

# Roger Whittaker, River Lady (A Little Goodbye)

The day the river freezes is the day it won't seem fair  
'Cos they'll come to get the river lady  
And I don't think they'll care

I know they'll scrape her paint off  
In their same old foolish ways

Now the people see the river  
But the old ship's gone away.  
Water turns cold and gets to freezing  
Before you even know ;it the old girl's easing  
Away from her berth round by the point and out of our view  
Off in the mist her engines pounding□  
Back on the banks that old horn's sounding  
A little good-bye  
a little I'll do what I must do  
A little good-bye  
a little I'll do what I must do.

I know I will remember when I cannot hear that horn  
That would roll up by the mountains  
As she took us through the storm  
I know they've got to take her  
But I can't say I approve  
'Cos she's won so many battles  
That I hate to see her lose.

Water turns cold and gets to freezing

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