

## The River

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I was born by a river rolling past a town  
Given no direction...just told to keep my head down  
As I took my position,a man fired a gun  
I was so steeped in tradition I could not run

I was raised by a river weaned upon the sky  
And in the mirror of the waters I saw myself learn to cry  
As the tears hit the surface I saw what had been done  
I gave feet to my freedom and I did run

Someday later I saw the writing in the dust  
It told me how I should travel  
It told me who I was

I ran far from the river...far as I could see  
And as the sun hit my shoulders, I felt it burning me  
How I longed for the waters as the fire raged  
How I longed for the river as I aged

I will die by a river as it rolls away  
Bury me in the nighttime...do not waste the day  
High above the waters that roll on to the sea  
All the angels in heaven will laugh at me  
They will laugh at me....they will laugh at me  
They will laugh at me

My life was naught but a river rolling through my brain  
Made of so many teardrops...made of so much pain