

Standing Knee Deep In A River (Dying Of Thirst)

Kathy Mattea

Friends I could count on, I could count on one hand
with a left over finger or two...
I took 'em for granted, let 'em all slip away...
now where they are, I wish I knew...

They roll by just like water, and I guess we never learn.
we go through life, parched and empty,
standin' knee deep in a river, and dying of thirst...

Sometimes I remember sweethearts I've known...
some I've forgotten I suppose...
one or two still linger, Oh and I wonder now...
why I ever let them go...

They roll by just like water, and I guess we never learn.
we go through life, parched and empty
standin' knee deep in a river, and dying of thirst...

So the sidewalk is crowded, the city goes by...
and I rush through another day...
and a world full of strangers, turn their eyes to me.
but I just look the other way...

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