stones

Michael William Andersen

Barely old enough to call it love
Showing off, skipping rocks across, the water
Stones, I handed one to you
You put it in your pocket
Said you loved it
Said you'd keep it forever, stones
One by one, they mark our passage
Along this winding road we're on
With each turn we take
From the cradle to the grave
Our lives are paved with stones
A tiny velvet box, one perfect little rock
A little thing, just a ring but it says, "Marry me"
Stones, we'll build ourselves a home
Where love's a corner stone
We'll have children, they'll have children
Until they roll off on their own like stones
One by one, they mark our passage

Along this winding road we're on
With each turn we take
From the cradle to the grave
Our lives are paved with
Burning stones, stepping stones
Skipping rocks and dodging lots of
Sticks and stones and I've been on
Both sides of throwing stones
The years are like the wind
They're here and gone and then
They'll blow away, our every trace
All except our names, engraved in stones
One by one, they mark our passage
Along this winding road we're on
With each turn we take
From the cradle to the grave
Our lives are paved with stones

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