

One More River

James Reyne

Livin' under northern lights.
We're livin' under southern crosses.
We don't even know what's right.
Get together couple of chargin' horses.
Call me, call me.
Pick up the bat phone and dial my number.
We don't even know what's right.
We doze in a fitful slumber.

I'll be your guidin' light, I'll be your great pretender.
You never know what's right, I'll be your solid sender.
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.

One more river, one more river, but I've still got a long way.
One more river, one more river, but I've still got a long way t
o go.

The door is darkened, no more footsteps fallin'.
The angels harken, we're reelin' and rolling.
Call me, call me.
Pick up the pay phone and dial my number.
You don't even know what's right.
We doze in a fitful slumber.

One more river, one more river, but I've still got a long way.
One more river, one more river, but I've still got a long way t
o go.

One more river, one more river, but I've still got a long way.
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