

John Williamson, Keeper Of The Stones

If you take me from my land
You leave me with no soul, I am like a tree
Everything I am is rooted in the soil
Or I am just a stick to burn

I see you my brother
In your desert shining
With your hand of gentle welcome
You're looking for my sense of humour
I wonder how you do it
Carryin' a heavy load

And I am proud to know you
The Keeper of the Stones
Elder of your tribe
The truth is turning slowly
I feel it in my bones
Rising on a beautiful day

I see it in your knuckles
I see it in your eyes
You have been as low as you can go
It makes me happy brother
To see how well you're travelling
You've risen from the ashes, yeah

Soon you'll be a poppy, standing on your own
They'll try to bring you down when you're tall
But you have the power given in the stones
Your victory belongs to us all