

# Gentle Giant, River

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.  
Singing 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.