Stoney

Clem Snide

Stoney breaks his stride and breaks his heart
Stoney put the sickness in the jar
Stores it in the darkest place he knows
Sadly always keeping it in towHe sings,
Am I ever to feel that free again?
Am I ever to feel so light?
Am I ever to feel that sweet again?
Am I ever to feel alright, again?Stoney burns the leaves and hails the smoke
Stoney holds the horn commands the stroke
Parts the water with his finger tips
All the while doubtful of the tightness of his gripHe sings,
Am I ever to feel that free again?
Am I ever to feel so light?
Am I ever to feel that sweet again?
Am I ever to feel alright, again? Again.Am I ever to feel that free again?
Am I ever to feel so light?
Am I ever to feel that sweet again?
Am I ever to feel alright, again?

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