

# Hudson

Dar Williams

If we're lucky we feel our lives know when the next scene arrives  
So often we start in the middle and work our way out  
We go to some gray sky diner for eggs and toast  
New York Times or the New York Post  
Then we take a ride through the valley of the shadow of death

But even for us New Yorkers  
There's a time in every day  
The river takes our breath away

And the Hudson, it holds the life  
We thought we did it on our own

The river roads collect the tolls for the passage of our souls  
Through silence, over woods, through flowers and snow  
And past the George Washington Bridge  
Down from the trails of Breakneck Ridge  
The river's ancient path is sacred and slow

And as it swings through Harlem  
It's every shade of blue  
Into the city of the new brand new

And the Hudson yeah, it holds the life  
We thought we did it on our own

I thought I had no sense of place or past  
Time was too slow, but then too fast  
The river takes us home at last

Where and when does the memory take hold  
Mountain range in the Autumn cold  
And I thought West Point was Camelot in the spring  
If you're lucky you'll find something that reflects you  
Helps you feel your life protects you  
Cradles you and connects you to everything

This whole life I remember  
As they begged them to itself  
Never turn me into someone else

And the Hudson yeah, it holds the life  
We thought we did it on our own

And the Hudson yeah, holds the life  
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