

# Moody River

Doc Watson

Moody River, more deadly  
Than the vainest knife  
Moody River, your muddy water  
Took my baby's life

Last Saturday evening  
Came to the old oak tree  
It stands beside the river  
Where you were to meet me

On the ground your glove I found  
With a note addressed to me  
It read "Dear Love, I've done you wrong,  
Now I must set you free"

No longer can I live  
With this hurt and this sin  
I just couldn't tell you  
That guy was just a friend

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I looked into the muddy waters  
And what did I see  
I saw a lonely, lonely face  
Just looking back at me

Tears in his eyes  
Ang a prayer on his lips  
And the glove of his lost love  
At his finger tips

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