

# 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 **F#-/ 7** **F**  
**Fm** **C**  
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 **C7-** **Gbm**  
**Fm** **C**  
The oak when it blooms, a fox in the brush, a knot in the  
wood, the song of a thrush **C** **C7-** **Gbm** **Fm**  
**C**  
The wood of the wind, a cliff, a fall, a scratch, a lump, it  
is nothing at all **C** **C7-** **Gbm**  
**Fm** **C**  
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 **Gb7** **F**  
**Bb7** **C**  
And the river bank talks, of the waters of March, it's the end  
of the strain the joy in your heart **Am**  
**Fm** **C** **Am**  
The foot, the ground, the flesh, and the bone the beat of the  
road, a slingshot's stone **C** **C7-** **Gbm** **Fm**  
**C**  
A fish, a flash, a silvery glow, a fight, a bet the fange of  
a bow **C** **Am**  
**Fm** **C**  
The bed of the well, the end of the line, the dismay in the  
face, it's a loss, it's a find **C** **Am**  
**Fm** **C**  
A spear, a spike, a point, a nail, a drip, a drop, the end of  
the tale **C** **Am**  
**Fm** **C**  
A truckload of bricks in the soft morning light, the sound of  
a shot in the dead of the night **C** **C7-** **Gbm**  
**Fm** **C**

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-** **Gbm**

**Fm** **C**  
The plan of the house, the body in bed, and the car that got  
stuck, it's the mud, it's the mud **Am**

**Fm** **C**  
A float, a drift, a flight, a wing, a hawk, a quail, the  
promise of spring **C** **C7-** **Gbm**

**Fm** **C**  
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 F Fm C C Am Fm C**  
**C** **C7-** **Gbm** **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-** **Gbm** **Fm**

**C**  
A point, a grain, a bee, a bite, a blink, a buzzard, a sudden  
stroke of night **C** **Am** **Fm**

**C**  
A pin, a needle, a sting, a pain, a snail, a riddle, a wasp, a  
stain **C** **C7-** **Gbm**

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

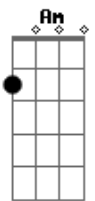
**Fm** **C**  
And the river talks of the waters of March it's the promise of  
life in your heart **Am**

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

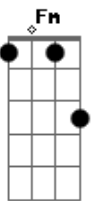
**C**  
A silver of glass, a life, the sun a knife, a death, the end  
of the run **Gb7** **F**

**Bb7** **C**  
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 C Gm D Fm C Cm D**  
**Db C**) Fade

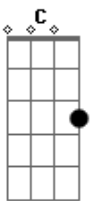
## Acordes



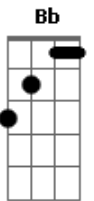
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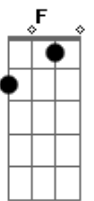
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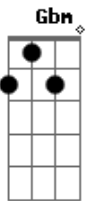
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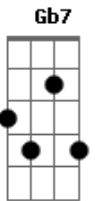
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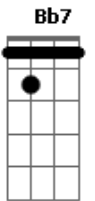
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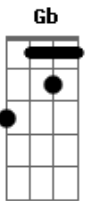
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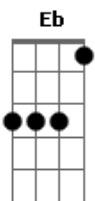
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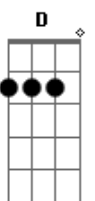
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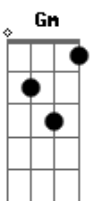
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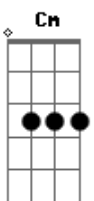
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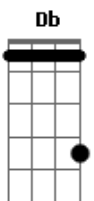
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