

Green River

C.W. McCall

[Spoken]

Way out in the canyons of the West, there's a wild river. The Spanish named it San Buenaventura; but we knew it as the Green.
It was daylight on the river but we couldn't see the sun
And we couldn't hear our voices through the roar
But we felt the boilin' current and our blood was runnin' cold
As we headed down the canyon of Lodore
And the gods were runnin' with us
On the day we ran the rapids of the Green

[Chorus]

And we died a thousand times in that forty miles of hell
The longest day of life we'd ever seen
But we lived to tell the story and we know the story well
The day we ran the rapids of the Green
We were thirty-two in number when we gathered on the shore
And we headed off into the great unknown
But we summoned up our courage an' we formed a mighty team
And we ran that ragin' river all alone
Yeah, the gods were runnin' with us
On the day we ran the rapids of the Green

[Echoing shouts.]

And we hear a thousand echoes on the mighty canyon walls
As we shouted from the waters far below
And we saw the ancient warnings and we heard the ghostly cries
Of the men who ran the river long ago
And we prayed that they were with us
On the day we ran the rapids of the Green

[Echoing shouts.]

Now the memories are swirlin' in the eddies of our minds
But the waters of the Green are flowin' clear
And the canyon of Lodore will be a long remembered tale
To be told around the campfires through the years
Yeah, the gods were runnin' with us
On the day we ran the rapids of the Green

[Chorus]

And we died a thousand times in that forty miles of hell
The longest day of life we'd ever seen
But we lived to tell the story and we know the story well
The day we ran the rapids of the Green
[Echoing shouts. Fade out.]