

Neil Diamond, Stones

Stones would play inside her head
And where she slept,
They made her bed
And she would ache for love
And get but stones

La la la la la la la la

Lordy, child
A good day's comin'
And I'll be there to let the sun in
And bein' lost
Is worth the comin' home

La la la la la la la la on stones

You and me, a time for planting
You and me, a harvest granting
The every prayer ever prayed
For just two wild flowers that grow

La la la la la la la la on stones
Mmmmmmm.....