

# Waylon Jennings, Rocks From Rolling Stones

There's a road runs clear to the sky  
Calls to my spirit calls to my heart  
She's been a harbor a port in a storm  
She's got one more sundown and one more dawn

Fiddles don't make violins  
Motel rooms don't make homes  
You can't turn water into wine  
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone  
( guitar )  
You'd be a liar if you said you'd changed  
There's a river of freedom running through your veins  
But she'll be there in your heart and your mind  
Till the last song fades and the music dies

Fiddles don't make violins...  
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone