

The Jayhawks, Come To The River

My harp is tuned to the mourning wind
My flute to the voice that weeps within
And I taught the widows' hearts to sing
You're such a nasty little girl
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta come to the river
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta drown, drown, drown
Turned back, had a fall from grace
Now we find each other face to face
The wells you drank from all ran dry
Now you are standing all alone
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta come to the river
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta come to the river
I hope this letter finds you well
You're such a nasty little girl
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta come to the river
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta drown, drown, drown
My harp is tuned to the mourning wind
My flute to the voice that weeps within
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta come to the river
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta come to the river
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta come to the river
If you wanna taste the water
Gotta drown, drown, drown