

You sat as still as one at the dinner table
With nothing to say after grace
You were hard as one 'cause you had to be
Yeah, the oldest ones turn out that way

And if I had me one for every time you let me down
I'd build a wall
I guess I did
Yeah, you taught me all about which ones sink
Which ones skip

But there's throwin' ones
And rollin' ones
Gettin' us to open up was like gettin' blood from one
The steppin' kind
The steady kind
The, "Hey, I've got your back," ones you can stand behind
I'm just now findin' out now that you're gone
We were cut from the same stone

I sway like you
When I get nervous
I'm shy like you, but most folks couldn't tell
I get the same shade of red as you did when I'm angry
I'm red right now 'cause I'm mad as hell

At the throwin' ones
The rollin' ones
Gettin' us to open up was like gettin' blood from one
The steppin' kind
The steady kind
The, "Hey, I've got your back," ones you can stand behind
I'm just now findin' out now that you're gone
We were cut from the same stone

Yeah, there's a lot of things that should be written in one
But your name ain't one of 'em
So I carry one
And it's a heavy one

I'm just now findin' out now that you're gone
We were cut from the same stone
The same stone