

Marty Robbins, Bend In The River

Past the first bend in the river is another bend I can't see
And the bend that keeps calling is the bend that keeps hiding from me

Past the first hill on the desert is another hill I can't see
And the hill that keeps hiding is the hill that keeps calling to me

In the cottonwood by the river a mourning dove calls his mate
He has true love to give her but love for me must wait

Till I've traveled every river and each desert hill I have climbed
If I find love to my liking I'll leave the river's bend far behind