

Moody River

John Fogerty

Moody river more deadly than the natalest night
Moody river, your muddy water took my baby's life.

Last Saturday evening I came to the old oak tree
That stands beside the river where you were to meet me.

On the ground your glove I found with a note addressed to me
It read : 'Dear love, I've done you wrong, now I must set you free'.

No longer can I live with this hurt and this sin
I just couldn't tell you that guy was just a friend.

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I looked into the muddy water and what could I see ?
I saw a lonely, lonely face just looking back at me.

Tears in his eyes and the prayer on his lips
And the glove of his lost love was at his fingertips.

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