

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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