

Stones

Neil Diamond

Stones would play inside her head,
And where she slept, they made her bed.
And she would ache for love and get
But stones.

La la la la la la la la la home.
Lordy child a good days comin',
And I'll be there to let the sun in,
And bein' lost is worth the comin' home.
La la la la la la la la on stones.
You and me a time for planting,
You and me a harvest granting,
The every prayer ever prayed,
We're just two wild flowers that grow.
La la la la la la la la on stones.

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