

Ty Herndon, Love At 90 Miles An Hour

Barely old enough to call it love
showin' off, skippin' rocks across the water
stones

I handed one to you
you put it in you
you put it in your pocket, said you loved
said you'd keep it forever
stones

one by one they mark our passage
along this winding road we're all on
with each turn we take
from the cradle to the grave
our path is paved with stones

a tiny velvet box
one perfect little rock
a little thing, its just a ring
but it says marry me
stones
we build our dream a home

we'll have children, they'll have children
and they'll roll of on their own
like stones

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birthstones, steppin stones, skippin rocks
and doging lots of stc