

# Stone

[Agnes Obel](#)

They say every sin will have a thousand eyes  
To guilty fools with guilty minds  
But I must be cruel to be kind  
Deep within a my head of stone  
Could I be, of stone, could I be, of stone, could I be Oh how the birds forget to sing  
Do they know where I have been?  
Oh how I will leave you there again  
Deep within my head of stone  
Could I be, of stone, could I be, of stone, could I be  
You are my only one  
You are my only one  
You are my lonely one  
You are my only one Oh for the trees did grow there, and the plants did spring  
Oh for they know a lovers sin  
Ain't made of paper or of string  
It's cast into a head of stone  
Could I be, of stone, could I be, of stone, could I be

Songwriters

AGNES CAROLINE THAARUP OBEL Published by

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