

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.