River

Composed by Lights Arranged for piano by gcr

Dolce

From The Listening





Out ac-cross cit-ies, I see buil-dings burn in-to pi-les and watch the world in won-der as moun-



tains turn in-to ti-les and trees lo-sing their leaves and our fa-ces be-com-ing ti-red. I wish



I could discover something that doesn't expire. Come and stumble me!

Take me, river!



Carry me far! Lead me, ri-ver like a mother Take me o-ver to some other unknown. Put



me in the un-der-tow. Such are the things that make a king-dom rum-ble and shat-ter; the same



dy-nam-ic that a-no-ther day would nev-ver mat-ter. It real - ly just dep-ends on who's giv-

