

If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine  
And my tunes were played on the harp unstrung  
Would you hear my voice come through the music?  
Would you hold it near as it were your own?  
It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are broken  
Perhaps they're better left unsung  
I don't know, I don't really care  
Let there be songs to fill the air

Ripple in still water  
Where there is no pebble tossed  
Nor wind to blow

Reach out your hand if your cup be empty  
If your cup is full may it be again  
Let it be known there is a fountain  
That was not made by the hands of men  
There is a road, no simple highway  
Between the dawn and the dark of night  
And if you go no one may follow  
That path is for your steps alone

Ripple in still water  
Where there is no pebble tossed  
Nor wind to blow

You who choose to lead must follow  
But if you fall you fall alone  
If you should stand then who's to guide you?  
If I knew the way I would take you home