

Waterfall

Smalltown Poets

If I were a tape recorder, would you take me in your pack?
You could say anything, I would play it back
If we took the beach side down to where the boardwalk ends
I would find a way to introduce you to my friends

Were you a pool there on the mountain, standing tall
I would be a waterfall
I would carry water down from depths that run untold
Living water, walls can't hold

If you were the umbrella now and I the driving rain
I'd wish you were a bucket underneath the window pane
If I play the field a while, I might miss the catch
When I show my colors, I'll be in need of their match

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I would be a waterfall
I would carry water down from depths that run untold
Living water, walls can't hold

If your words were water brimming over to be heard by all
I'd be the drop there on the edge, the drop that pulls the waterfall
Pulls the waterfall

I will be the piece of clay and you the hands that mold
You will be the purchase made of everything I've sold

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