

Doc Watson, Moody River

Moody River, more deadly
Than the vainest knife
Moody River, your muddy water
Took my baby's life

Last Saturday evening
Came to the old oak tree
It stands beside the river
Where you were to meet me

On the ground your glove I found
With a note addressed to me
It read "Dear Love, I've done you wrong,
Now I must set you free"

No longer can I live
With this hurt and this sin
I just couldn't tell you
That guy was just a friend

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I looked into the muddy waters
And what did I see
I saw a lonely, lonely face
Just looking back at me

Tears in his eyes
And a prayer on his lips
And the glove of his lost love
At his finger tips

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