateful  
For what we've not lost.

We will pack up our bags, pack our small family  
Head across the valley to where the aspen trees  
Shiver as they ascend - the green hills rising to blue.  
At the edge of the chopping we will turn  
And bid fond "adieu".

All that I know to be true  
Is the touch of your hand on my skin.  
One look from you can so easily soothe  
All this turmoil within

As we dance cheek to cheek  
With our feet so completely  
Locked in a time all our own.  
I stop to speak  
But you gently keep me  
Moving in time to the song.  
And in a voice that is sloppy with gin  
You say, "let the world spin."

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