

# Antonio Carlos Jobim, Waters Of March

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 oak when it blooms,  
A fox in the brush,  
A 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,  
The joy in your heart

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

A fish, a flash,  
A silvery glow,  
A fight, a bet,  
The range of a bow

The bed of the well,  
The end of the line,  
The dismay in 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 tale

A truckload of bricks  
in the soft morning light,  
The 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

Afloat, adrift,  
A flight, a wing,  
A hawk, a quail,  
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

A stick, a stone,  
It's the end of the road  
It's the rest of a stump,  
It's a little alone

A snake, a stick,  
It is John, it is Joe,  
It's a thorn in your hand  
and a cut in your toe

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 pass in the mountains,  
A horse and a mule,  
In the distance the shelves  
rode three shadows of blue

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of March,  
It's the promise of life  
in your heart, in your heart

A stick, a stone,  
The end of the road,  
The rest of a stump,  
A lonesome road

A sliver of glass,  
A life, the sun,  
A knife, a death,  
The end of the run

And the riverbank talks  
of the waters of March,  
It's the end of all strain,  
It's the joy in your heart.