

# Sheila E., River God

Rolling river God  
Little stones are smooth  
Only once the water passes through

So I am a stone  
Rough and grainy still  
Trying to reconcile this rivers chill

But when I close my eyes  
And feel you rushing by  
I know that time brings change  
And change takes time  
And when the sunset comes  
My prayer would be this one  
That you might pick me up and notice  
that I am  
Just a little smoother in your hand

Sometimes raging wild  
Sometimes swollen high  
Never once I've known this river dry  
The deepest part of you,  
is where I want to stay  
And feel the sharpest edges, wash away

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