Seven Stones

Genesis

I heard the old man tell his tale
Tinker, alone within a storm
And losing hope he clears the leaves beneath a tree
Seven stones, lay on the ground
Within the seventh house a friend was found
And the changes of no consequence
Will pick up the reins from nowhere
Sailors, in peril on the sea
Amongst the waves a rock looms nearer not yet seen
The seagull flying by
The captain turns the boat and he asks not why
And the changes of no consequence
Will pick up the reins from nowhere, nowhere
Despair that tires the world

Brings the old man laughter
The laughter of the world only grieves him, believe him
The old man's guide is chance
I heard the old man tell his tale
Farmer, who knows not when to sow
Consults the old man clutching money in his hand
With a shrug the old man smiled
Took the money, left the farmer wild
And the changes of no consequence
Will pick up the reins from nowhere, nowhere
Despair that tires the world
Brings the old man laughter
The laughter of the world only grieves him, believe him
The old man's guide is chance

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