

# UB40, Many Rivers

Many rivers to cross  
But I can't seem to find my way over  
Wandering I am lost as I travel along  
The white cliffs of dover  
Many rivers to cross and it's only my will  
That keeps me alive  
I've been licked, washed up for years and,  
I merely survive because of my pride.

And this loneliness won't leave me alone  
It's such a drag to be on your own  
My woman left and she didn't say why  
Well I guess, I gotta try.  
Many rivers to cross but where to begin,

I'm playing for time  
There'll be times when I find myself thinking  
Of committing some dreadful crime.

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But I can't seem to find my way over  
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