

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