# Riverrun

## Wild Strawberries

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

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