

Bill Miller, Pile Of Stones

Garbage fires, worn out tires
Dull jackknives, broken lives
Starts and stops, at old pawn shops
Boys first fish, drunkards wish

Thoughts of war, behind a motel door
Strangers touch, on a broken crutch
Old man sing under an eagles wing
Cigarette spark, stray dog bark...
As long as the grasses grow
And the four winds blow
I feel your prayers from home
In this Pile of Stones

Old bike frames, the candles flame
High school dances, never had a chance
Fly off in a rage, like a bird in a cage
Baptized in the water, death of my father

Sun goes down, on this part of town
Boxers fist, junkies wrist
Deserted tracks, I ain't goin back
Buffalo bones, old grave stones

As long as the grasses grow,
And the four winds blow
I feel your prayers from home
In this Pile of Stones, stones, stones...