

Waterfall

Smalltown Poets

If I were a tape recorder, would you take me in your pack?

You could say anything, I would play it back

If we took the beach side down to where the boardwalk ends

I would find a way to introduce you to my friends

Were you a pool there on the mountain, standing tall

I would be a waterfall

I would carry water down from depths that run untold

Living water, walls can't hold

If you were the umbrella now and I the driving rain

I'd wish you were a bucket underneath the window pane

If I play the field a while, I might miss the catch

When I show my colors, I'll be in need of their match

Were you a pool there on the mountain, standing tall

I would be a waterfall

I would carry water down from depths that run untold

Living water, walls can't hold

If your words were water brimming over to be heard by all

I'd be the drop there on the edge, the drop that pulls the waterfall

Pulls the waterfall

I will be the piece of clay and you the hands that mold

You will be the purchase made of everything I've sold

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