## **Pile Of Stones**

Garbage fires, worn out tires Dull jackknives, broken lives Starts and stops, at old pawn shops Boys first fish, drunkards wish Thoughts of war, behind a motel door Strangers touch, on a broken crutch Old man sing under an eagles wing Cigarette spark, stray dog bark... As long as the grasses grow And the four winds blow I feel your prayers from home In this Pile of Stones Old bike frames, the candles flame High school dances, never had a chance Fly off in a rage, like a bird in a cage Baptized in the water, death of my father Sun goes down, on this part of town Boxers fist, junkies wrist Deserted tracks, I ain't goin back Buffalo bones, old grave stones As long as the grasses grow, And the four winds blow I feel your prayers from home In this Pile of Stones, stones, stones...

## **Bill Miller**