

# Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Lost River

There's a lost river that flows  
In a valley where no one goes,  
Where the wild water's rush  
Rumbles deep in the hush.  
Gone far from there now,  
Lord I'll be back somehow  
To where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back  
To the pot-belly stove, where the firewood's all stacked  
oh Quebec girl, go with me,  
oh my bell, my fleur de lis,  
where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Now every body knows  
Where that lost river flows  
It's someplace he's lost  
Behind bridges that he's crossed  
Well, he'd like to return,  
But his bridges are all burned  
And he's much too far down  
To return to higher ground  
Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back  
To the pot-belly stove, where the firewood's all stacked  
oh Quebec girl, go with me,  
oh my bell, my fleur de lis,  
where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Oh lost river, far over the ridge  
Now is it too late for me to build me a new bridge?  
To the bright golden time  
When her love was still mine  
And the world was still wild  
Like the heart of a child  
Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back  
To the pot-belly stove, where the firewood's all stacked  
oh Quebec girl, go with me,  
oh my bell, my fleur de lis,  
where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines  
Where the lost river winds  
In the shadow of the pines