

Ripple

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine
And my tunes were played on the harp, unstrung
Would you hear my voice come through the music?

Would you hold it near as it were your own? It's a hand me down, the thoughts are broken

Perhaps they're better left unsung

I don't know, don't really care

Let there be songs to fill the air Ripple in still water

When there is no pebble tossed nor wind to blow Reach out your hand if your cup be empty

If your cup is full, may it be again

Let it be known, there is a fountain

That was not made by the hands of men And there's a road, no simple highway

Between the dawn and the dark of night

If you go, no one may follow

That path is for your steps alone Ripple in still water

When there is no pebble tossed nor wind to blow You who choose to lead must follow

But if you fall, you fall all alone

If you should stand, who's to guide you?

If I knew the way, I would take you home

Songwriters

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