

# Fallen Waters

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What is it about some times  
That makes the mind remember them?  
Sunlit rugs and doorbell chimes  
And patterns on a tattered hem.

What is it about some places,  
'Round about the same old bend?  
Bound to see familiar faces,  
Flashes of a childhood friend.

Off the paths I often wander  
Down the woodlands' deep ravines.  
Then the past I tend to ponder  
In the semblance of those scenes.

In the forest I am kneeling,  
By the rocky stream I sleep,  
Autumn leaves an ancient ceiling,  
Fallen waters running deep.

Why is time so unforgiven,  
When the mind can always roam  
Back along the streams we live in  
To the fountain springs of home?