

**water falls**

sweetwater springs

down out from the mountains

our little bird sings

while wintertimes flow

on the rocks

the words of the ancients

snow on the jemez

to the rio down below

the valley walls

they'll all one day crumble

down to dust

where high desert grass grows

and water falls

down the steep parts of the journey

and the river flows

and the river flows

the rocky trails meet

down in the valley

across the river

cuesta colorado

it's a long way

down a slow grade

sixteen hundred miles

to the gulf of mexico

some of our pillars

are bound to tumble

down to dust / along the way

high desert sky full of crows /  
on a road full of crows

and water falls

down the steep parts of the journey

and the river knows

and the river knows

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