

Dar Williams

"Hudson"

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If we're lucky we feel our lives know when the next
scene arrives
So often we start in the middle and work our way out
We go to some gray sky diner for eggs and toast
New York Times or the New York Post
Then we take a ride through the valley of the shadow of
death

But even for us New Yorkers
There's a time in every day
The river takes our breath away

And the Hudson, it holds the life
We thought we did it on our own

The river roads collect the tolls for the passage of our
souls
Through silence, over woods, through flowers and
snow
And past the George Washington Bridge
Down from the trails of Breakneck Ridge
The river's ancient path is sacred and slow

And as it swings through Harlem
It's every shade of blue
Into the city of the new brand new

And the Hudson yeah, it holds the life
We thought we did it on our own

I thought I had no sense of place or past
Time was too slow, but then too fast
The river takes us home at last

Where and when does the memory take hold
Mountain range in the Autumn cold
And I thought West Point was Camelot in the spring
If you're lucky you'll find something that reflects you
Helps you feel your life protects you
Cradles you and connects you to everything

This whole life I remember

As they begged them to itself
Never turn me into someone else

And the Hudson yeah, it holds the life
We thought we did it on our own

And the Hudson yeah, holds the life
We thought we did it on our own

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