

Dan Fogelberg

"The River"

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I was born by a river
Rolling past a town
Given no direction
Just told to keep my head down.
As I took my position
A man fired a gun
I was so steeped in tradition
That I could not run.
I was raised by a river
Weaned upon the sky
And in the mirror of the waters
I saw myself learn to cry.
As my tears hit the surface
I saw what had been done.
I gave feet to my freedom
And I did run.
Someday later
I saw the writing in the dust
It told me how I should travel
It told me who I was.
I ran far from the river

Far as I could see
And as the sun hit my shoulders
I felt it burning me.
How I longed for the waters
As the fire raged
How I longed for the river
As I aged.
I will die by a river
As it rolls away
Bury me in the nighttime
Do not waste the day.
High above the waters
That roll on to the sea.
All the angels in heaven will
laugh at me.
They will laugh at me.
My life was naught but a river
Rolling through my brain
Made of so many teardrops
Made of so much pain.

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