

Ripple

Grateful Dead

[G] If my words did glow, with the gold of [C] sunshine
And my tunes, were played, on the harp, un[G] strung
Would you hear my voice, come through the [C] music?
Would you [G] hold it [D] near, [C] as it were your [G] own?

It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are [C] broken.
Perhaps, they're better, left un[G] sung.
I don't know, don't really [C] care.
[G] Let there be [D] songs, [C] to fill the [G] air

[Am] Ripple in still [D] water,
When there [G] is no pebble [C] tossed,
Nor [A] wind to [D] blow.

Reach out your [G] hand, if your cup be [C] empty.
If your cup is full, may it be [G] again.
Let it be known, there is a [C] fountain.
[G] That was not [D] made, [C] by the hands of [G] men.

There is a road, no simple [C] highway.
Between, the dawn, and the dark of [G] night.
And if you go, no one may [C] follow.
[G] That path is [D] for, [C] your steps [G] alone.

[Am] Ripple in still [D] water,
When there [G] is no pebble [C] tossed,
Nor [A] wind to [D] blow.

You who [G] choose, to lead must [C] follow.
But if you fall, you fall [G] alone.
If you should stand, then who's to [C] guide you?
[G] If I knew the [D] way, [C] I would take you [G] home.

La la la...