

# Jim Croce, Old Man River

Ol' man river.  
That ol' man river.  
He must know somethin'  
But he don't say nothin'  
That ol' man river he just keeps rollin' along

He don't plant tators  
He don't plant cotton.  
Them that plants 'em is soon forgotten.  
But ol' man river  
He just keeps rollin' along.

You and me  
We sweat and strain.  
Body all achin'  
And wracked with pain.

Tote that barge.  
Lift that bale.  
Get a little drunk  
And you land in jail.

But I get weary

Sick of tryin'  
Cause I'm tired of livin'  
But I'm scared of dyin'  
And ol' man river  
He just keeps rollin' along.

You and me  
We sweat and strain.  
Body all achin'  
And wracked with pain.

Tote that barge.  
Lift that bale.  
Get a little drunk  
And you land in jail.

But I get weary  
Sick of tryin'  
Cause I'm tired of livin'  
But I'm scared of dyin'  
And ol' man river  
He just keeps rollin' along.