

# 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