

## Kathy Mattea

# "Standing Knee Deep In A River (Dying Of Thirst)"

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Friends I could count on, I could count on one hand  
With a leftover finger or two  
I took 'em for granted, let 'em all slip away  
Now where they are I wish I knew

They roll by just like water  
And I guess we never learn  
Go through life parched and empty  
Standing knee deep in a river and dying of thirst

Sometimes I remember sweethearts I've known  
Some I've forgotten I suppose  
One or two still linger, oh, and I wonder now  
Why I ever let them go?

They roll by just like water  
And I guess we never learn  
Go through life parched and empty  
Standing knee deep in a river and dying of thirst

So the sidewalk is crowded, the city goes by  
And I rush through another day  
And a world full of strangers turn their eyes to me  
But I just look the other way

They roll by just like water  
And I guess we never learn  
Go through life parched and empty  
Standing knee deep in a river and dying of thirst

They roll by just like water  
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