

Throwing Stones

Grateful Dead

Picture a bright blue ball just spinning spinning free,
Dizzy with eternity
Painted with a skin of sky brush in some clouds and sea
Call it home to you and me
A peaceful place or so it looks from space.
A closer look reveals the human race
Full of hope full of grace is the human face
But afraid we may lay our home to waste
There's a fear down here we can't forget. Hasn't got a name just yet
Always awake always around, singing' ashes ashes all fall down

Now watch the ball revolves as the nighttime falls
And again the hunt begins, and again the blood wind calls
By and by again, the morning sun will rise.
But the darkness never goes from some men's eyes
It strolls the sidewalks and it rolls the streets
Staking turf dividing up meat
Nightmare spook peace of heat,
you and me, you and me
Flash switch blade in the ghetto night. Rudies looking for a fight
Ratcat alley roll them bones, need that cash to feed that jones

And the politicians throwing stones
Singing ashes ashes all fall down. Ashes ashes all fall down

Commissars and pinstripe bosses roll the dice.
Anyway they fall guess who gets to pay the price?
Money green or proletarian grey, selling guns instead of food today

So the kids they dance and shake their bones

And the politicians throwing stones
Singing ashes ashes all fall down. Ashes ashes all fall down

Heartless powers try to tell us what to think
If the spirit's sleeping then the flesh is ink
History's page will be neatly carved in stone
The future's here, we are it, we are on our own.

If the game is lost, then we're all the same.
No one left to place or take the blame
We will leave this place an empty stone
Or a shining ball of blue we can call our home
So the kids they dance and shake their bones
And the politicians throwing stones.
Singing ashes ashes all fall down. Ashes ashes all fall down

Shipping powders back and forth.
Singing black goes south and white comes north
And the whole world full of petty wars.
Singing I got mine and you got yours
While the latest fashions set the pace.
Lose your step fall out of grace
The radical he rant and rage.
Singing someone got to turn the page
And the rich man in his summer home.
Singing just leave well enough alone.

But his pants are down, his covers blown.
And the politicians throwing stones
So the kids they dance and shake their bones
Cause it's all too clear we're on our own
Singing ashes ashes all fall down, Ashes ashes all fall down

Picture a bright blue ball just spinning spinning free.
It's dizzying, the possibilities. Ashes ashes all fall down