

# 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...