

# Pete Townshend, The Ferryman

The river is always flowing  
Relentless towards the costal tides  
It travels down to the great ocean  
While most of us simply watch from the water side

The water becomes Siddhartha's teacher  
Sometimes powerful and stern  
Sometimes gentle , forgiving  
It never changes in direction  
As it carries even mountains down to the sea

I'll take you over  
I don't want your money  
Just hang on tight  
Till we reach the other wall  
Things in Vegas  
They all cling to my ankle

The horn blows wide, and the currents roar

God fill this gutter  
That breaks my shoulder  
Smash me to pieces  
And wash me to mud  
Dry me to dust  
And set me to smolder  
Please let me dissolve in the autumn flood

The rivers always flowing  
But I'm free now  
From It's grace  
I'll be swept down to the ocean  
And now you  
You will take my place