

Stone

Anna Nalick

When she knew they had lost each other
She came back to LA and seduced his brother
Now she's one more in the running for deciphering his tongue
Like that hieroglyphic battle by Champollion and Young

But he's a stone
He's a stone

I am cryptic as the ages
Been writing riddles since I first put ink to pages
But I know that love is music if we play with open hands
And my love won't need to read the score,
he'll see and understand

that I'm a stone
I'm a stone

And we're a stone's throw away from our own language
And if I wasn't the Victorian type I would tell him so
And vanquish any doubt
But there's something about competition
that leaves a bad taste in my mouth

But we're a stone
We're a stone's throw

He is the sun god alive from the tomb
They all get lit up when he walks into the room
But music's the real tongues
It's timeless and free
And stretches from Memphis Egypt to Memphis Tennessee

And we're a stone
We're a stone

We're a stone's throw away from our own language
And if I wasn't the Victorian type I would tell him so
And vanquish any doubt
But there's something about competition
that leaves a bad taste in my mouth

We're a stone
We're a stone's throw

Hidden in time who we are
Written in stars

When we know we have found each other
I will love you more for all your wounded lovers
But we'll leave them in a moonlit daisy garden
to their own excavations with a compass
and we'll hope they make it home

'Cause we're a stone
We're a stone

We're a stone's throw away from our own language

And if I wasn't the Victorian type I would tell you so
And vanquish any doubt
But there's something about competition
that leaves a bad taste in my mouth

We're a stone
We're a stone's throw