

Walkabouts, Murdering Stone

Man came down from the field
A lonely horseman
Headin' back to the stable
Said he was sorry
But his cain was not able
To save us all from ourselves

Man sees the blood on every door
And hears the laughter
In the good people's hearts
Their pocket's empty
And their coats ripped apart
And the man makes a promise to the town

I wanna give you my murdering stone
Give you my murdering stone

Happy-go-lucky's back in town
Happy-go-lucky's says he's fit to be tied
Now that his hands have done
A sin worse than pride
And the man makes a promise to us all

I wanna give you my murdering stone
Give you my murdering stone

Won't you take my X2
I wanna give you my murdering stone

My hands are heavy now that all the guns are home
Take my murdering stone

And I wanna give you my murdering stone
Please take my murdering X2
Please take my murdering stone