

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