

Waters of March – by Tom Jobim

A stick a stone
it's the end of the road
the rest of the stump
a little alone
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 the 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 a slope
it's a beam, it's a void
it's a hunch, it's a hope
And the riverbank talks
of the waters of March
it's the end of the strain
it's 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 the 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 the 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 riverbank talks
of the waters of March
it's the promise of life
it's the joy in your heart

A snake, a stick
it is John, it is Joe
it's a thorn in your hand
and a cut on your toe
A point, a grain
a bee, a bite
a blink, a buzzard
the sudden stroke of night
A pin, a needle
a sting, a pain
a snail, a riddle
a weep, a stain

A pass in the mountains
A horse and a mule
in the distance the shelves
rode three shadows of blue
And the riverbank 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 the stump
a lonesome road

A sliver of glass
a life and the sun
a knife, a death
the end of the run

And the riverbank talks
of the waters of March
it's the end of all strain
it's the joy in your heart