

Stones

Benjah

Barely old enough to call it love
Showing off, skipping rocks across, the water
 Stones, I handed one to you
 You put it in your pocket
 Said you loved it
 Said you'd keep it forever, stones
 One by one, they mark our passage
 Along this winding road we're on
 With each turn we take
 From the cradle to the grave
 Our lives are paved with stones
 A tiny velvet box, one perfect little rock
 A little thing, just a ring but it says, "Marry me"
 Stones, we'll build ourselves a home
 Where love's a corner stone
 We'll have children, they'll have children
 Until they roll off on their own like stones
 One by one, they mark our passage

Along this winding road we're on
 With each turn we take
 From the cradle to the grave
 Our lives are paved with
 Burning stones, stepping stones
 Skipping rocks and dodging lots of
 Sticks and stones and I've been on
 Both sides of throwing stones
 The years are like the wind
 They're here and gone and then
 They'll blow away, our every trace
 All except our names, engraved in stones
 One by one, they mark our passage
 Along this winding road we're on
 With each turn we take
 From the cradle to the grave
 Our lives are paved with stones