

Kitty Wells, Moody River

Moody River more deadly than the natalest night

Moody River your muddy water took my baby's life

Last Saturday evening I came to the old oak tree

That stands beside the river where you were to meet me

On the ground your glove I found with a note address 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 girl was just a friend

Moody River more deadly...

I looked into the muddy water and what could I see

I saw a lonely lonely face just looking back at me

Tears in her eyes and the prayer on her lips

And the glove of her lost love at her fingertips

Moody River more deadly...