

Kicking Stones

Johnny Reid

I remember sitting in my old man's truck
Watching him and all the other men down on their luck
Standing around a fire fighting off the cold.
Smoking. Swearing. Kicking stones
You know hard times turn a good man bad.
Make him do things out of anger.
Wish he'd never had.
Me and mama would watch him roll in home.
Smoking. Swearing. Kicking stones.
Smoking. Swearing. Kicking stones.
Smoking. Swearing. Kicking stones.
All the dark days turn into years.
Down a long winding road.
They were smoking, swearing, kicking stones
All the dark days turn into years.
And all the hard times they sure stole a lot of tears
But there came a time when I had to move on
from the smoking, swearing, kicking stones.
Kicking stones. Kicking stones.
Down a long and winding road brought me here
Brought me home.
Where two boys of my own
They come running
They come laughing.
When I start singing they start dancing.
We go walking hand in hand.
Kicking stones
Kicking stones
Kicking stones.