

The River

Dan Fogelberg

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