

Brian Setzer, Haunted River

With that he cold new england wind
Blowin' through my hair
As my blood and whisky
Run through me as one
Didn't anybody hear her silent scream
Didn't anybody see his twisted grin

All the neighbours wept and cried
By her shallow grave
And her momma prayed the lord her soul to take
And her daddy stood alone he swore revenge
And the haunted river flowed with blood again

Late one night he crossed
The river by himself
The waters surged to reach for him through the night
And the storm raged on and on
On and on and on and on

Everybody wondered what ever happened to
The old reverend brown who preaches sunday mess
And the sea turned calm and blue
By the oceans door
And the haunted river flowed with blood no more