**If This River Had A Voice**

If this river had a mind

I’d find the time to stop and ask her how she’s

been

How it felt to flow so fine

Her banks were lined with pines

Before the town moved in

How their shadows cooled you down

Kept your shores from flowing brown till they

cave in

If this river had a mind

I’d find the time to stop and ask her how she’s

been

If this river had a voice

Would her ballad be too hard a tune to hear

Would she sing her song by choice?

Or the desperate need for help?

Out of fear?

Would we listen to her cries

Or turn another blinded eye

Knowing she’d never again be flowing clear

If this river had a voice

Would her ballad be too hard a tune to hear

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People often tell me that they love me

But so few ever stop to lend their hand

I wonder just how low

In the summer I must flow

Before they every truly start to understand?

I worry I might stay this way forever

I once was clear, now I’m brown and green

Just how long has it been

Since the children used to swim

Have they gone too far to make my waters

clean?