

# Walter Brennan, Old Rivers

(Words and music by Crofford)

How old was I when I first seen old Rivers?  
I can't remember when he weren't around  
Well, that old fellow did a heap of work  
Spent his whole life walking plowed ground.

He had a one-room shack not far from us  
And well, we was about as poor as him  
He had one old mule he called Midnight  
And I'd trailed along after them.

He used to plow them rows straight and deep  
And I'd come along near behind  
A-bustin' up clods with my own bare feet  
Old Rivers was a friend of mine.

That sun'd get high and that mule would work  
Till old Rivers'd say, "Whoa!"  
He'd wipe his brow, lean back on the reins  
And talk about a place he was gonna go.

Chorus:  
He'd say, one of these days  
I'm gonna climb that mountain  
Walk up there among the clouds  
Where the cotton's high  
And the corn's a-growin'  
And there ain't no fields to plow.

--- Instrumental ---

I got a letter today from the folks back home and  
They're all fine and crops is dry  
Down at the end my mama said, "Son  
You know old Rivers died."

Just sittin' here now on this new-plowed earth  
Trying to find me a little shade  
With the sun beating down 'cross the field I see  
That mule, old Rivers and me.

Chorus:  
Now, one of these days  
I'm gonna climb that mountain  
Walk up there among the clouds  
Where the cotton's high  
And the corn's a-growin'  
And there ain't no fields to plow.

With the sun beating down 'cross the field I see  
That mule, old Rivers and me...