

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]