

Pete Townshend

"The Ferryman"

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The river is always flowing
Relentless towards the costal tides
It travels down to the great ocean
While most of us simply watch from the water side

The water becomes Siddhartha's teacher
Sometimes powerful and stern
Sometimes gentle , forgiving
It never changes in direction
As it carries even mountains down to the sea

I'll take you over
I don't want your money
Just hang on tight
Till we reach the other wall
Things in Vegas
They all cling to my ankle
The horn blows wide, and the currents roar

God fill this gutter
That breaks my shoulder
Smash me to pieces
And wash me to mud
Dry me to dust
And set me to smolder
Please let me dissolve in the autumn flood

The rivers always flowing
But I'm free now
From It's grace
I'll be swept down to the ocean
And now you
You will take my place

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