

Rocks From Rolling Stones

Waylon Jennings

There's a road runs clear to the sky
Calls to my spirit, calls to my heart
She's been a harbor, a port in a storm
She's got one more sundown and one more dawn
Fiddles don't make violins
Motel rooms don't make homes
You can't turn water into wine
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone
You'd be a liar if you said you'd changed

There's a river of freedom running through your veins
But she'll be there in your heart and your mind
Till the last song fades and the music dies
Fiddles don't make violins
Motel rooms don't make homes
You can't turn water into wine
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone

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