

Go Down Moses

Natalie Merchant

Moving on, moving on,
isn't that what I'm supposed to do?
Just hold it back and keep moving on.

Pushing on, pushing on,
isn't that what I'm supposed to do?
But it's so hard to keep pushing on.

I'm moving on, moving on,
isn't that what everybody tells me I gotta do?
But it's so hard moving on without you.

Every morning waking in a fever wet and shaking,
my heart inside me pounding, muddy water all around me.
Cold, shocked and speechless, can't anybody reach us
and why, oh God, why?

Go down, go down, Moses,
go down to the city of New Orleans.
Go part the muddy water.
Let your people cross over.

Go down!

I'm moving on, moving on,
that's what I'm trying to do,
just holding back and moving on.

Keeping on, keeping on,
that's what I'm trying so hard to do
but it's so hard keeping on without you.

Gone and lost my patience with this hopeless situation,
yeah, I'm alive, I'm a lonely sole survivor.
Spared me for some reason so I'm picking up the pieces
but why? Oh God, why?

Go down, go down, Moses,
go down to the city of New Orleans.
Go part the muddy water.
Let your people cross over.

Go down!