I never had no regrets, boys;
Not for nothing I've done.
I owed the devil some debts, boys,
Paid them all up but one.
And I don't even regret the living
That I'll be leaving behind.
I've gotten weary of searching
For something I couldn't find.

I'm going down to the shade

By the river one more time,

And feel the breeze on my face before I die.

I'm gonna leave whatever's left of my luck to the losers,

Then bend me down and kiss the world goodbye.

Come to lucky-in-lovin'
I never had no complaints.
They never said I was evil,
But then, I wasn't no saint.
I'm just a river that rolled forever
And never got to the sea.
I ain't blaming nobody;
I had it coming to me.

I'm going down to the shade
By the river one more time,
And feel the breeze on my face before I die.
I'm gonna leave whatever's left
Of my luck to the losers,
Then bend me down, and kiss the world goodbye.