

# Waters of March

A 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 slice of glass  
It is life it's the sun  
It is night it is death  
It's a step it's a gun (the end of the sun)

no ultimate  
a house a road  
It's a trap

The oak when it blooms  
A fox in the brush  
The knot of the wood  
The song of a thrush  
The wood of the ~~big~~ night? †  
A cliff a fall  
A scratch a lump  
It is nothing at all

It's the wind blowing free  
It's the end of a slope  
It's a pin it's a voice  
It's a hunch it's a hope

And the riverbank talks  
Of the waters of march  
It's the end of the stair  
It's the joy in your heart

the foot ~~the foot~~, the ground  
 the flesh and the bone

the heat of the <sup>road</sup> ~~of the road~~

a slice - shot stone

A truck ~~load~~ books of history

In the soft wings ~~light~~

the shot of a gun

In the dead of the night

a mile, a nut, a heat, a bump

It's a girl it's a ~~ring~~

It's a cold, it's the rump

the plan of the house

the body in bed

Architects that got struck

It's the mud, it's the mud

a fellow, a drift,

a flight a wing

a cash a nail

The promise of spring

and the ribbon talky

A point, a vein  
a bee, a bite  
a blink, a beyond

A sudden stroke with

a pin, a needle -  
a sting, a pain  
a nail, a saddle  
a wasp, a stain

a snake, a stick  
It is John it is Joe -  
a fish, a flash  
a shiny glass -

And the riverbank <sup>Talks</sup> of the history of  
the course of life [March  
in your heart, in your heart

a stick, a stone  
the end of the road  
the rest of things  
A lone road

a slice of glass  
a light, a rain  
a life, a death

And the mist  
— hi

the end of the road

find para  
fiferente

A pass in the mountains

A horse and a mule

In the distance the ridges  
Shade three layers of blue

In the distance the range  
Showed three shadows of blue

chines  
cordillera

first  
hue  
↳ shade of colour

In the distance the range  
Shade three layers of blue  
shadows



A pass in the mountains  
A horse and a mule  
In the distance the shades  
Rode three layers of blue

A pass in the mountains  
A horse and a mule  
In the distance the shadows  
Shade three layers of blue

Rode  
↳ Showed three colors of blue

WJK  
scroll  
more words  
Bayer Aspinin



Gomas  
convey

Mush -  
Hail -

Twine - Barbante - Cordel.

Bestow - conferir, dar, conceder (Give, confer)

Beguile - enganar, divertir, passar o tempo

Kinsman - a male blood relation

Mire - An area of wet, yielding earth, swampy ground

Deceit - Engano, fraude, erro. Fraud, deception  
→ Deceive é o verbo

Still - Parado, silencioso, peaceful, tranquil

Steel - Aço

Steal - Roupar. ~~to~~ <sup>penetrar</sup> ~~penetrar~~, com IN, on into: penetrar

Ladle - A cup shaped vessel with a long handle for dipping or conveying liquids

Allot ~~ed~~ - To assign by lot

<sup>hair</sup> Breadth - Measure <sup>or distance</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>as distinguished</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from side to side.</sup> length and thickness (width)

Condone - Perdoar, indultar - Excuse, pardon

Slap - Palmada, sopapo - Slap in the face: bofetada

Quirk - Sarcasmo, sutileza, astúcia, artimanha, troca-ditô.

Boon - Benefício, dádiva, favor

Entangle - Enredar, Embaraçar

Kink - An abrupt bend, curl or tangle in a line, hair etc  
Kinky

"Waters Of March"  
(Aguas De Março)

Words & Music by  
Antonio Carlos Jobim

A 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 riverbank 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 slingshot stone  
A fish, a flash,  
A silvery 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  
A spear, a spike,  
A point, a nail,  
A drip, a drop,  
The end of the tale  
A truckload of bricks  
In the soft morning light,  
The shot of a gun  
In the dead of the night  
A mile, a must,  
A thrust, a bump,  
It's a girl, it's a rhyme,  
It's a cold, it's the mumps

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

(Orchestral Interlude)

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 riverbank 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 lonesome road

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

And the riverbank talks  
Of the waters of march,  
It's the end of all strain,  
It's the joy in your heart.

Ein stock, ein stein