

C.W. McCall "Riverside Slide"

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(C.W. McCall, Bill Fries, Chip Davis)

One cold, black night of a Colorado winter
It snowed on Red Mountain Pass
We warned ev'rybody that the Slide was runnin'
An' 5-5-Oh was a mess
But outta the plowshed, south a' town
Come a blade with a flashin' blue light
We told that boy: "Whatever you do,
Beware of the Riverside Slide."

Now that plow-jockey knew he had a job to do
Been dodgin' them slides for years
But we all knew, deep down inside,
He was livin' with a thing called fear
'Cause you don't mess around with an avalanche, son
A lotta men tried, and died
Yeah, you get them plows past Bear Creek Falls,
You lookin' at the Riverside Slide

Now all a' us folks around Ouray County
Seen a lotta them cold, black nights
When the only thing movin' is a big ol' plow
Flashin' them weird blue lights
You drive them snowplows around these parts
You gotta have a real thick hide
'Cause ya never quite know what time a' the night
You gonna die in the Riverside Slide

Well, it snowed six feet on the mountain that night
An' we knew what was comin' on down
An' so did the boy an' his flashin' blue light
When he rolled that blade outta town
Well, he took that plow up 5-5-Oh
An' he felt it lean to one side
An' before he knew it, he was buried alive
At the bottom of the Riverside Slide

Yeah, all a' us folks around Ouray County
Seen a lotta them cold, black nights
When the only thing movin' is a big ol' plow
Flashin' them weird blue lights

We found the boy in the early spring
Still settin', the plow on its side
Yeah, ya never quite know what time a' the night
You gonna die in the Riverside Slide

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