

# Waters of March

Basia

A stick, a stone  
it's the end of the road  
it's the rest of the 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  
the knot of the wood  
the song of the thrush  
the wood of the wind  
the cliff, a fall  
a scratch, a lump  
it is nothing at all  
it's the wind blowing free  
it's the end of a slope  
it's a beam, it's a void  
it's a hunch, it's a hope

And the riverbank 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 stone  
a truckload of bricks  
in the soft morning light  
the shot of the gun  
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 is 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 cock, a quail  
oh, the promise of spring

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march  
it's the promise of life  
it's the joy in your heart

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march  
it's the promise of life  
it's the joy in your heart

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, a stain  
a snake, a stick  
it is john, it is joe  
a fish, a flash  
a silvery glow  
the bed of the well  
the end of the line  
the dismay on 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 day

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march  
it's the promise of life  
in your heart, in your heart

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march  
it's the promise of life  
it's a joy in your heart

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march  
it's the promise of joy  
in your heart

The end of the road  
a little alone  
a sliver of glass  
a life, the sun  
a night, a death

The end of the road  
and the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march  
it's the promise of joy  
in your heart

Of the waters of march

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march  
it's the promise of joy  
in your heart

Of the waters of march