

American Juniors, Stoney End-Chantel Kohl

I was born from love
And my poor mother worked the mines
I was raised on the good book, Jesus
Til I read between the Lines
And I don't believe I want to see the morning

Gonna down to Stoney End
I never wanted to go down to Stoney End
Momma, let me start all over
Cradle me, momma cradle me again

I can still remember him with love light in his eyes
But the light flickered out and parted as the sun began to rise
Now I don't believe I wanna see the morning

Gonna down to Stoney End
I never wanted to go down to Stoney End
Momma, let me start all over
Cradle me, momma cradle me again
Momma cradle me again

Never mind the forecast cause the skies have lost control
For the fury and the broken thunder's
come to match my raging soul
Now I don't believe I wanna see the morning

Gonna down to Stoney End
I never wanted to go down to Stoney End
Momma, let me start all over
Cradle me, momma cradle me again