Benny

Rolling river, murky and brown

Rolling slowly though this old foundry town

Too deep to wade through, too shallow to haul

But a prettier river, I can't seem to recall.

My grandfathers' fathers settled this land

Built this barn and homestead, cleared the fields by hand

Planted that orchard way up on the ridge

And laid the foundation for the Slackwater Bridge

Chorus:

Might not be good enough for many, but it's sure good enough for me

And there's never been a question this is where I was meant to be

So when I meet my maker and I take that final ride just bring me down

to this part of town

And the river will provide

So it's just me and Benny and we're shootin' the breeze

At his small roadside stand underneath these big trees

Talking about the weather and his wife's homemade pies

With a cool wind blowing for the end of July

And he says, "Change sure comes hard for an old guy like me."

"And this ain't the same world, it used to be.

Everybody's runnin' but they can't say where to

They just know they better get there way ahead of you."

Chorus:

So he asks me, "Do you and your fella live round this way?"

I shake my head and smile and try to think of what to say

I say, "It's me and my dog, we don't live too far from your place."

And a smile of understanding seems to come across his face.

And he says " Well, we can sure use some strong gals like you in these parts.

And if you keep your heart open, this river gets in your heart.

Our daughter Judy looks a lot like you do.

And she and her dog are mighty happy too."

So he threw in some peaches with my dozen ear of corn

And thanked me for stopping and not blowing my horn

And as I pulled away, I laughed out loud at my luck.

I saw a pride sticker stuck there on his old pick up truck.

So if it's good enough for Benny it's sure good enough for me

And there's never been a question this is where I was meant to be

So when I meet my maker and I take that final ride.

Just bring me down to this part of town

And the river will provide.