

## River

Gentle Giant

Touching the last of what is past  
Moving silent water fell the first that comes  
Slow and winding, flowing free  
Peaceful music in its sound of distant drums  
Trust the shallow virgin stream  
Danger wild, beware the deeper it becomes

Moving highway, twisting byway  
Can't turn back  
Sining in the summer rain  
Rain that's caught in its flow  
Spreading, shining, silver lining  
Gold on black

Echoes moods of the moon and sun  
Sun that shines from below  
Makes a soft and easy way  
Left to choose its path will always be a friend  
Touch the last of what has past  
Never idle river drifting to the end