

The Felice Brothers

"River Jordan"

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River Jordan, won't you wake my pharaoh
So he can teach my people
To walk the straight and narrow

Come lie beside me
In a horse drawn carriage
Drug through the thorns
Past the morgue, past the parish

Oh Lord I wanna go
Back to the land that I once knew
Far past these fields of bloody snow
Back to the sand
Back to the sand
Back home again

F*ck the news
F*ck the House of Blues
F*ck my whole career
You don't want me here

Let me know
Where my loved ones go
It's not fair to keep 'em hid
Tell me what I did
Take me back
To when the world was black
Before the sun was made
A picnic in the shade

Oh Lord, oh Lord, I wanna go
Back to the land I once knew
Far past these fields of bloody snow
Back to the sand
Back to the sand
Back home again

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