LET THE RIVER RUN

By Carly Simon

We're coming to the edge, running on the water,
coming through the fog, your sons and daughters.

Let the river run, let all the dreamers wake the moderate rock nation.
Come, the new Jerusalem.

Silver cities rise; the morning lights the streets that lead them. And sirens call them on with a song.

It's asking for the taking, trembling, shaking. Oh, my heart is aching.

Coming through the fog, your sons and daughters.

We, the great and small, stand on a star and blaze a trail of desire through the darkening dawn.

It's asking taking. Run, run,
run, eyes of love. My heart is aching,

coming through the fog, your sons and daughters.

Ah Ah

It's asking, taking, trembling, shaking.

Oh my heart is aching.

coming through the fog, your sons and daughters. Let the river run. Let all the dreamers wake the nation. Come the new Jerusalem.

Ooo

Come the new Jerusalem.