

# Only a River

Bob Weir

Well, I was born up in the mountains  
Raised up in a desert town  
And I never saw the ocean  
Till I was close to your age now Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, your rolling river  
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right I'm going back to San Angelo  
The ground is hard and the count is dry  
But I'm gonna get my fill somehow  
Rivers of corn, and wheat and rye  
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, your rolling river  
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, your rolling river  
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right Now, red, red, river bowing  
Will she remember all the things we said?  
And what's the chance that she'll remember  
All those nights in the riverbed?  
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, your rolling river  
Oh Shanondoah, I long to see you  
Hey hey hey, only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right  
Only a river gonna make things right

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