

Ten miles to save my name
Steel crosses cold as stone
Looking like a gambler throwing coins away
I'm feeling so displaced
You're painting candy on my faith
You're so convincing
I am so ashamed
Riverrun softly through the hands of people without toys
Riverrun boldly through Vanity Fair
Riverrun cold
Riverrun slow
Riverrun free with the wind in your hair
Life from the turn of the stairs
I've felt the mountain rain
I've seen it nurse a thousand veins
I've watched the rivulets of silent grace
But now my memory strains
To wash its hands in muddy streams
As I sit fishing by a dying tree
It's hard to know your place
Look down and people call you brave
Look up and people tell you what to say
Don't throw my words away
Don't even try to paraphrase
Some words are spoken best from broken frames