

John Mccutcheon

"Water From Another Time"

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New mown hay on a July morn
Grandkids running through the knee-high corn
Sunburned nose and a scabbed-up knee
>From the rope at the white oak tree
Just another summer's day on Grandpa's farm
With Grandma's bucket hanging off my arm
You know, the old pump's rusty but it works fine
Primed with water from another time
Chorus: It don't take much, but you gotta have some
The old ways help the new ways come
Just leave a little extra for the next in line
They're gonna need a little water from another time
Tattered quilt on the goose down bed
"Every stitch tells a story", my Grandma said
Her mama's nightgown, her Grandpa's pants

And the dress she wore to her high school dance
Now wrapped at night in those patchwork scenes
I waltz with Grandma in my dreams
My arms, my heart, my life entwined
With water from another time
(Chorus)
Newborn cry in the morning air
The past and the future are wedded there
In this wellspring of my sons and daughters
The bone and blood of living water
And, though Grandpa's hands have gone to dust,
Like Grandma's pump; reduced to rust,
Their stories quench my soul and mind
Like water from another time

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

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--submitted by Claire Knudsen

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