

Enter The Haggis, No More Stones

Thought we had a grudge against
Our friends who live beyond the fence
Victims of a circumstance or writers of our fate?
Proud enough to cast a stone
But not enough to lose our homes
Now it's done we have been shown
The things that were at stake

Should have stopped to think about it
Would have brought to light our doubts
I wish the silent ones had shouted
At us to our face
Would we even listen then?
Or could we only see the damage
When the dust had settled
And we finally saw the waste

CHORUS:

Hey, ho, the wind has blown
Won the war, now there's nothing to show
Seeds sewn, time to grow
No more stones to throw

Now it's time to reap the corn
But no one's left to grow it for
I'm knockin' on my neighbor's door
Alas, to no reply
Now I want to live in peace
But no one's here to live with me
I should have learned of harmony
Before I took a side

Situation took a hold of
Common sense and wouldn't go
Although I guess we could have known
The error of our ways
All alone at dinnertime
No one's left to drink my wine
As I propose a toast to
Every family that paid