

# Long White River

Gas Huffer

Pack your duffle and your ditty bag,  
Here we go  
Say goodbye to everything you know  
It's a long white river,  
That we're bound to row

Tell your people that you'll try to write,  
Let them wail  
Even though you know it's a lie,  
Where you're headed now  
They don't deliver mail

The guide's decided that he's going home,  
It's too far  
Captain says there's nothing we should fear,  
We can find our way by looking at the stars

Leather's tasty now the dogs are gone,  
Carry on  
It's november now and we got rags for boots,  
Got a sinking this feeling this map,  
Is wrong

Spring has broken and the ice is gone,  
Sweet relief  
Eating every little bug and nut,  
There's nothig left of us  
But our eyes and teeth

Now we're standing at the end of land,  
Don't you see  
There's nothing left for us to do right now,  
But row this old canoe out to the open sea