

# 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