

Poets Smalltown, Waterfall

If I were a tape recorder
Would You take me in your pack?
You could say anything
And I would play it back

If we took the beach side down
To where the boardwalk ends
I would find a way
To introduce You to my friends

(Chorus)
Were You a pool there on the mountain standing tall
I would be a waterfall
I would carry water down from depths that run untold
Living water
Walls can't hold

If You were the umbrella now
And I the driving rain
I'd wish You were a bucket
Underneath the window pane

If I play the field a while
I might miss the catch
When I show my colors
I'll be in need of their match

(Chorus)

If Your words were water
Brimming over to be heard by all
I'd be the drop there on the edge
The drop that pulls the waterfal
Pulls the waterfall

I will be a piece of clay
And You the hands that mold
You will be the purchase made
Of everything I've sold

(Chorusx2)