The Stone

Mundy

Thanks for the stone, I feel it in my hand
And thanks to you for trying to understand
As I feel it in my hand I'm thinking about you
Standing on the seashore and your thoughts are far away
Seeing them sail off in the sea and seeing the ship sink
Well I wonder is there any room left on board for my troubles
I guess I could blow them away in bubbles but a bubble would burst
And so would you...CHORUS
Thanks for the stone
Thanks for the stone
Thanks for the stone, I roll it 'round my knuckles
Did it sleep on the seabed with the mussells and the cockles
As I lay on my bed, I drift into a dream
Sitting on the rocks naked, drenched by the splashing sea
Then I make a paper boat out of my song, sailing it free, sailing it free
We were sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing
And then the Gods made love...CHORUS (X2)
Thanks for the stone and it I will keep
And thanks to you for swimming so deep
I can see you now sitting on the sand
With the stone alone,
Staring at the horizon, staring at the horizon
Thanks for the stone, thanks for the stone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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