

Faces, Stone

(Ronnie Lane)

Once I was a stone many years ago
Into a pool was thrown many years ago.
Time passed by, the pool ran dry, excavated was I.
And tempered and beat in a fiery heat,
By the hand of a man, who's name was Dan
Dan the blacksmith.

Once I was a sword, many years ago.
And my blade was broad, many years ago.
Worn with pride, into battle I'd ride at a warrior's side.
And I cut and I killed and was lost in a field,
And I soon did rust, corrode to dust,
Oh my.

Once I was a daisy, many years ago.
In pastures green and lazy, many years ago.
But I was et by a goat who fell in a moat and forgetting to float
He sunk like a lead and stayed until dead,
But was relieved to find just how kind it all was.

Once I was a grub, many years ago.
I lived in muck and mud, many years ago.
But on the very first noon I became a cocoon that resembled a prune.
When the Good Lord was done in the warmth of the sun.
I shed my skins, and dried my wings, and I flew away.

Once I was a bullfrog, had to struggle for survival.
And once I was a carp and lived in waters ornamental.
And once I was a myna bird, quoting verses from the Bible,
Said "pretty boy, pretty boy, St. Luke"

Once I was a mule, a many years ago.
But my master treat me cruel, a many years ago.
By and by I was sick, couldn't move to his kick, so he took out a stick
And hit it right 'cross my back to an almighty crack,
And to his dismay, I passed away, into the blue.

I was born a human baby, many years ago.
I was born unto a lady, many years ago.
All our hopes they were piled on the back of a child that turned out to be wild.
Sent the devil a prayer and caused the parson to swear.
So I took my leave to lie and thief my way to jail.

I've been tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor.
I've known good times and disaster.
But now I've found a teacher, and the teacher has a master,
The master is perfection, so he'll help us get there faster.
I don't need no proof, because that's the truth, and I'll drink to that.