

# 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