

Guy Clark, Water Under The Bridge

They baptized me one fine day
Down at the river's edge
All my sins are washed away
Like water under the bridge

I had a little girl and her eyes were blue
She lived just over the ridge
Her love ran deep and her love ran true
Like water under the bridge

Sailin' away on a paper boat
As far as I can go
All the way to New Orleans
And the Gulf of Mexico

River run clear river run clean
River run rough sometime
River run wild and it run serene
Just like a friend of mine

Tie my troubles in a gunnysack
And throw em' over the edge
Sailin' away and I won't be back
Like water under the bridge

You might be saint you might be sinner
You might be Billy The Kid
You might crap out or roll a winner
It's water under the bridge