RIPPLE

G C

If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine,

C G

and my tunes were played on the harp unstrung,

G C

would you hear my voice come thru the music,

G D C G

would you hold it near as it were your own?

It's a hand-me-down,

the thoughts are broken,

perhaps they're better left unsung.

I don't know, don't really care,

let there be songs to fill the air.

**Am D**

**Ripple in still water,**

**G C**

**when there is no pebble tossed,**

**A D**

**nor wind to blow.**

Reach out your hand if your cup be empty,

if your cup is full may it be again,

let it be known there is a fountain,

that was not made by the hands of men.

There is a road, no simple highway,

Between the dawn and the dark of night,

and if you go no one may follow,

that path is for your steps alone.

**Am D**

**Ripple in still water,**

**G C**

**when there is no pebble tossed,**

**A D**

**nor wind to blow.**

You who choose, to lead must follow,

but if you fall you fall alone,

if you should stand then who's to guide you?

If I knew the way I would take you home.