

Jane Monheit - Waters Of March ?Águas de Março?

Tom: Bb

Intro: C

Fm C Am
Stick, a stone, it's the end of the road, it's the rest of a stump, it's a little alone

Fm C F#-/ 7 F7M
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

Fm C C7- Gbm7 Fm
The oak when it blooms, a fox in the brush, a knot in the wood, the song of a thrush

C
The wood of the wind, a cliff, a fall, a scratch, a lump, it is nothing at all

Fm C C7- Gbm7
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

Bb7 C
And the river bank talks, of the waters of March, it's the end of the strain the joy in your heart

Fm C Am
The foot, the ground, the flesh, and the bone the beat of the road, a slingshot's stone

C Fm
A fish, a flash, a silvery glow, a fight, a bet the fange of a bow

Fm C Am
The bed of the well, the end of the line, the dismay in the face, it's a loss, it's a find

Fm C Am
A spear, a spike, a point, a nail, a drip, a drop, the end of the tale

Fm C Am
A truckload of bricks in the soft morning light, the sound of a shot in the dead of the night

Fm C C7- Gbm7

A mile, a must, a thrust, a bump, it's a girl, it's a rhyme, it's a cold, it's the mumps

C C7- Gbm7
The plan of the house, the body in bed, and the car that got stuck, it's the mud, it's the mud

Fm C Am
A float, a drift, a flight, a wing, a hawk, a quail, the promise of spring

Fm C C7- Gbm7
And the river bank talks of the waters of March, it's the promise of life, it's the joy in your heart

Interlude: Gb Eb C Am Fm C Gb7 F7M Fm C C Am Fm C
C C7- Gbm7

Fm C
A snake, a stick, it is John, it is Joe, it's a thorn in your hand and a cut in your toe

C C7- Gbm7 Fm
A point, a grain, a bee, a bite, a blink, a buzzard, a sudden stroke of night

C Am Fm
A pin, a needle, a sting, a pain, a snail, a riddle, a wasp, a stain

Fm C C7- Gbm7
A pass in the mountains, a horse and a mule, in the distance, the shelves rode three shadows of blue

Fm C C7- Gbm7
And the river talks of the waters of March it's the promise of life in your heart

Fm C Am
A stick, a stone, the end of the road the rest of a stump, a lonesome road

C Am Fm
A silver of glass, a life, the sun a knife, a death, the end of the run

Gb7 F7M
And the river bank talks of the waters of March it's the end of all strain, it's the joy in your heart

Instrumental and voice ad libitum: (C D Fm C7M Gm7 D Fm C7M Cm7 D Db C) Fade

Acordes

