

# 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.