

River

Gentle Giant

Touching the last of what is past
Moving silent water fell the first that comes
Slow and winding, flowing free
Peaceful music in its sound of distant drums
Trust the shallow virgin stream
Danger wild, beware the deeper it becomes

Moving highway, twisting byway
Can't turn back
Sining in the summer rain
Rain that's caught in its flow
Spreading, shining, silver lining
Gold on black

Echoes moods of the moon and sun
Sun that shines from below
Makes a soft and easy way
Left to choose its path will always be a friend
Touch the last of what has past
Never idle river drifting to the end