

Sheila E., River God

Rolling river God
Little stones are smooth
Only once the water passes through

So I am a stone
Rough and grainy still
Trying to reconcile this rivers chill

But when I close my eyes
And feel you rushing by
I know that time brings change
And change takes time
And when the sunset comes
My prayer would be this one
That you might pick me up and notice
that I am
Just a little smoother in your hand

Sometimes raging wild
Sometimes swollen high
Never once I've known this river dry
The deepest part of you,
is where I want to stay
And feel the sharpest edges, wash away

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