

Dar Williams

"The 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 grey 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, 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

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