

High Water Everywhere

Joe Bonamassa

Well there's high water everywhere
Lord the river overflows
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Lord the river overflows

You go where its high boy
Down to hill country road
Still the water was rising
I been sinking down

Man, that water was rising
At all places around
Where the fifty men and children, come to sink and drown
Now we're looking at New Orleans, where the crest stood high

Nobody said it was rising, one more time silver lie
Should move up much higher, before I sink and die