

Told My Troubles To The River

Tom McRae

I feed on fire and confusion,
of this crime I'll rid my soul,
gonna slide on down to the river
onna tell her all.
So I told my troubles to the river
and I tossed them in the deep
and I washed my hands in the river
but the river brings more trouble to me.

I told my troubles to the river,
she shared them with the seas,
she returned them to me doubled,
the river holds no offer of peace.
I can wash this blood from my fingers
I can wash this stain from my soul,
but I can't wash out your memories,
the river returns them all.

I told my troubles to the river,
she shared them with the deep,
yeah I told my troubles to the river,
but the river brings them back to me,
yeah the river brings them back to me.