

# Stones

Harold Budd

Barely old enough, to call it love,  
Showin off, skippin 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 craddle 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 loves a corner stone,  
We'll have children, they'll have children,  
until they run 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 craddle to the grave,  
Our lives are paved with. Bell stones, stepping stones,  
Skipping rocks, and dodging lots of  
Sticks and stones,  
And I've been on both sides of the road, and stones Years are like the wind,  
Their 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 craddle to the grave,  
Our lives are paved with stones.

Songwriters

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