

Black Crowes

"Fork In The River"

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The wine may have gone sour but you can't blame the band

Like you can't blame the locusts for drought on the land

You can't blame the sea 'cause it's full of your tears
And you can't blame me for wanting you here

There's a fork in the river, no time to think twice
A change in the weather so keep close at night
A hissing in the wood pile, a voice on the wind
A fork in the river is where we begin

Once found a rainbow lying flat on the ground
I just kept walking thinking more were around
The buzzard, the joker, the beggar, the throne
The roses, the sugar, no safe passage home

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