

# Cowboy Junkies, The Water Is Wide

(Traditional)

The water is wide, I cannot cross over  
Neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I.

Oh love is gentle and love is kind  
The sweetest flower when first it blooms  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like morning dew.

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