

# 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