

Ripplin' Waters

John Denver

Got ripplin' waters to wake me
To be more than my woman in love
All pine trees are pointin' to see easily
To see heaven above

Blue spruce flamin' on the grate in the evening
Takes the chill away fine
Cut the telephone line
The story's the same

There's a worn red chair by the window
That you found at a sale down the way
When some old women said that they
Needed more room for the winter

People like pullin' at the stuffing
When they sit down
So it passes the time
Cut the telephone line
The story's the same

Ooh, like a bubble on a windy day
Start to flutter when I hear you say
That you feel too good to go away
And you make me feel fine
And you made the world a warmer place
By the sparkle of your diamond face
On a gray spot with a little lace
And you make me feel fine
Warm as a mountain in sunshine
On the edge of the snowline
In a meadow of columbine

Oh little Jennifer
I'd give a penny for
What you've got on your mind
Seems like most of the time you're lyin' there dreamin'

Maybe in your vision you see how
Our mission is slightly less than divine
Cut the telephone line
The story's the same

Now, ripplin' waters flow through the ceiling
And the walls there, their keepin' me warm
And the closest I've been with my family for days
Is my music

But the silently stare in the morning sky
Is like hearing her calling my name
Cut the telephone line
The story might change

Ooh, like a bubble on a windy day
Start to flutter when I hear you say
That you feel too good to go away
And you make me feel fine

Warm as a mountain sunshine
On the edge of the snowline
In a meadow of columbine