

# The River

Tom Chaplin

I'm walking down the empty streets we used to know  
With all those teenage dreams of conquering the world  
In between the boats along the quay  
Same old river staring back at me  
She's watching everybody come and go  
Carried here then washed away given to the flow

But every time I go back there  
I feel I'm winding up nowhere  
Why keep asking it to deliver  
When those days are way down the river  
It's gotta be time that I move on  
The good old days they are long gone  
Let it carry me into the future  
Out of the background  
Into the foreground  
Giving it all to the river

So meet me somewhere new  
on some bright afternoon  
When you have shed the skin  
that holds me back from you  
Oh everything you want was long ago  
Carried off and washed away given to the flow

The river rolls on rolls on  
Forever rolls on rolls on