

Sergio Mendes, 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