

# Broken River

First ray of light  
I put on some water  
Packed my kit  
Rollin on again  
Couldn't find a sign  
At Broken River  
Of friends we'd known  
Scattered to the winds

Trailing shadows in a fading light  
Distant drums that go all night  
Natives are restless; I think I might  
Get on the move

When I walked out  
Of Broken River  
Sun was comin up  
Warmin up the breeze  
Stuck out my thumb  
Truck pulled over  
Looked just like a wave  
The swaying of the trees

Trailing shadows in a fading light  
Distant drums that go all night  
Natives are restless  
I think I might  
Get on the move

Treasure the days  
Treasure the nights  
The pleasure and pain  
The dark and the light  
Native are restless  
I think I might  
Get on the move