

Pile of Stones

Bill Miller

Garbage fires, worn out tires
Dull jackknives, broken lives
Starts and stops at old pawn shops
Boys first fish, drunkards wish Thoughts of war behind a motel door
Strangers touch on a broken crutch
Old man sing under an eagles wing
Cigarette spark, stray dog bark As long as the grasses grow
And the four winds blow
I feel your prayers from home
In this pile of stones Old bike frames, the candles flame
High school dance, never had a chance
Fly off in a rage like a bird in a cage
Baptized in the water, death of my father Sun goes down on this part of town
Boxer's fist, junkie's wrist
Deserted tracks, I ain't goin' back
Buffalo bones, old grave stones As long as the grasses grow
And the four winds blow
I feel your prayers from home
In this pile of stones, stones, stones As long as the grasses grow
And the four winds blow
I feel your prayers from home
In this pile of stones
In this pile of stones
In this pile of stones

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