

## Johnny Cash "The Winding Stream"

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Oh, give to me a winding stream, it must not be too  
wide  
Where waving leaves from maple trees do meet from  
either side  
The water must be deep enough to float a small canoe  
With no one else but you

Do not disturb my waking dream, the splendor of that  
winding stream  
Flower in my canoe, his eyes, they looked me through  
That someone there with golden hair is very much like  
you

The sparkling trout beneath the bank does leave his  
hiding place  
Kingfisher from the bough above so eager to give  
chase  
The spreading branches overhead, the sunlight  
peeping through  
Reminding me of you

Do not disturb my waking dream, the splendor of that  
winding stream  
Flower in my canoe, his eyes, they looked me through  
That someone there with golden hair is very much like  
you

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