

Roger Whittaker, River Lady (A Little Goodbye)

The day the river freezes is the day it won't seem fair
'Cos they'll come to get the river lady
And I don't think they'll care

I know they'll scrape her paint off
In their same old foolish ways

Now the people see the river
But the old ship's gone away.
Water turns cold and gets to freezing
Before you even know ;it the old girl's easing
Away from her berth round by the point and out of our view
Off in the mist her engines pounding□
Back on the banks that old horn's sounding
A little good-bye
a little I'll do what I must do
A little good-bye
a little I'll do what I must do.

I know I will remember when I cannot hear that horn
That would roll up by the mountains
As she took us through the storm
I know they've got to take her
But I can't say I approve
'Cos she's won so many battles
That I hate to see her lose.

Water turns cold and gets to freezing

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