

Don Walker

"Standing Knee Deep In A River"

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Friends I could count on I could count on 1 hand with a
left over finger or two. I took them for granted, let them
all slip away, now where they are I wish I knew.

They roll by just like water & I guess we never learn, go
through life parched and empty standing knee deep in
a river, dying of thirst.

Sometimes I remember the good people I've known,
some I've forgotten I suppose. One or two still linger,
oh I wonder now why I ever let them go.

They roll by just like water & I guess we never learn, go
through life parched and empty standing knee deep in
a river, dying of thirst.

So the side walk is crowded the city goes by, I just
rushed through another day & a world full of strangers
turn their eyes to me, but I just look the other way.

They roll by just like water & I guess we never learn, go
through life parched and empty standing knee deep in
a river, dying of thirst.

Go through life parched and empty, standing knee
deep in a river dying of thirst.

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