

What Rocks Will Never Know

Jim White

These rocks will never know
The joy of being consumed by anything
Worth remembering
Yeah, yeah, yeah

When in our hearts we go
Spelunking into caverns of dark reckoning
What gives us causes a scene
Yeah, yeah, yeah

About all them things that rocks could never know
All of the hate, the joy, and the sorrow, oh, oh, oh
As we kill yesterday and we crucify tomorrow
Doing all them things that rocks could never know
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Here's something you won't see
A tree obsessed with being much of anything
Trees are just happening
Yeah, yeah, yea

You never hear one scream

Protesting lumberjacks with axe glistening
Trees are not listening
No, no, no

To all them things that rocks could never know
All of the hate, the joy, and the sorrow, oh, oh, oh
As we kill yesterday and we crucify tomorrow
Doing all them things that rocks could never know
Yeah, yeah, yeah

So, soap of the soul, sow all the seeds that rocks could never know
Just to know, know all the things that rocks could never sow
Rocks the soul, know all the seeds that rocks could never know

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