

Lani Hall, 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 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 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
A float, a drift
A flight, a wing
A hawk, a quail
The promise of spring
And the river bank talks
Of the waters of March
It's the promise of life
It's the joy in your heart

(orchestral interlude)

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 pass in the mountains
A horse and a mule
In the distance the shelves
Rode three shadows of blue
And the river 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 knight, a death
The end of the run
And the river bank talks
Of the waters of March
It's the end of all strain
It's the joy in your heart