

Paint Branch Creek

Well I went down to Paint Branch Creek
It's not too wide and not too deep
The water's clear and it runs along
It makes its way and it sings a song

Minnows in the shallows
Trout are in the pools
The fields are laying fallow
And the kids are back at school
On the banks the Algonquin
Living out their dream
Here comes General Washington
He's crossing that stream

Icy cold in the winter months
Summer time skater bugs
Glide and skate across the top
Wade in the cool when it's steamy hot

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Come on down to Paint Branch Creek
See the children wade in deep
Men and women come along
Listenin' to that river's song
I can see the ghost of bondage
And the ghost of Jim Crow
Men and women wailing
Don't take our children, no
We go on down to Paint Branch Creek
To think about this life
We go there to remember
We go there with our strife
And the creek it rolls along
Just like it's always done
And the tears of joy and sorrow
Join the water in its song

Horses take a thirsty drink
Doe and fawn wade across
On the north side of the trees
That's where it grows the moss

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