

River

John Denver

River, there are no stars in the city. Here, there is no telephone in the trees.

Beautiful days fall on the water, and all I can do is write you a letter.

River, it's cold here in the morning. Later, I can see it in your eyes.

Wild and white, we follow the canyons. Quiet at night, we stare at the sky.

Leaving you now will never change me. Running away will change the view.

All I can see is the highway.

River, you will carry me through the fire. Maybe you'll drown me in your arms.

But if I die like that, it won't be like dying. When I rise again, the ashes are mine.

Leaving you now will never change me. Running away will change the view.

All I can see is the highway. All I can see is you.