

# Hem, Night Like A River

Night like a river, banks are steep  
Carry my burden, bury my worry deep  
It's like she told me some time ago  
There's plenty for harvest, then the cold winds blow  
I could live a long, long while on the sweetness of her breath  
And I could die for walking miles, and still not find my rest  
Bound and delivered, I returned  
Tried to forgive her for all the ground we burned  
Maybe tomorrow waters will clear  
I'll shake this sorrow and leave my worry here