

Don Williams, Standing Knee Deep In A River (Dying Of Thirst)

(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...