

Don't Cross the River

Garth Brooks

There's a little girl
Out lying on her own
She's got a broken heart
She's not the kind
You take down for long
She knows and
Plays it smart
And if she's coming
She's shown no more
She's heard no whistle
Blowing from the door
She feels like leaving and
She don't know why
Without no bridges
She's trapped
So I sigh

Don't cross the river
If you can't swim the tide
Don't try denying
Living on the other side
All your life you were
On your own

If you want
You can ride my train
Soon forget the reason
That you're leaving
Lose yourself and
Then sometimes
Maybe even save yourself
Some grieving

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