

RIPPLE

Grateful
Dead

727

If my words did glow, with the gold of sunshine,
And my tunes were played, on the harp unstrung,
Would you hear my voice, come through the music,
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.

Ripple in still water, when there is no pebble tossed, nor wind to blow.



*In Loving
Memory of
Judy Plicka
1954-2017*

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.

Ripple in still water, when there is no pebble tossed, 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.

