

Art Garfunkel, 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
The nod of the wood, the song of a thrush
The wood of the wing, a 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 bean, 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 sling-shot stone
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 cock, 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 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
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 load
The rest of a stump, a lonesome road
A sliver of glass, a life, the sun
A night, 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