

Roses Stone

"Waterfall"

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Chimes sing Sunday morn
Today's the day she's sworn
To steal what she never could own
And race from this hole she calls home
Now you're at the wheel
Tell me how how does it feel
So good to have equalised
To lift up the lids of your eyes
As the miles they disappear
See land begin to clear
Free from the filth and the scum
This American satellite's won
She'll carry on through it all
She's a waterfall
She'll carry on through it all
She's a waterfall
See the steeple pine
The hills as old as time
Soon to be put to the test
To be whipped by the winds of the west
Stands on shifting sands

The scales held in her hands

The wind it just whips her and wails

And fills up her brigantine sails

She'll carry on through it all

She's a waterfall

She'll carry on through it all

She's a waterfall

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