

# The 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 too 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 divine.  
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.

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