

Harry Chapin, Roll Down The River

You keep looking out my window
At the driftwood floating by
Like a flock of birds in falltime
You're just itching to fly
I know I cannot hold you
Cause you live life to the hilt
So go on get out of here girl
I don't want your guilt.
Go on and roll down your river Babe
I'll bet you'll make that muddy water churn
You've earned every scar
That you brought with you Baby
But there's one lesson that you'll never learn.
What goes down that river don't return.
I remember when you washed up on my doorstep
You had a dirty face, a damp dress and a dream
But now you're just a fish out of the water, Baby
It's time to throw you back into the stream.
So go on and roll down your river Babe
I'll bet you'll make that muddy water churn
You've earned every scar
That you brought with you Baby
But there's one lesson that you'll never learn.
What goes down that river don't return.
Now don't you bleed on me about all our good times
Don't tell me that you'll never be the same
Don't tell me anything but goodbye Baby
More than that would be just another game.
So go on and roll down your river Babe
I'll bet you'll make that muddy water churn
You've earned every scar
That you brought with you Baby
But there's one lesson that you'll never learn.
What goes down that river don't return.
You leave me with a month of your sweet madness
You leave me with your music in my head
You leave me with the mystery of the river rolling
You leave me with a desert for my bed.
So go on and roll down your river Babe
I'll bet you'll make that muddy water churn
You've earned every scar
That you brought with you Baby
But there's one lesson that you'll never learn.
What goes down that river don't return.