Waters Of March

Art Garfunkel

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 nod of the wood, the song of a thrush,
The wood of the wing, 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 bean, 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 sling-shot stone,
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.
Afloat, adrift, a flight, a wing,
A cock, 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 point, a grain, a bee, a bite,
A blink, a buzzard, a sudden stroke of night,
A pin, a needle, a sting, a pain,
A snail, a riddle, a wasp, a stain.
A snake, a stick, it is John, it is Joe,
A fish, a flash, a silvery glow.
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 a stump, a lonesome road.
A sliver of glass, a life, the sun,
A night, 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.

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