

WATER IN MY SHOES

words and music
R. Runyon

Last week John Hartford died
And the old Fish Hawk went home
The river's up it's wild and wide
And going where it's going
I'm standing here my feet are wet
I watch that river run
I don't know where it's going to
Don't know where it's coming from
 These weary blues
 Everybody's paying dues
 I've got the news
 Please allow me to confuse
The water's up the water's down
The water's everywhere
The water's in your dreams at night
And sometimes in your hair
There's only one way to dry out
And you don't want to go there
I hear there's living water
Tumbling down the golden stairs
 These weary blues
 Everybody's paying dues
 I've got the news
I like a drink of water
And I like a cooling swim
Like mighty clouds of joy
Jesus draws the drips to Him
Condensing showers of blessings
That fall down from above
To fill our cups with water
And our hearts with endless love
 These weary blues
 Everybody's paying dues
 I've got the news
 There's water in my shoes