

# Cascading

NOA

Cascading  
Tumbling, tumbling  
Falling, falling

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Tumbling, tumbling  
Falling, falling

Hair  
On my shoulders bare  
It's there  
To extend the soul  
It's long  
To cage it would be wrong  
Like my Mother's song  
Gently unfolds

Cascading  
Tumbling, tumbling  
Falling, falling

Stream  
Careless and serene  
It flows between the boulders  
It's cool  
Angel on a stool  
Drops on her shoulders

Cascading  
Tumbling, tumbling  
Falling, falling

Wish I could fall  
Like a baby's sleep  
When a baby dreams  
What a baby feels  
Run away from this place, with its big old words  
And big ideals...

Now You -  
Look what you have done  
You've come  
And crossed the border  
Oh, no!  
What do I do now?  
Guess I'll jump  
Into your water...

Cascading  
Tumbling, tumbling  
Falling  
Falling  
Falling  
Down