

King Kurlee "Red River"

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Red river, red river, children of the water
a mother is the ocean, these are the presents that we
brought her

To the river, river, red flowing through my head
i just went to the banks of the sea
it was the second of february
the fishermen were loading their boats
with the presents for the queen of the waves

Boats, ships, canoes, swim with flowers
of every rainbow color, for the mother
but waiting on the shore, thus
by the impatient waves and memory of the sailors
often water re grace

Red river, red river, children of the water
a mother is the ocean, these are the presents that we
brought her

As went, people danced, my and the music played
and the rhythm's in the air, started to spin
i pushed your hair aside, to kiss a skin
the air was hot, the river's cold, on the bank
where they pulled over often back somedays

Back somedays to the mother of the flow
sweet liquid, cause you're waiting for me i know
i have packed on the ship to another, another place
and the water saw reflections of your beautiful face

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