

Marilyn Monroe, River Of No Return

If you listen you can hear it call.(Wailaree).
There is a river called the river of no return,
sometimes it's peaceful and sometimes wild and free.
Love is a traveller on the river of no return,
swept on forever to be lost in the stormy sea.(Wailaree).
I can hear the river call (no return, no return).
I can hear my lover call ,"come to me".
I lost my love on the river,
and forever my heart will yearn.
Gone, gone forever,
down the river of no return.
Wailaree,wailaree..
You never return to me.