

# Willie Nelson, River Boy

RIVER BOY  
WRITER FRED CARTER

I was born and raised on the river  
It's the only life that I know  
People 'round here have put a name on me  
And I hear it wherever I go  
They call me river boy, river boy  
Good for nothin' river boy  
This old world don't hold a whole lot of joy  
When you're nothin' but a river boy  
I do a lot of fishin' on the river  
To make my livin' you see  
When I take my catch to the market place  
The people call out to me  
And they say, river boy, hey river boy  
You got any fish today there, river boy  
I sell my ware, but nobody cares  
About the feelin's of the river boy  
There's a pretty girl works at the market place  
I see her there everyday  
But when I try to talk to her  
I can hear her papa say  
Come away from that River boy, he's a river boy  
Nothin' but riff-raff, them river boys  
No girl of mine is gonna waste her time  
On a good for nothin' river boy  
So I head my boat back up the river  
Back to my old fishin' place  
I'm afraid this ol' river's gonna overflow  
From the tears a-fallin' down my face  
I'm nothin' but a river boy, river boy  
A good for nothin' river boy  
This old world don't hold a whole lot of joy  
When you're nothin' but a river boy  
River boy, river boy  
A good for nothin' river boy  
River boy (fade)