

## John Illsley

### "Let The River Flow"

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A full moon tide sweeps in  
To wash the sand to white  
A fairytale keeps a child wide eyed at night  
A golden band could bring such happiness  
A dream of you and me  
Or a heaven for times of loneliness.

Won't you take my hand at the picture show  
I love to sit with you and Let the River Flow  
Let the River Flow.

I hear a church bell ring  
There's people searchin' for the Holy Ghost  
But now our daily bread  
Gets delivered like the morning post  
Rock of Ages pass they pass  
Like ships that dance by in the night  
This dream keeps haunting me  
Only to get shattered by the first morning light.

Won't you take my hand at the picture show  
I love to sit with you and Let the River Flow  
Let the River Flow.

Well it makes no sense to me  
So close yet so far apart  
A sailor lost at sea  
With the promise from his lover's heart  
Can't stop this circle of fear  
I'm like a priest whose confessing alone  
At the end of the street a dark man appears  
And cuts me right through to the bone.

Won't you take my hand at the picture show  
So good to sit with you and Let the River Flow  
Let the River Flow.

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