

John Hiatt, The River Knows Your Name

Oh the river knows your name

And your tears falling like the rain

All around you suffering and pain

Oh the river knows your name

And the river hears you cry

As the lightning cracks the open sky

As your Momma sings a lullaby

Oh the river she knows why

Let the river wash you down

Beneath the surface

With a rushing sound

Like a freight train passing through a town

Let the river wash you down

Let the river take away

All the words

That you and I could never say

In the silence Darling let us pray

Let the river take it all away

Oh the river knows your name

From the Brazos to the Wabash

To the Seine

No two journeys

Are ever quite the same

But the river knows your name

Oh the river knows your name