

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.

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
And both shall row,
My love and I.