

# Fork in the River

The Black Crows

The wine may have gone sour  
But you can't blame the band  
Like you can't blame the locusts  
For drought on the land

You can't blame the sea  
'Cause it's full of your tears  
And you can't blame me  
For wanting you here

There's a fork in the river  
No time to think twice  
A change in the weather  
So keep close at night

A hissing in the wood pile  
A voice on the wind  
A fork in the river  
Is where we begin

I once found a rainbow  
Lyin' flat on the ground  
But I just kept walkin'  
Thinking more were around

The buzzard, the joker  
The beggar, the throne  
The roses, the sugar  
No safe passage home

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A change in the weather  
So keep close an eye

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