

Waylon Jennings, River Boy

RIVER BOY
WRITER FRED CARTER

I was born and raised on the river
It's the only life that I know
People 'round here have put a name on me
And I hear it wherever I go
They call me river boy, river boy
Good for nothin' river boy
This old world don't hold a whole lot of joy
When you're nothin' but a river boy
I do a lot of fishin' on the river
To make my livin' you see
When I take my catch to the market place
The people call out to me
And they say, river boy, hey river boy
You got any fish today there, river boy
I sell my ware, but nobody cares
About the feelin's of the river boy
There's a pretty girl works at the market place
I see her there everyday
But when I try to talk to her
I can hear her papa say
Come away from that River boy, he's a river boy
Nothin' but riff-raff, them river boys
No girl of mine is gonna waste her time
On a good for nothin' river boy
So I head my boat back up the river
Back to my old fishin' place
I'm afraid this ol' river's gonna overflow
From the tears a-fallin' down my face
I'm nothin' but a river boy, river boy
A good for nothin' river boy
This old world don't hold a whole lot of joy
When you're nothin' but a river boy
River boy, river boy
A good for nothin' river boy
River boy (fade)