



C Gm7 C7 D7 Fm Cmaj7

↑A snake a stick, it is Jill it is Joe, it's a thorn in your hand and a cut on your toe.

Gm7 C7 D7 Fm C

A point, a grain a bee a bite a blink a buzzard a sudden stroke of the night.

Bb6 C7 Am Fm Cmaj7

↓A pin a needle a sting a pain, a snail a riddle, a wasp a strain.

Cmaj7 D7 Fm

↑A pass in the mountains a horse and a mule, in the distance the shelves

Cmaj7 Cmaj7 D7

Rode three shadows of blue. ↓And the riverbank talks of the Waters of March.

Fm C C7

It's the promise of life in your heart, in your heart. ↓A stick a stone,

Am Fm C Gm7

The end of the load, the rest of the stump, a lonesome road, a sliver of glass,

C7 D7 Fm Cmaj7 Gm7

A life the sun, a night a death, the end of the run. And the riverbank talks

C7 D7 Fm C |||

Of the Waters of March, It's the end of all strain, It's the joy in your heart.

~~G~~

~~A 3 2 1 0 0 0 | 0 0 0 5 0 0 0 | 4 0 0 0 3 0 0 0~~

~~A 0 0 0 | 0 0 0 5 0 0 0 | 4 0 0 0 3 0 0 0~~

heart.

A 3 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 | 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 2 0 0 0

A 1 0 0 0 0 | 0 0 7 8 | 2 (15)

Cmaj7