

The Stands

"When This River Rolls Over You"

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Â'AinÂ't it a shame babe how your words fall in an
empty place
No one to follow or to trace
No wonder you are like you do
Holding your change out youÂ're wrapped up within all
your cares
The waitress is stacking the chairs
And holding the notes to the tune,
And all your precious stones
They wonÂ't help keep you afloat
DonÂ't say you ainÂ't been told
When this river rolls over you
HavenÂ't you heard babe how the speechless are
storming the stage
Carrying the cards that youÂ've made
And lifting the tone of the room
AinÂ't it the way how when the cavalier is blocking the
road
Resisting all things heÂ's been told
And luring us out to the moon
And all the seeds youÂ've sewn
Under this wait creek and groan
DonÂ't say you ainÂ't been told
When this river rolls over you.

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