

# Down The River

Chris Knight

i was eighttteen  
my brother was twenty-one  
one saturday evening  
when all the work was done  
we went down to the river,  
had some trot lines to run

my brother walter  
had a fight the week before  
knocked a boy named wilson  
through the pool hall door  
they said you don't mess with wilson  
unless you want a war

we put the boat in the water,  
i made the engine run  
loaded the lantern  
against the sinking sun  
and my brother walter  
was loading his gun  
and we went down the river

down past the coal docks  
we wre running our lines  
heard some drunken boaters  
racing up behind  
it was wilson and his cousin,  
they had trouble on their minds

they passed on by us,  
probably going to tend their pots  
we headed up the river  
with the fish we'd caught  
but before we made the landing,  
i thought i heard a shot  
back down the river

my brother walter fell over the side  
i couldn't find him no matter how i tried  
and looked along the bank  
but i couldn't find where they'd hide

they drug the river,  
they searched it up and down  
couldn't find his body  
so they decided that he'd drowned  
but i knew better  
and wilson bragged around town

so one night i floated down  
right above wilson's shack  
i hid in the woods  
till i saw him walk out back  
i put a bullet in his head  
and dropped him in his tracks  
and we went down the river

down below the trestle  
where the water runs slow  
i chained him to an anvil  
and then i let him go  
and five years later  
i ain't told a soul

and i ain't done much fishing,  
i hardly wet a line  
the death of my brother  
is still heavy on my mind  
i've been thinking wilson's cousin  
better find a place to hide  
cause i'm going down the river  
yeah i'm going down the river