

# Ol' Man River

Frank Sinatra

[Elongated Intro:]

Here we all work 'long the Mississippi  
Here we all work while the white folk play  
Pullin' them boats from the dawn till sunset  
Gettin' no rest till the judgment day

Don't look up and don't look down  
Ya don't dast make the white boss frown  
Bend your knees and bow your head  
And pull that rope until you're dead

Let me go 'way from the Mississippi  
Let me go 'way from the white man boss  
Show me that stream called the River Jordan  
That's the old stream that I long to cross  
[End Of Intro]

Ol' Man River, that Ol' Man River  
He must know somepin', but he don't say nothin'

He just keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin' along

He don't plant taters, and he don't plant cotton  
And them what plants 'em is soon forgotten  
But Ol' Man River, jest keeps rollin' along

You and me, we sweat and strain  
Bodies all achin' and wracked with pain  
Tote that barge and lift that bale  
Ya get a little drunk and ya lands in ja-ail

I gets weary and so sick of tryin'  
I'm tired of livin', but I'm feared of dyin'  
And Ol' Man River, he just keeps rollin' along  
[final 2 notes linger for 11 seconds]