

Waters of March

Bossa Nova (♩ = 126 - 146)

Antonio Carlos Jobim

(Intro) C/B^b

(solo gtr.)

A C/B^b Am6 (Time, all rhythm) (bass in 2)

A stick, a stone, it's the end of the road. It's the rest of a stump, —

Fm6/A^b C^{ma}9/G Gm7 C9

— it's a lit - tle a - lone. — It's a sliv - er of glass, — it is life, — it's the sun. —

D7/F[#] Fm6 C^{ma}9/G

— It is night, — it is death, — it's a trap, — it's a gun. — The oak when it blooms, —

Gm7 C9 D7/F[#] Fm6 C^{ma}9/G

— a fox in the brush, — the knot of the wood, — the song of a thrush, — the wood of the wind, —

Gm7 C9 D7/F[#] Fm6

— a cliff, a fall, — a scratch, a lump, — it is noth - ing at all. —

B C^{ma}9/G Gm7 C9 D7/F[#]

— It's the wind blow - ing free, — it's the end — of the slope, — it's a beam, it's a void, —

Fm6 C^{ma}9/G Gm7 C9

— it's a hunch, — it's a hope. — And the riv - er - bank talks of the wa - ters of March. —

D7/F[#] Fm6 C^{ma}9/G

— It's the end of the strain, — it's the joy — in your heart. — The foot, the

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C/B^b Am6 Fm6/A^b C^{ma}9/G

ground, the flesh and the bone, — the beat of the road, — a sling - shot stone, — a fish, a flash, —

Gm7 C9 D7/F[#] Fm6 C^{ma}9/G

— a sil - ver - y glow, — a fight, — a bet, the range of a bow, — the bed of the well, —

Gm7 C9 D7/F[#] Fm6

— the end — of the line, — the dis - may — in the face, — it's a loss, it's a find. —

C C^{ma}9/G C/B^b Am6 Fm6/A^b

— A spear, a spike, a point, a nail, a drip, a drop, the end of the tale. —

C^{ma}9/G C¹³/G D¹³/F[#]

— A truck-load of bricks in the soft — morn - ing light, — the shot of a gun —

B^b13/F C^{ma}9/G Gm7 C9

— in the dead — of the night. — A mile, — a must, — a thrust, — a bump, —

D7/F[#] Fm6 C^{ma}9/G

— it's a girl, it's a rhyme, — it's a cold, — it's the mumps. — The plan of the house, —

Gm7 C9 D/C Fm6/C

— the bod - y in bed, — and the car that got stuck, — it's the mud, — it's the mud. —

D C^{ma}9 Gm7/C C9/G D¹³/C Fm6^{6,9}(add 1¹)/C

— A float, a drift, a flight, a wing, a hawk, — a quail, the prom - ise of spring, —

C^{ma}9 Gm7 C9 D7/F[#]

— and the riv - er - bank talks of the wa - ters of March. — It's the prom - ise of life, —

