

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Ripplin' Waters

I've got ripplin' water to wake me
To the mornin', my woman, and love.
Tall pine trees are pointin' us easily to heaven above.
Blue spruce clinin' to the grade in the evening
They take the chill away fine.
Cut the telephone line and the story's the same.
There's a worn red chair by the window
That we found at a sale down the way
When some old women said that they needed more room for the winter.
People like pullin' at the stuffin' when they sit down.
It helps passin' the time.
Cut the telephone line and the story's the same.
And oh, like a bubble on a windy day
I start to flutter when I hear you say
That you feel to good to go away.
And you make me feel fine.
And you make my world a warmer place
By the sparklin' of your diamond face.
On a frayed spot put a little lace.
And you make me feel fine.
Warm as the mountain sunshine
On the edge of the snow line
In a meadow of columbine.
Oh little Jennifer, I'd give a penny for
What you got on your mind.
Seems like most of the time you're lyin' there dreamin'.
Maybe in your visions you've seen how omniscient is
Slightly less than devine.
Cut the telephone line and the story's the same.
Ripplin' water's flowin' through the pipes
In the walls that are keepin' me warm.
The closest I've been to my family for days is my music.
Silently starin' at the mornin' sky
It's just like hearin' her callin' my name.
Cut the telephone line and the story might change.
And oh, like a bubble on a windy day
I start to flutter when I hear you say
That you feel to good to go away.
And you make me feel fine.
And you make my world a warmer place
By the sparklin' of your diamond face.
On a frayed spot put a little lace.
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Warm as the mountain sunshine
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