

Ripplin' Waters

John Denver

Got ripplin waters to wake me
To be more than my woman in love
All pine trees are pointin to see easily
To see heaven above Blue spruce flamin on the grate in the evening
Takes the chill away fine
Cut the telephone line, the storys the same Theres a worn red chair by the window
That you 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 stuffing
When they sit down so it passes the time
Cut the telephone line, the storys the same Ooh, like a bubble on a windy day
Start to flutter when I hear you say
That you feel too good to go away
And you make me feel fine And you made the world a warmer place
By the sparkle of your diamond face
On a gray spot with a little lace
And you make me feel fine Warm as a mountain in sunshine
On the edge of the snowline
In a meadow of columbine Oh little Jennifer Id give a penny for
What youve got on your mind
Seems like most of the time youre lyin there dreamin Maybe in your vision you see how
Our mission is slightly less than divine
Cut the telephone line the storys the same Now, ripplin waters flow through the ceiling
And the walls there, their keepin me warm
And the closest Ive been with my family for days
Is my music But the silently stare in the morning sky
Is like hearing her calling my name
Cut the telephone line, the story might change Ooh, like a bubble on a windy day
Start to flutter when I hear you say
That you feel too good to go away
And you make me feel fine Warm as a mountain sunshine
On the edge of the snowline
In a meadow of columbine

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