

# Black River

Matt Hires

I was born in a ghost town  
Chains rattling, suffocating  
I was born in a ghost town where they don't  
Raise the dead

Somewhere in Minnesota  
Snow covered in grey, light breaking  
In the streets of the city where they don't  
Raise the dead

So take all that's left of my love  
And give my body to the river  
Take all that's left of my love  
And take my body, black river

Give me something to lean on  
Give me something to hold my head up  
Get me out of the cycle  
That's dirtied down in disgust

But maybe I'm just a patsy  
And maybe this whole damn thing is a set up  
'Cause if there's not starting over  
All we already dust

So take all that's left of my love  
And give my body to the river  
Take all that's left of my love  
And take my body, black river

Watching over me  
Watching over me  
I'm going under and it's  
Taking hold of me

It was only a glimmer  
Flashing over a black horizon  
It was only a glimmer  
But it could raise the dead

So take all that's left of my love  
(And give my body to the river)  
Take all that's left of my love  
(And take my body, black river)

Take all that's left of my love  
(And give my body to the river)  
Take all that's left of my love  
And take my body, black river