

# Kicking Stones

[Johnny Reid](#)

I remember sittin' in my old mans truck  
Watchin' him and all the other men  
Down on their luck  
Standin' around the fire  
Fightin off the cold  
Smokin', swearin', kicking stones You know hard times  
Can turn a good man bad  
Make him do things  
Out of anger, wish he never had  
Me and mama would watch  
Him roll in home  
Smokin, swearin, kickin stones Kicking stones, kicking stones  
Down a long winding road  
They were smokin, swearin, kicking stones All the dark days  
Turn into years  
And all the hard times  
They sure stole alot of tears  
But there came a time  
Where I had to move on  
From the smokin, swearin, kicking stones Kicking stones, kicking stones  
Down a long and winding road  
Brought me here  
Brought me home  
Where two boys, of my own They come running  
They come laughing  
When I start singing  
They start dancing  
We go walking  
Hand in hand  
Kicking stones. kicking stones Kicking stoness

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