

Lift Up Every Stone

John Hiatt

You gotta lift up every stone now, sister
Gotta lift up every stone now, sister
Gotta lift up every stone now, sister
Gotta clear this field and build that wall

He was the prince of the county to the manor born
The sheets were bloody and dirty and torn
Nobody saw nothing, not out this way
And they probably won't until the Judgment Day

There was a mighty whispering down at the church
About the son of the father of a woman who got hurt
They were looking all over for somebody to pay
And that's you and me, sister, now every day

Now the sun is bloody red
And when it's gone, somebody'll be dead
Don't you cry a tear for me
Because I did what I could just to be free, yeah
You gotta lift up every stone now, sister
'Cause one is the truth and the other's a lie
You gotta lift up every stone now, sister
Till they tear down the wall to make you cry

We gotta clear this field and build that wall
We gotta...