Touch Stone

Fucked Up

You are who I remember
Me I was just an ember
Now I'm a stone sleeping in the cinders
You are the flame dancing on the tinder

Touch the stone
Hear the sound
Warm your hands
Pass it down

Cold stones stay the same
Warm ones can still change
Nights of fire are a warning
Leaving ash for the morning

Sound is how we see the world
I was made by waves and words
Notes and chords are my mother
I can hear God hum another

Touch the stone
Hear the sound
Warm your hands
Pass it down
We're the same
In a different time
You can take it
It isn't mine

There's a new shape in the mountain
Be a river, carve a fountain
You're the source
I'm the echo
Be the new stone
When I let go

Passion from a stone
Fill it up and make it roll
Break apart and just float
To the beach where we all go

Play to give the sound a home
Hear and I'll never be alone
Hold my hand from the other side
Sing those songs and we will never die

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!