

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Lost River

There's a lost river that flows
In a valley where no one goes,
Where the wild water's rush
Rumbles deep in the hush.

Gone far from there now,
Lord I'll be back somehow
To where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot-belly stove, where the firewood's all stacked
Oh quebec girl, go with me,
Oh my bell, my fleur de lis,
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Now every body knows
Where that lost river flows
It's someplace he's lost
Behind bridges that he's crossed

Well, he'd like to return,
But his bridges are all burned
And he's much too far down

To return to higher ground

Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot-belly stove, where the firewood's all stacked
Oh quebec girl, go with me,
Oh my bell, my fleur de lis,
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Oh lost river, far over the ridge
Now is it too late for me to build me a new bridge?
To the bright golden time
When her love was still mine
And the world was still wild
Like the heart of a child

Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot-belly stove, where the firewood's all stacked
Oh quebec girl, go with me,
Oh my bell, my fleur de lis,
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines