

Michael Martin Murphey

"Lost River"

Visit "[Lost River](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There's a lost river that flows
In a valley where no one goes
Where the wild water's rush
Rumbles deep in the hush

Gone far from there now
Lord, I'll be back somehow
To where the wild water winds
In the shadow of the pines

Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot belly stove
Where the firewood's all stacked

Come back, girl, go with me
Oh, my bell, my fleur de lis
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Now every body knows
Where that lost river flows
It's some place he's lost
Behind the bridges that he's crossed

And he'd like to return
But the bridges are all burned
And he's much too far down
To return to higher ground

Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot belly stove
Where the firewood's all stacked

Come back, girl, go with me
Oh, my bell, my fleur de lis
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Oh, lost river, far over the ridge
Now is it too late
For me to build me a new bridge?

To the bright golden time
When her love was still mine
And the world was still wild
Like the heart of a child

Oh, lost river, now I'm coming back
To the pot belly stove
Where the firewood's all stacked

Come back, girl, go with me
Oh my bell, my fleur de lis
Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Where the lost river winds
In the shadow of the pines

Visit [Michael Martin Murphey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.