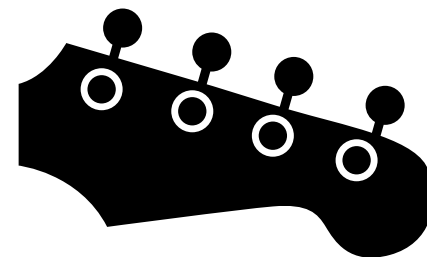


Grateful Dead

IF MY WORDS DID
GLOW WITH THE
GOLD OF SUNSHINE AND MY
TUNES WERE PLAYED ON THE
HARP UNSTRUNG WOULD YOU HEAR
COME THROUGH THE MUSIC? WOULD
NEAR AS IT WERE YOUR OWN? IT'S A
THE THOUGHTS ARE BROKEN PERHAPS THEY'RE BETTER LEFT
UNSUNG I DON'T KNOW, DON'T REALLY CARE LET THERE BE SONGS
TO FILL THE AIR RIPPLE IN STILL WATER WHEN THERE IS NO PEBBLE
TOSSED NOR WIND TO BLOW REACH OUT YOUR HAND, IF YOUR CUP BE EMPTY

MY VOICE
YOU HOLD IT
HAND ME DOWN,

RIPPLE



IF YOUR CUP IS FULL, MAY IT BE AGAIN LET IT BE KNOWN
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN THAT WAS NOT MADE BY THE HANDS
OF MEN THERE IS A ROAD, NO SIMPLE HIGHWAY BETWEEN
THE DAWN AND THE DARK OF NIGHT AND IF YOU GO, NO ONE
MAY FOLLOW THAT PATH IS FOR YOUR STEPS ALONE
RIPPLE IN STILL WATER WHEN THERE
PEBBLE TOSSED NOR WIND TO BLOW
CHOOSE TO LEAD MUST FOLLOW BUT
FALL YOU FALL ALONE IF YOU
SHOULD STAND THEN WHO'S TO
GUIDE YOU? IF I KNEW THE
WAY I WOULD TAKE
YOU HOME

IS NO
YOU WHO
IF YOU