John Hiatt, Cold River

Well he packed up his suitcase 'Cause the deal gone down She was slipping on her stockings Lord it made the sweetest sound

There was a baby in the reeds Along the river outside of town As he wound his pocket watch To set time spinnin' 'em all around

Wasn't long they'd be forgetting This old rainy Texas day Little fella wasn't meant For this old world anyway

Gambling and whoring
Hiding from plain view
Tell me which one of us rounders
Would you trust this poor child to

You just roll on cold river
Wash little Moses down
We've got business to attend to
In Chicago town
In Chicago town

Well they rolled out of Austin On some kind of cattle train She'd been with him for a year Didn't know his second name

He worked the small towns hustling nine ball She hooked the truck stops too They were trying to make Chicago Before the winter come blowing through

Some trucker sprang a leak In California they supposed Started working Arizona Lord she missed the bloody rose

They rambled through the southwest Making money and making time But they never could find no help Not a doctor, not that kind

You just roll on cold river
Wash little Moses down
We've got business to attend to
In Chicago town
In Chicago town

Some women love their babies Some women won't have one Some Texas woman found him And we're still on the run

The kind of life we're living He'd only slow us down Ain't good for nothing anyway Just rambling town to town

You just roll on cold river Wash little Moses down

We've got business to attend to In Chicago town In Chicago town

Well he unpacked his suitcase She pulled her stockings down Dreaming up a pool hall And shooting up a round

She thought about tomorrow When the money rolled around That night they slept like babies In Chicago town