

The Bend in the River

Marty Robbins

Past the first bend in the river
Is another bend I can't see
And the bend that keeps calling
Is the bend that keeps hiding from me.

Past the first hill on the desert
Is another hill I can't see
And the hill that keeps hiding
Is the hill that keeps calling to me.

In the cottonwood by the river
A mourning dove calls his mate
He has true love to give her
But love for me must wait.

Till I've traveled every river
And each desert hill I have climbed
If I find love to my liking
I'll leave the river's bend far behind...