

Waters of March

Basia

A stick, a stone
it's the end of the road
it's the rest of the 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 of the wood
the song of the thrush
the wood of the wind
the 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 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 truckload of bricks
in the soft morning light
the shot of the 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 is 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 cock, a quail
oh, 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

And the riverbank talks
of the waters of march
it's the promise of life
it's the joy in your heart

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 snake, a stick
it is john, it is joe
a fish, a flash
a silvery glow
the bed of the well
the end of the line
the dismay on 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 day

And the riverbank talks
of the waters of march
it's the promise of life
in your heart, in your heart

And the riverbank talks
of the waters of march
it's the promise of life
it's a joy in your heart

And the riverbank talks
of the waters of march
it's the promise of joy
in your heart

The end of the road
a little alone
a sliver of glass
a life, the sun
a night, a death

The end of the road
and the riverbank talks
of the waters of march
it's the promise of joy
in your heart

Of the waters of march

And the riverbank talks
of the waters of march
it's the promise of joy
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Of the waters of march