

Waters Of March

Holly Cole

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 foot, the ground, the flesh and the bone
The beat of the road, a slingshot's stone

The oak when it blooms, a fox in the brush
The 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

A truckload of bricks in the soft morning light
A shot of a 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'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 hawk, a quail, oh, 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 (repeat)

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, drip, drip, drop, the end of the day

And the river bank talks of the waters of March
It's the promise of life in your heart, in your heart (repeat)

...the end of the road..a little alone

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 promise of life, it's the joy in your heart

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The waters of March...

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The waters of March