

The Grateful Dead, Big River

Well I taught that weeping willow how to cry cry cry,
Taught the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky.
Tears I cried for that woman are gonna flood you big river,
And I'm a gonna sit right here until I die.

I met her accidentally in St. Paul, Minnesota,
She tore me up everything I heard her drawl, that southern drawl.
Well I heard my dream went back downstream, cavortin' in Davenport,
And I follow you big river when you called.

Well I followed her down to St. Louie, later on down the river,
Trader said she's been here, but she's gone, boy, she's gone.
Well I followed her down to Memphis, but she just walked off the bus,
She raised a few eyebrows and she went on down alone.

Well I've gotten on down to Baton Rouge, River Queen roll on,
Take that woman down to New Orleans, New Orleans.
I give up, I've had enough, followed my blues on down to the gulf,
She loves you big river more than me.