

Moody River

Pat Boone

Moody river, more deadly than the vainest knife
Moody river, your muddy water took my baby's life
Last Saturday evenin' came to the old oak
tree

It stands beside the river where you were to meet me

On the ground your glove I found

With a note addressed to me

It read "Dear love, I've done you wrong"

"Now I must set you free"

"No longer can I live with this hurt and this sin"

"I just couldn't tell you that guy was just a friend"
Moody river, more deadly than the vainest
knife

Moody river, your muddy water took my baby's life
I looked into the muddy water and what
could I see?

I saw a lonely, lonely face just lookin' back at me

Tears in his eyes and a prayer on his lips

And the glove of his lost love at his fingertips

Moody river, more deadly than the vainest knife

Moody river, your muddy water took my baby's life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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