

Mountain Spring

Michael Schulte

Under this earth, deep in the ground
There's a river flowing, making hardly a sound
And the water is pure, with the lightness of sky
Held in the weight of a mountain so high

CHORUS

Mountain spring, come out of the rock
And fall into the arms of the sea
Mountain spring, come out of the rock
And shower your tears on me

The heat of the sun wears on your skin
And opens all the cracks where the cold gets in
The changing winds will batter and blow
A mountain may crumble but a river will always flow

CHORUS