

# Waterfall

## The Stone Roses

Chimes sing Sunday morn  
Today's the day She's sworn  
To steal what She never could own  
And race from this hole She calls home

Now you're at the wheel  
Tell me how how does it feel  
So good to have equalized  
To lift up the lids of your eyes

As the miles they disappear  
See land begin to clear  
Free from the filth and the scum  
This American satellite's won

She'll carry on through it all  
She's a waterfall

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See the steeple pine  
The hills as old as time  
Soon to be put to the test  
To be whipped by the winds of the West

Stands on shifting sands  
The scales held in her hands  
The wind it just whips Her and wails  
And fills up Her rickety sails

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