

Roll to the River

I climbed the high hills to search for the sea
Took to the treetops in flight
Saw water in valleys where blueberry once grew
Watched red-tailed hawks soar out of sight

*And it's roll to the rivers that once shaped these sands
And it's roll to the river upon me
And it's fly to the waves that still pound these shores
And it's less than a mile to sea*

I watched as the houses spread over the plains
And I prayed for the sea to crash in
And the reasons they gave were so righteous and so grave
Don't they know that in the end no one can win

I roamed the great plains where the juniper grows
And I climbed the morainal north shore
And I ran out to Wasque to catch the four tides
And rose high on the bluffs to see more and more and more

They call the land theirs, I call the land ours
For those who can care to walk free
How many houses can rise, how many roads can scrape through
Before we drive into the sea

These times come by hard, there's no need to explain
One look in your eyes and I know
We've seen the hills green and we've watched the plains bare
And we've known the sands covered with snow

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