

Artists And Poets

Johnny Rivers

Living in poverty, searching for harmony
Chasing after dreams not yet real
An artist with no brush, a poet with no pen
Tried to tell the world what he did feel

Years of disappointment, rare moments of joy
Wonder how he endured the strife
He saw all the beauty, felt the sorrow and pain
Searchin' for meaning to his life

Now that he's gone, will his songs live on?
Will someone remember what he gave?
Stars in the skies, tears in your eyes
Ooo, it made me feel so good inside

Came from Alabama with a banjo on his knee
Spent some time in Nashville, Tennessee
He sang some fine lines, sad songs of hard times
Just for the people on the land

Now that he's gone, will his songs live on?
Will someone remember what he gave?
Stars in the skies, tears in your eyes
Ooo, it made me feel so good inside