

# The River Road

Mark Erelli

(Mark Erelli)

Every year about this time I think of leaving  
But every year about this time I never go  
I'm the only one I am deceiving  
This town sinks it's teeth in deep and it don't let go

Folks 'round here they've given up on salvation  
They'll settle for whatever's second best  
High hopes turn into lowered expectations  
Me, I'm no different I guess

CHORUS

Sometimes I walk the river road  
And wonder just where the river flows  
I don't guess I'll find the strength to go  
'Cause I'm rooted down in this one-horse town  
It's the closest thing to home I've ever known

Like a ghost town never quite abandoned  
Haunted by a host of broken dreams  
The first November snow will leave you stranded  
'Till the days turn into months, then into years

Sometimes I walk the river road  
And wonder what's beneath the undertow  
(CHORUS)

Every year about this time I get that feeling  
I don't recognize my own face in the mirror  
The only thing my reflection is revealing  
Is the boy who dreamed so high has disappeared

So tomorrow I'll go fishing on the river  
On the ice that won't be melted until June  
Couple cans of Bud and a TV dinner  
Settle down for another year or two

(CHORUS)

Sometimes I walk the river road  
And wonder just where the river rolls  
I don't guess I'll find the strength to go  
'Cause I'm rooted down in this one-horse town