

Arlo Guthrie, Underground

words and music by Arlo Guthrie

There's a river running underground
That roll along the clay
That took my body when I laid it down
And carried it far away

It's too damned dark for you to see
So I did not protest
My soul shook free, you can't have me
But you may keep the rest

The waters weep, the sickles reap
My hands are cold with sweat
The eagle screams with frightened wings
The dust does not forget

There's a river running underground
That rolls along the clay
That tempts the sould to the ocean cold
To with the body lay