

Chris Whitley, Kick The Stones

Everything is silent
Night upon the rocks
I'm over by the roadhouse
With them rusted engine blocks
A ghost town with a gold mine
A pick axe in my head
I'm beggin', mama, please move over
Kick them stones out of my bed
I met my sister Sandra
With them jewels and the cross
Eyes on my lever now
She paint with chili sauce
I cannot do no business
With your candle lit in red
I'm beggin', mama, please move over
Kick them stones out of my bed
Kick them stones out of my bed

When I'm buried in your thighs girl
I could understand
You gotta tell me just for once now
You ain't got no other plan
You ain't got no other plan
You gotta tell me just for once sister
You ain't got no other man
So meet me at the junction
I'll buy you one last 'round
Let me in on something
Before I leave this town
Well, we used to have a password, girl
And now I can't recall
You gotta tell me was it love
Or some high grade alcohol
Some high grade alcohol
You gotta tell me was it love
Or some high grade alcohol
Kick them stones out of my bed
[Incomprehensible] stones out of my bed
I'm begging, mama, please move over