LET THE RIVER RUN

By Carly Simon

Slowly

We're coming to the edge, running on the water,

Coming through the fog, your sons and daughters.

Let the river run. Let all the dreams awake the nation. Come, the new Jerusalem.

Silver cities rise; the morning lights the streets that lead them. And sirens call them on with a song. It's asking for the talking, trembling, shaking. Oh, my heart is aching. We're coming to the edge, running on the water, your sons and daughters. We, the great and small, stand on a star and blaze a trail of desire through the darkening dawn.

It's asking for the
Come run with me now; the sky is the colour of blue you've never seen in the eyes of love. My heart is ach-ing. We're coming to the edge, running on the water, your sons and daughters. Ah

Ask-ing for the tak-ing, trem-bling, shak-ing.

Oh, my heart is ach-ing. We're coming to the edge, running on the water, your sons and daughters. Let the river run. Let all the dream-ers wake the na-tion. Oh, come the new Je-ru-sa-lem. Let the river run. Let all the dream-ers wake the na-tion. Come the new Je-ru-sa-lem.