

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, Stones In The Road

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

When we were young, we pledged allegiance every morning of our lives  
The classroom rang with children's voices under teacher's watchful eye  
We learned about the world around us at our desks and at dinnertime  
Reminded of the starving children, we cleaned our plates with guilty minds  
And the stones in the road shone like diamonds in the dust  
And then a voice called to us to make our way back home

When I was ten, my father held me on his shoulders above the crowd  
To see a train draped in mourning pass slowly through our town  
His widow kneeled with all their children at the sacred burial ground  
And the TV glowed that long hot summer with all the cities burning down

And the stones in the road flew out beneath our bicycle tires  
Worlds removed from all those fires as we raced each other home

And now we drink our coffee on the run, we climb that ladder rung by rung  
We are the daughters and the sons, and here's the line that's missing

The starving children have been replaced by souls out on the street  
We give a dollar when we pass, and hope our eyes don't meet  
We pencil in, we cancel out, we crave the corner suite  
We kiss your ass, we make you hold, we doctor the receipt

And the stones in the road fly out from beneath our wheels  
Another day, another deal, before we get back home

And the stones in the road leave a mark from whence they came  
A thousand points of light or shame, baby, I don't know