Oleta Adams, Get Here

Many rivers to cross But I can't seem to find my way over Wandering I am lost As I travel along white cliffs of Dover Many rivers to cross And it's only my will that keeps me alive I've been licked, washed up for years And I merely survive because of my pride And this loneliness won't leave me alone It's such a drag to be on your own My baby left me and he didn't say why Well I guess I'll have to try Many rivers to cross But just where to begin I'm playing for time There have been times I find myself thinking of committing Some dreadful crime I've got many rivers to cross But I can't seem to find my way over Wandering I am lost As I travel along white cliffs of Dover