

Throwing Stones (Reprise) [Live]

Grateful Dead

Picture a bright blue ball just spinning, spinning free
Dizzy with eternity
Paint it with a skin of sky, brush in some clouds and sea
Call it home for you and me A peaceful place or so it looks from space
A closer look reveals the human race
Full of hope, full of grace is the human face
But afraid, we may lay our home to waste There's a fear down here we can't forget, hasn't got a name just yet
Always awake, always around, singing ashes, ashes all fall down
Now watch as the ball revolves and the nighttime calls
And again the hunt begins and again the bloodwind calls By and by again, the morning sun will rise
The darkness never goes from some men's eyes
Well you know it strolls the sidewalks and it rolls the streets
Stalking turf, dividing up meat Nightmare spook, piece of heat, it's you and me, you and me
Click, flashblade in ghetto night, Rudie's looking for a fight Rat cat alley roll them bones, need that cash to feed
that Jones
And the politicians throwing stones
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down Commissars and pin-striped bosses role the dice
Any way they fall guess who gets to pay the price?
Money green or proletarian gray
Selling guns instead of food today So the kids they dance, they shake their bones
While the politicians throwing stones
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down Heartless powers try to tell us what to think
If the spirit's sleeping then the flesh is ink, yea
History's page, it is thusly carved in stone
The future's here, we are it, we are on our own
On our own, on our own, on our own If the game is lost then we're all the same
No one left to place or take the blame
We will leave this place an empty stone
For that shinning ball we can call our home So the kids they dance, they shake their bones
And the politicians, throwing stones
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down Shipping powders back and forth
Singing, black goes South while white comes North
And the whole world full of petty wars
Singing I got mine and you got yours And the current fashions set the pace
Lose your step, fall out of grace
And the radical he rant and rage
Singing someone got to turn the page And the rich man in his summer home
Singing, just leave well enough alone
But his pants are down, his cover's blown

And the politicians are throwing stones
So the kids they dance and shake their bones
'Cause it's all too clear we're on our own
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down
Picture a bright blue ball just spinning, spinning free
It's dizzying, the possibilities
Ashes, ashes all fall down
Ashes, ashes all fall down
Ashes, ashes all fall down
Ashes, ashes all fall down
All fall down, all fall down
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down
All fall down, all fall down
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down
Ashes, ashes all fall down
Ashes, ashes all fall down

Songwriters

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