A stick, a stone, it's the end of the road It's the rest of a stump, it's a little alone It's a sliver of glass, it is life, it's the sun It is night, it is death, it's a trap, it's a gun The oak when it blooms, a fox in the brush A knot in the wood, the song of a thrush The wood of the wind, a cliff, a fall A scratch, a lump, it is nothing at all It's the wind blowing free, it's the end of the slope It's a beam, it's a void, it's a hunch, it's a hope And the river bank talks of the waters of March It's the end of the strain, it's the joy in your heart The foot, the ground, the flesh and the bone The beat of the road, a slingshot's stone A fish, a flash, a silvery glow A fight, a bet, the flange of a bow The bed of the well, the end of the line The dismay in the face, it's a loss, it's a find A spear, a spike, a point, a nail A drip, a drop, the end of the tale A truckload of bricks in the soft morning light The sound of a shot in the dead of the night A mile, a must, a thrust, a bump, It's a girl, it's a rhyme, it's a cold, it's the mumps The plan of the house, the body in bed And the car that got stuck, it's the mud, it's the mud A float, a drift, a flight, a wing A hank, a quail, the promise of spring And the river bank talks of the waters of March It's the promise of life, it's the joy in your heart A snake, a stick, it is John, it is Joe It's a thorn on your hand and a cut in your toe A point, a grain, a bee, a bite A blink, a buzzard, a sudden stroke of night A pin, a needle, a sting, a pain A snail, a riddle, a wasp or a stain A pass in the mountains, a horse and a mule In the distance the shelves rode three shadows of blue And the river bank talks of the waters of March It's the promise of life in your heart, in your heart A stick, a stone, the end of the road The rest of a stump, a lonesome road A sliver of glass, a life, the sun A knife, a death, the end of the run And the river bank talks of the waters of March It's the end of all strain, it's the joy in your heart