

# Antonio Carlos Jobim & Various Artists, Waters of March

A stick, a stone, it's the end of the road  
It's the rest of a stump, it's a little alone  
It's a sliver of glass, it is life, it's the sun  
It is night, it is death, it's a trap, it's a gun  
The oak when it blooms, a fox in the brush  
A knot in the wood, the song of a thrush  
The wood of the wind, a cliff, a fall  
A scratch, a lump, it is nothing at all  
It's the wind blowing free, it's the end of the slope  
It's a beam, it's a void, it's a hunch, it's a hope  
And the river bank talks of the waters of March  
It's the end of the strain, it's the joy in your heart  
The foot, the ground, the flesh and the bone  
The beat of the road, a slingshot's stone  
A fish, a flash, a silvery glow  
A fight, a bet, the flange of a bow  
The bed of the well, the end of the line  
The dismay in the face, it's a loss, it's a find  
A spear, a spike, a point, a nail  
A drip, a drop, the end of the tale  
A truckload of bricks in the soft morning light  
The sound of a shot in the dead of the night  
A mile, a must, a thrust, a bump,  
It's a girl, it's a rhyme, it's a cold, it's the mumps  
The plan of the house, the body in bed  
And the car that got stuck, it's the mud, it's the mud  
A float, a drift, a flight, a wing  
A hank, a quail, the promise of spring  
And the river bank talks of the waters of March  
It's the promise of life, it's the joy in your heart  
A snake, a stick, it is John, it is Joe  
It's a thorn on your hand and a cut in your toe  
A point, a grain, a bee, a bite  
A blink, a buzzard, a sudden stroke of night  
A pin, a needle, a sting, a pain  
A snail, a riddle, a wasp or a stain  
A pass in the mountains, a horse and a mule  
In the distance the shelves rode three shadows of blue  
And the river bank talks of the waters of March  
It's the promise of life in your heart, in your heart  
A stick, a stone, the end of the road  
The rest of a stump, a lonesome road  
A sliver of glass, a life, the sun  
A knife, a death, the end of the run  
And the river bank talks of the waters of March  
It's the end of all strain, it's the joy in your heart