

# The Bend in the River

Marty Robbins

Past the first bend in the river  
Is another bend I can't see  
And the bend that keeps calling  
Is the bend that keeps hiding from me.

Past the first hill on the desert  
Is another hill I can't see  
And the hill that keeps hiding  
Is the hill that keeps calling to me.

In the cottonwood by the river  
A mourning dove calls his mate  
He has true love to give her  
But love for me must wait.

Till I've traveled every river  
And each desert hill I have climbed  
If I find love to my liking  
I'll leave the river's bend far behind...