

# Joe Cocker, Standing Knee Deep In A River

(Bucky Jones, Bob McDill and Dickey Lee)

Friends I could count on,  
I could count on one hand,  
With a leftover finger or two.  
I took 'em for granted,  
Let 'em all slip away.  
Now where they are, I wish I knew.

They roll by just like water,  
And I guess we never learn.  
Go through life parched and empty,  
Standin' knee deep in a river and dyin' of thirst.

Sometimes I remember.  
Sweethearts I've known.  
Some I've forgotten, I suppose.  
One or two still linger,  
Oh, and I wonder now,  
Why I ever let them go.

They roll by just like water,  
And I guess we never learn.  
Go through life parched and empty,  
Standin' knee deep in a river and dyin' of thirst.

So the sidewalk is crowded:  
The city goes by.  
And I rush through another day,  
And a world full of strangers,  
Turn their eyes to me,  
But I just look the other way

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