

Ol' Man River

Sam Cooke

Rolling along, rolling along, rolling along
Hm, old man river, that old man river
He don't say nothing, but he must know something
For old man river, he just keeps rolling along
He don't plant taters, he don't pick cotton
And them that plants em they're soon forgotten
While old man river, he jest keeps rolling along

You and me, we sweat and strain
Body all aching and racked with pain
Towed that bargem lift the bail
Get a little drunk and you land in jail
In get weary and sick of trying
I'm tired of living and afraid of dying
While old man river he just keeps rolling along