Rivertown

Up and down the river, through the mill towns and the fields

Fall is marching in with its boots on, Winter’s hard upon its heels

Nothing we haven’t seen before, though we might forget

One year is cruel, the next is not

It hasn’t killed us yet

You and me Babe , we bought our long johns at a down town sale

I suppose it’d have probably been cheaper if we’d ordered them through the mail.

Up stream they’re catching muskie, they’re catching bull head, and hornpout

Down stream there’s a baptism going on, like being born is all it’s all about

From the middle of the bridge, as far as the eye can see

Its just being born and catching fish before they make it to the sea.

But you and me Babe, we know what a wet foot means.

It means your Mama’s really ticked off because that sneaker will never be clean.

It doesn’t matter, which way you leave. It’s all up hill when you leave a Rivertown

It really doesn’t matter which way you leave. It’s all up hill leaving a Rivertown

Well the hospitals are full of people who never heard someone say,

“The thinner the ice, the more you weigh.”

And cemeteries are full of people who are trying hard to describe

That strident need for dancing that grabs hold right before you die.

But you and me Babe, we’re made of sterner stuff.

Hard thinking is there when you need it, but not when the going’s tough.

It doesn’t matter which way you leave, it’s all up hill when you leave a Rivertown

It really doesn’t matter which way you leave, it’s all up hill, leaving a Rivertown

I swear the longer I live, the more I see of death.

Same time as they shuttered the factories, they invented crystal meth.

A working man not working has got to do the best he can

But if pulling up stakes it what it takes, he’d best come up with another plan.

You and me Babe, we’ve left a dozen times

But something running through our veins has brought us back thirteen times.

You and me Babe, we’re from here, and that’s that.

Sometimes I love you so much just sitting still I’ve got to hang on to my hat

It doesn’t matter which way you leave it’s all up hill when you leave a Rivertown

It really doesn’t matter which way you leave. It’s all up hill, leaving a Rivertown.