

Joe Ely, Twisty River Bridge

I recall that Twisy River Bridge
Over that painted river bed
They pumped about a gallon of Muddy Water
Out of my salty head.

I woke up in St. James Devine
All wrapped up in plaster and twine
The nurse said I made the front page
Of the River City Sunday Times.

Oh, that Twisty River Bridge
Was damn near, the death of me
Love, wine and Gasoline
Don't mix with jealousy

Have you seen my Reena
Did she, did she make it home?
We had a little misunderstanding
Talkin on the telephone

Tell her that I miss her
But I dont miss what she done
When she run off with that double talkin
Son of a Preachers son

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