Waters of March

Moderato

stick, a stone It's the end of the road
It's the rest of a stump It's a little alone
It's a sliver of glass, it is life, it's the sun, it is night, it is death. It's a trap, it's a gun.

The oak when it blooms, A fox in the brush, The knot in the wood, The song of a thrush.

The wood of the wind, A cliff, a fall, A scratch, a lump. It is nothing at all.

It's the wind blowing free, It's the end of the slope, It's a beam, it's a void, It's a hunch, it's a hope.
And the river-bank talks of the waters of March. It's the end of the strain, it's the joy in your heart.

The foot, the ground, the flesh and the bone. The beat of the road, a sling shot stone.

A fish, a flash, a silver glow. A fight, a bet, the range of a bow.

The bed of the well, the end of the line. The dismay in the face, it's a loss, it's a find.
Cmaj7/G  Gm7(9)/C  Fmaj7(5)  Fm6

- A truck load of bricks - In the soft morning light, - The shot of a gun - In the dead of the night -

Cmaj7/G  Cmaj7  C/Bb  Am6  Fm6/Ab

- A mile, a must, - A thrust, a bump - It's a girl, it's a rime, - It's a cold, it's the mumps -

Cmaj7/G  Gm7  C7(9)  D/C  Fm/C

- The plan of the house, - The body in bed, - And the car that got stuck, - It's the mud, it's the mud -
A float, a drift, A flight, a wing, A hawk, a quail, The promise of spring.

And the riverbank talks Of the waters of March. It's the promise of life. It's the joy in your heart.

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A snake, a stick, It is John, it is Joe, It's a thorn in your hand, And a cut in your toe.

A point, a grain, a bee, a bite, A blink, a buzzard, A sudden stroke of

night A pin, a needle, A sting, a pain, A snail, a riddle, A wasp, a stain.

A pass in the mountains, A horse and a mule, In the distance the shelves Rode three shadows of blue.
And the river-bank talks of the waters of March. It's the promise of life, in your heart, in your heart.

A stick, a stone, the end of the load, the rest of a stump, a lonely road.

A sliver of glass, a life, the sun, a night, a death, the end of the run.

And the river-bank talks of the waters of March. It's the end of all strain, it's the joy in your heart.