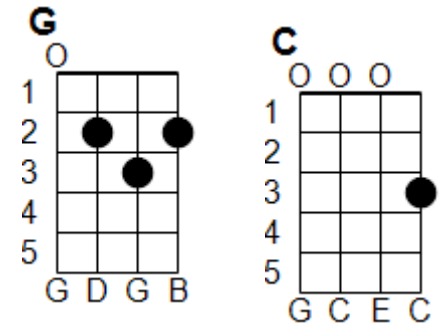


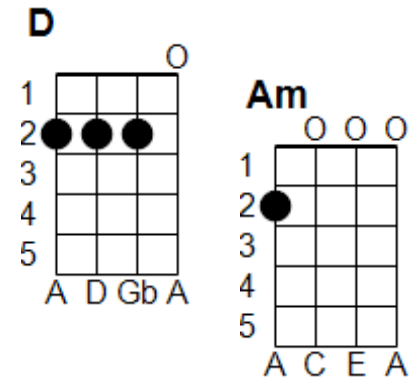
Ripple

Grateful Dead

[G] If my words did glow, with the gold of **[C]** sunshine
And my tunes, were played, on the harp, un**[G]** strung
Would you hear my voice, come through the **[C]** music?
Would you **[G]** hold it **[D]** near, **[C]** as it were your **[G]** own?



It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are **[C]** broken.
Perhaps, they're better, left un**[G]** sung. I don't know,
don't really **[C]** care. **[G]** Let there be **[D]** songs, **[C]** to fill the **[G]** air



[Am] Ripple in still **[D]** water, When there **[G]** is no pebble **[C]** tossed,
Nor **[A]** wind to **[D]** blow.

Reach out your **[G]** hand, if your cup be **[C]** empty.
If your cup is full, may it be **[G]** again. Let it be known, there is a **[C]** fountain.
[G] That was not **[D]** made, **[C]** by the hands of **[G]** men.

There is a road, no simple **[C]** highway. Between, the dawn, and the dark of **[G]** night.
And if you go, no one may **[C]** follow. **[G]** That path is **[D]** for, **[C]** your steps **[G]** alone.

[Am] Ripple in still **[D]** water, When there **[G]** is no pebble **[C]** tossed,
Nor **[A]** wind to **[D]** blow.

You who **[G]** choose, to lead must **[C]** follow. But if you fall, you fall **[G]** alone.
If you should stand, then who's to **[C]** guide you?
[G] If I knew the **[D]** way, **[C]** I would take you **[G]** home.
La la la...