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 airRipple in still water
When there is no pebble tossed nor wind to blowReach 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 menAnd 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 aloneRipple in still water
When there is no pebble tossed nor wind to blowYou 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

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