

Bottomley John**"The River"**

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Be yourself whatever happens

In our time of the assassins

Creep and crawl the road will wind

Cause Mona Droom has been leading the blind

Magic potion of the air

I'm in the mood for something precious and rare

It's rich at the mouth of the river

It's rich at the mouth of the river

It's rich at the mouth of the river

From his daughter

Oh well, well, well

I've seen a dry spell sugar and the waters low

I've been out nightfishing in a burning boat

Singing songs with the paddle strokes

Laying in the water when the whistle blows

Spoon of the whalebone the turtle run

Can't go pleasing everyone

The frogs the beavers the otters speak

I read it in a book in blue jacket creek

Sometimes the world can be so unfair

But don't you worry don't despair

It's rich at the mouth of the river

It's rich at the mouth of the river

It's rich at the mouth of the river

From his daughter

La la la la la

It's rich at the mouth of the river

It's rich at the mouth of the rivet

Mother Superior she knows best

Water possesses the power to bless

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