

# Wild Strawberries, Riverrun

Ten miles to save my name  
Steel crosses cold as stone  
Looking like a gambler throwing coins away  
I'm feeling so displaced  
You're painting candy on my faith  
You're so convincing  
I am so ashamed  
Riverrun softly through the hands of people without toys  
Riverrun boldly through Vanity Fair  
Riverrun cold  
Riverrun slow  
Riverrun free with the wind in your hair  
Life from the turn of the stairs  
I've felt the mountain rain  
I've seen it nurse a thousand veins  
I've watched the rivulets of silent grace  
But now my memory strains  
To wash its hands in muddy streams  
As I sit fishing by a dying tree  
It's hard to know your place  
Look down and people call you brave  
Look up and people tell you what to say  
Don't throw my words away  
Don't even try to paraphrase  
Some words are spoken best from broken frames