

Will Scott – Keystone Crossing
Album Lyrics

White River Rising

By Will Scott (BMI) and Scrote (Teddy Spunko Music, BMI) © 2011

Uncle Jim, Aunt Loretta
Thanks for your letter
Praise the good lord we're all doing fine

The River came over
The roofs of our houses
John lost his trailer; so they're staying in mine

White River Rising
White River Rising
Oh, how it's rising
Mm-m.hmm-m-m

John, bless his heart
He's been strong for his baby
He's losing it all, but he ain't broke down

You know you try and you struggle
All your life for so little
Comfort in something you're callin' your own

White River Rising
White River Rising
Oh, how it's rising
White River Rising

White River Rise
White River Rising
Oh, how it's rising

Who can be turned to now but thee

But the good Lord he giveth
And we know how he takes
We thank Jesus each day, for the blessing of our breath

The church as you know
It sits high up above us
Sometimes it seems like it's all we have left.

White River Rising
White River Rising
Oh how it's rising

White River Rising
White River Rising
Oh, how it's rising

White River Rising
White River Rising

Who can be turned to, now but thee?

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Derry Down

By Will Scott (BMI), Scrote (Teddy Spunko Music, BMI), and Jan Bell (Jan Bell Music, ASCAP) © 2011

The streets have dried up
But, bridges are leaking
It's all coming down
And no one here's speaking

Of winds freed from sailing
Of old captain Sterling
Only wealthy men sing
Of sleeping dogs lying

Grey ivy vines
Cover Brooklyn-port quarters
Tracing the lines
Of their riverfront boarders
Right along Flushing
The Whitman kids know
Of the homes there left standing
Like skulls in a row

Nobody remembers
Derry down

They'll tear them to gravel
Leaving only a road
By those who unravel
By silver by gold

I sink in the graveyard

Of these admirals' homes
Like a leaf in the river
Tied to a stone

Nobody Remembers
Derry down, boys
Derry down

Nobody Remembers

Just to Ferry Me Over

By Will Scott (BMI) and Scrote (Teddy Spunko Music, BMI) © 2011

This river is deep but it's not wide
Just to ferry me over
I ain't ready for the other side
Just to bear across

Michael don't row this boat of mine
Just to ferry me over
Go on ahead and leave me behind
Just to bear across

Momma tell me what's this body for
Just to ferry me over
Suffer and cry and then cast ashore
Just to bear across

The jury it says I have to go
Just to ferry me over
What might have been I'll never know
Just to bear across

I'll miss my momma's long brown hair
Just to ferry me over
They won't have nothing like it there
Just to bear across

Bury my body for none to find
Just to ferry me over
I won't be there and I won't mind
Just to bear across

Momma tell me what's this body for
Just to ferry me over

I ain't worth nothing more
Just to bear across

Right to Love

By Jan Bell (Jan Bell Music, ASCAP)

I've lost all rights to you
It's wrong of me to
Think I can try and love you now

Will I be satisfied?
When all my tears are cried
Here's where we used to hide the key

Oh you used to take good care of me
You used to take such good care of me

Can't hardly bear to look
Back at us and I can
Only just feel my heart because
It's breaking, oh I must
Learn how to love
Is it such a hard thing to do?

Oh I tried to take good care of you
Oh I tried to take such good care of you

I've lost all rights to you
It's wrong of me to
Think I can try and love you now

It Ain't Gonna Rain

By Will Scott (BMI), Christopher "Preacher Boy" Watkins (Preach Songs Music, BMI, administered by Kobalt Music) and Scrote (Teddy Spunko Music, BMI) © 2011

Weeds had grown up high
Sun was setting slow
Early in the evening
April 24
The sheriff came to tell me, son
You can't live this life anymore

Guilty was my solemn pledge

Guilty I was found
Jesus judge and jury
They passed my sentence down
Now the sun is passing over
Barbed wire, round and round

Those honest fields my brother work
For wages like a fine
They killed him on the road one night
For a piece of mind
And all I've ever known of justice
Was that someday I'd get mine

Ain't gonna rain
Ain't gonna rain
Bluebird sings what the jaybird knows
Ain't gonna rain
Ain't gonna rain
Well it ain't gonna rain no more

I ran spirits to the pastor's house
The mayor he liked wine
The judge he liked his women
Just the same way I like mine
But, when the rich man gets called
It's the poor man on the line

If you see my mother praying
Tell her my time ain't long
If you see my father working
Tell him from his son
He can plow that field 'til Judgement come
Still it won't be done

If you see my sister
Tell her I miss her still
And go and tell my brother he don't
Have to place no till
I didn't have to bend my back for nobody
And I never will

Ain't gonna rain
Ain't gonna rain
Bluebird sings what the jaybird knows
Ain't gonna rain
Ain't gonna rain

Well it ain't gonna rain no more

Broken Arrow

By Will Scott (BMI) and Scrote (Teddy Spunko Music, BMI) © 2011

Mother left when I was nine
Dads legs are weak, but my were fine
Besides someone's got to stay behind
So I suppose that's where you'll find me

This girl I don't know, named Michelle
She's showing like a wedding bell
I guess I must have known her well
Well enough to let her bind me

Some are made to plow and sow
Reaping barely what they owe
I guess if God had wanted me to go
He'd give me wings, instead of family

This glass it don't know where I've been
Just bourbon, beer, moonshine, and gin
Whiskey please forget my sins
And keep me straight and narrow

Mother, if you come back this way
While I may not be what you prayed
Know, at least, that I have stayed
And stood alongside the sparrow

Lord I wish I was a train
Rust in rails, like blood in a vein
Sailing amber waves of grain
Far away from Broken Arrow

Last Rest Stop

By Will Scott (BMI) and Scrote (Teddy Spunko Music, BMI) © 2011

When you're road-torn
Home is a religion
Hope and hellhound
You runnin' for a vision
You tire of the tread of your wheels
On the blacktop

All the signs may be read
But you can't stop

Last rest stop for awhile
Last radio station on the FM dial
Took a wrong turn out of Hackensack
You can never go back
You can never go

I can't find a damn thing on this radio
Same one hundred songs countin' down to zero
I'd give my breakin' leg just to hear some Tony Joe
A Rainy Night in Georgia to Soul Francisco

Last rest stop for awhile
Last radio station on the FM dial
Took a wrong turn out of Hackensack
You can never go back
You can never go

Just like home this highway's come to feel like nowhere
Same song over again that made me leave there
Those stars that led you on now chase behind you
Neon lights and headlamps blind your rearview

Last rest stop for awhile
Last radio station on the FM dial
Took a wrong turn out of Hackensack
You can never go back
You can never go

Last radio station on the FM dial
Took a wrong turn out of Hackensack
You can never go back
You can never go

Last rest stop for awhile

You Said You'd Take Me to Spain

By Will Scott (BMI) and Scrote (Teddy Spunko Music, BMI) © 2011

Federico Lorca
Said when its rough it's better
Don't get so good that you don't bleed

I thought we had something on
Then you were up and gone
Call it whatever you need

I might have poked out my eyes
And said some stupid goodbyes
But I can see what's in my hands

Lovers grow aside
Everyone's been denied
Some promises ought to stand

You said you'd take me to Spain
You made me crawl on the floor
You said you'd love me more
You said you'd take me to Spain

Keep the Picasso
I wanted Flamenco
'Cause I'm a southern kind of man

Stuck here in Ohio
Takin' it solo
Drinkin' champagne from a can

You said you'd take me to Spain
You made me crawl on the floor
You said you'd love me more
You said you'd take me to Spain

You said you'd take me to Spain
You made me crawl on the floor
You said you'd love me more
You said you'd take me to Spain

You sucked me into your drain
Don't feel the need to explain
You said you'd take me to Spain
You said you'd take me to Spain

You Are the One I Love

By Johnny Shines (Happy Valley Music, BMI)

You know I tried
And then I tried

But you never seem to be satisfied
I want you to know
You are the one I love

There've been days
I didn't know your name
Don't know why I get worried
You know it's all in vain
I want you to know
You are the one I love

You know I love you
God knows I love you
Like God loves his own begotten son
You know I need you, got to have you
No matter what's said and done

You're on my mind
Both night and day
Just like smoke rings
You fade away
But, I want you to know
You are the one I love