

Mark Erelli

"The River Road"

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(Mark Erelli)

Every year about this time I think of leaving
But every year about this time I never go
I'm the only one I am deceiving
This town sinks its teeth in deep and it don't let go

Folks 'round here they've given up on salvation
They'll settle for whatever's second best
High hopes turn into lowered expectations
Me, I'm no different I guess

CHORUS

Sometimes I walk the river road
And wonder just where the river flows
I don't guess I'll find the strength to go
'Cause I'm rooted down in this one-horse town
It's the closest thing to home I've ever known

Like a ghost town never quite abandoned
Haunted by a host of broken dreams
The first November snow will leave you stranded
'Till the days turn into months, then into years

Sometimes I walk the river road

And wonder what's beneath the undertow
(CHORUS)

Every year about this time I get that feeling
I don't recognize my own face in the mirror
The only thing my reflection is revealing
Is the boy who dreamed so high has disappeared

So tomorrow I'll go fishing on the river
On the ice that won't be melted until June
Couple cans of Bud and a TV dinner
Settle down for another year or two

(CHORUS)

Sometimes I walk the river road
And wonder just where the river rolls

I don't guess I'll find the strength to go
'Cause I'm rooted down in this one-horse town

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