

# Don Williams, Standing Knee Deep In A River (Dy

(Bob McDill / Dickey Lee / Bucky Jones)

Friends I could count on  
I could count on one hand  
With a left over finger or two.  
I took them for granted,  
Let them all slip away,  
Now where they are I wish I knew.

They roll by just like water  
And I guess we never learn,  
Go through life parched and empty  
Standing knee deep in a river,  
And dying of thirst.

Sometimes I remember  
The good people I've known,  
Some I've forgotten I suppose.  
One or two still linger,  
Oh, I wonder now  
Why I ever let them go.

They roll by just like water  
And I guess we never learn,  
Go through life parched and empty  
Standing knee deep in a river,  
And dying of thirst.

So the side walk is crowded  
The city goes by,  
I just rushed through another day  
And a world full of strangers  
Turn their eyes to me,  
But I just look the other way.

They roll by just like water  
And I guess we never learn,  
Go through life parched and empty  
Standing knee deep in a river,  
And dying of thirst.

Go through life parched and empty,  
Standing knee deep in a river  
Dying of thirst...