Gather 'Round The Stone

Ben Harper

You're too young to know
That you're too young to go
There's no freedom to be found
Lying face up in the groundAshes from an unfinished life
Are all that's left
In a tear-drop-shaped locket
Hanging from his mother's chestYou whip the back of freedom
'Till it bleeds an oil stream
Then you sail down upon it
In your killing machineOld men who send children
Off to die in vain
They will hear death's constant whisper
Call remember my name

Songwriters
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