Kick the Stones

Chris Whitley

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Everything is silent
Night upon the rocks
I'm over by the roadhouse
With them rusted engine blocksA ghost town with a gold mine
A pick axe in my head
I'm beggin', mama, please move over
Kick them stones out of my bedI met my sister Sandra
With them jewels and the cross
Eyes on my lever now
She paint with chili sauceI cannot do no business
With your candle lit in red
I'm beggin', mama, please move over
Kick them stones out of my bedKick them stones out of my bed
[Incomprehensible] them stones out of my bed
I'm beggin', mama, please move overTake you in my belly
Sure as night is black
I take you for religion
Like the skin across my backWhen I'm buried in your thighs girl
I could understand
You gotta tell me just for once now
You ain't got no other planYou ain't got no other plan
You gotta tell me just for once sister
You ain't got no other manSo meet me at the junction
I'll buy you one last 'round
Let me in on something
Before I leave this townWell, we used to have a password, girl
And now I can't recall
You gotta tell me was it love
Or some high grade alcoholSome high grade alcohol
You gotta tell me was it love
Or some high grade alcoholKick them stones out of my bed
[Incomprehensible] stones out of my bed

I'm begging, mama, please move over

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