

# River Lady

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The day the river freezes,  
is the day, it won't seem fair,  
cause they'll come to get the River Lady,  
and I don't think they'll care.

I know they'll scrape her paint off,  
in the same old foolish ways,  
now the people see the river,  
but the old ship's gone away.

Water turns cold and gets to freezin',  
before you even know it, the old girl's easin',  
away from her berth, round by the point,  
and out of our view.  
Up in the mist her engine's pounding,  
back on the banks that old horn sounding,  
A little good-bye, a little I'll do what I must do,  
A little good-bye, a little I'll do what I must do.

I know I will remember,  
when I cannot hear that horn,  
that would roll up by the mountains,  
when she took us through the storm.

I know, they've got to take her,  
but I can't say I'll approve,  
cause she's won so many battles,  
that I hate to see her lose.

*Repeat chorus until tired !!*

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