

Soloist

32 33

32 33

I hope it does-n't take the rest of my life_ Un-til I find what it is that I've bin'loo-kin for_

34 36

34 35 36

In the mi-ddle of the night_ I go wal-kin in ma sleep_ Through the jung-le of

37 39

37 38 39

doubt To a ri-ver so deep_ I know I'm sear-chin for some thing Some-thing so un-de

40 42

40 41 42

fined_ That it can o-nly be seen By the eyes of the blind_

43 44

43 44

I'm not sure a-bout a life af-ter this God knows I've ne-ver bin' a spi-ri - tu - al man

45 47

45 46 47

Bap tised by the fire I wade in to the ri-ver that is run- nin' to the Prom-ised Land

48 50

48 49 50

In the mi-ddle of the night_ I go walkin in ma sleep_ Through the de-sert of

51 53

51 52 53

truth To a ri-ver so deep_ We all end in the o- cean_ We all start in the

54 57

54 55 56 57

streams We're all ca-ried a - long By the ri-ver of dreams_

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SOLOIST IMPROVISES