

Derek Webb**"The River Taught Her How To Run"**

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They say she came from Natchez, by way of New Orleans
Blew in like a gulf coast wind, knocked you to your knees
For a while she made you happy, you thought you'd found the one
Till the mornin' you woke up and found her gone

She learned how to fly from the eagle in the tall pine
Saw freedom in the blue sky, Lord she loves a leavin' song
Grew up on the Mississippi, got a gypse in her soul
And most nights she dreams of rollin' on and on and on
You might have taught her how to love
But the river taught her how to run

Now you're up there on your barstool, whiskey on your breath
Starin' at the postcard that she sent from way out west
Checkin' out the postmark - think you'll pack your bags and go

But don't bother, she's already down the road
She learned how to fly from the eagle in the tall pine
Saw freedom in the blue sky, Lord she loves a leavin' song
Grew up on the Mississippi, got a gypse in her soul
And most nights she dreams of rollin' on and on and on
You might have taught her how to love
But the river taught her how to run

You'll miss the way sunshine follows her around
But some things were never meant to be tied down

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