

# Rocks Into Sand

**Bill Kirchen**

Long before fish every walked on land,  
time was turning rocks into sand.  
Rocks into stone, stone into sand,  
sand that slips through the hands of a manSo I built my castle close by the shore  
and I slept on the sands of the ocean's roar.  
Then I came to understand  
that my house was built on shifting sand.So we went to the hill and built us a town  
with beautiful views for miles around.  
When the mountain shook and tumbled down  
We knew we built on shaky ground.Before fish every walked on land,  
time was turning rocks into sand.  
Rocks into stone  
Stone into sand  
Sand that slips through the hands of a manNow the sands will shift and the earth's gonna roll.  
The rocks and the rain will collect their toll.  
And all I'll take is what I brought  
and I may not get what I sought.  
Whether I sink or I fall  
that's up to the shifting sands after allBefore fish every walked on land,  
time was turning rocks into sand.

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