

# Seven Stones

## White Sails

I heard the old man tell his tale  
Tinker, alone within a storm  
And losing hope he clears the leaves beneath a tree  
Seven stones, lay on the ground  
Within the seventh house a friend was found  
And the changes of no consequence  
Will pick up the reins from nowhere  
Sailors, in peril on the sea  
Amongst the waves a rock looms nearer not yet seen  
The seagull flying by  
The captain turns the boat and he asks not why  
And the changes of no consequence  
Will pick up the reins from nowhere, nowhere  
Despair that tires the world

Brings the old man laughter  
The laughter of the world only grieves him, believe him  
The old man's guide is chance  
I heard the old man tell his tale  
Farmer, who knows not when to sow  
Consults the old man clutching money in his hand  
With a shrug the old man smiled  
Took the money, left the farmer wild  
And the changes of no consequence  
Will pick up the reins from nowhere, nowhere  
Despair that tires the world  
Brings the old man laughter  
The laughter of the world only grieves him, believe him  
The old man's guide is chance

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