

## Dragging Hooks (River Song Trilogy, Part III)

Cowboy Junkies

Can't lose the taste of this river mud,  
Black water in my lungs.  
They say you can't step in the same river twice  
Well I've been stepping in this river seems like most my life.

So sharpen up those dragging hooks  
Tie that sheep shank tight  
Cast into the river boys  
We're dragging for those lost years tonight.

There's a man whose lost his wife  
Said she'd be home by eight,  
But that was well on three weeks ago  
Now he's walking those banks searching for clues to her fate.

See that girl she's lost her boy  
Flash flood stole him away.

Now she keeps a vigil on that suspension bridge  
Praying for that river to return him one day.

So sharpen up those dragging hooks  
Tie that clove hitch tight  
Cast into the river boys  
We're dragging for lost love tonight.

Can't lose the taste of this river mud  
Black water in my lungs.  
They say even the weariest river in the end will find the sea  
But here among the cat tails all we discuss is breaking free

So sharpen up those dragging hooks  
Tie that sheep shank tight  
Cast into the water boys  
We're dragging for lost souls tonight.