

Amy Correia "Blind River Boy"

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There was a blind boy in Memphis, Tennessee
Who heard the savior call but he could not see him
He walked along the river's edge
Among the weeds and the red clay bed
And he thought that he might follow him
Thought that he might follow him
He was walking with a can of warm beer in his hand
And singing, "Whole Lotta Love"
Cicadas they were groaning in the trees
Weaving drunkenly up toward the sun
And he walked under the swollen sky
And felt the weight of what it was
Oh blind river boy
Blind river boy
Where are you going to tonight
He had a thought that he might stop and rest
Under the weeping willow limbs
And he decided to go wading

And he left his boots and hat there on the ledge
And he found his feet out walking
Where the water bloomed a brilliant red
Chorus
He went into his waist and the water
Curled around him in a wake
All the water singing 'round him
What a lovely sound the water makes
What a lovely sound the water makes
Tenderly lifted like a woman in her
Lover's gentle arms
The river pulled him under and
He heard a tugboat far off call
And a panic rose inside of him
He knew he was in terrible terrible harm
And now he's headed like a prayer to be spoken
At the river's deepest sound
Chorus

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