

Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts, Full Length of the River

(Cochran, Crowe)

She picks up all the jigsaw puzzle pieces she can find
And she walks away.
If the sun would set right now things would probably seem in time,
But it's the middle of the day.
Her timings out again, she's looking for another friend.
While she's moving, she better keep on walking.

Well there's a hot desert sun that makes her shiver,
She's praying for the wave to run the full length of the river

Men haven't been the same since her daddy died,
Was he the last real man?
Two strong hands to lift her up
And love enough, to understand.

Everything is cloudy like the last big forest fire,
No stars no guide.
This blackened wasteland of a young girls broken heart,
No place to hide.
The doors have closed again, straining for this to make sense.
Taking comfort from what she knows she's getting used to this.

Well there's a hot desert sun that makes her shiver,
She's praying for the wave to run the full length of the river.

Men haven't been the same since her daddy died,
Was he the last real man?
Two strong hands to lift her up
And love enough, to understand

Full length of the river,
Full length of the river,
Full length of the river