

Grateful Dead, Weather Report Suite: Part 2 (Let

Morning comes, she follows the path to the river shore
Lightly sung, her song is the latch on the morning's door
See the sun sparkle in the reeds; silver beads pass into the sea

She comes from a town where they call her the woodcutter's daughter
She's brown as the bank where she kneels down to gather her water
And she bears it away with a love that the river has taught her
Let it flow, greatly flow, wide and clear

Round and round, the cut of the plow in the furrowed field
Seasons round, the bushels of corn and the barley meal
Broken ground, open and beckoning to the spring; black dirt live again

The plowman is broad as the back of the land he is sowing
As he dances the circular track of the plow ever knowing
That the work of his day measures more than the planting and growing
Let it grow, let it grow, greatly yield

Chorus

What shall we say, shall we call it by a name
As well to count the angels dancing on a pin
Water bright as the sky from which it came
And the name is on the earth that takes it in
We will not speak but stand inside the rain
And listen to the thunder shout
I am, I am, I am, I am

So it goes, we make what we made since the world began
Nothing more, the love of the women, work of men
Seasons round, creatures great and small, up and down, as we rise and fall

[chorus]