

Jim Croce, Ol' Man River

Ol' man river, that old man river
He must know somethin'
But he don't say nothin'
That old man river, he just keeps rolling along

He don't plant taters
Don't plants cotton
But them that plants 'em, are soon forgotten, that
Ol' man river, he just keeps rollin' along

Cause you and me, sweat and strain
Body all achin' and racked with pain,
Tote that barge, lift that bail
Get a little drunk
You'll land in jail

But I'm get weary, sick of trying
Cause I'm tried of livin,' but I'm scared of dyin'
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