

## Ol' Man River

Sam Cooke

Rolling along, rolling along, rolling along  
Hm, old man river, that old man river  
He don't say nothing, but he must know something  
For old man river, he just keeps rolling along  
He don't plant taters, he don't pick cotton  
And them that plants em they're soon forgotten  
While old man river, he jest keeps rolling along

You and me, we sweat and strain  
Body all aching and racked with pain  
Towed that bargem lift the bail  
Get a little drunk and you land in jail  
In get weary and sick of trying  
I'm tired of living and afraid of dying  
While old man river he just keeps rolling along