

Cutting Stone

The Decemberists

Dreamed I had a cutting stone
Dreamed I held it all my own
It cut through wire, wood, and bone
I'll cut you down, my cutting stone

Cutting stone oh fear me none
Whether wild or whether won
Though I travel far from home
I'll always have my cutting stone

Wandering, I chanced upon
A wayward child lost anon
And when he laid across my chest
My cutting stone it did the rest

Cutting stone oh fear me none
Whether wild or whether won
Though I travel far from home
I'll always have my cutting stone

In a valley green and wide
A suitor wept for a dying bride
And when he turned his eyes on me
A cutting stone did set him free

Cutting stone oh fear me none
Whether wild or whether won
Though I travel far from home
I'll always have my cutting stone

Cutting stone oh fear me none
Whether wild or whether won
Though I travel far from home
I'll always have my cutting stone

There upon a mountaintop
I looked down on to what I'd wrought
And when I saw my labors through
I cut my cutting stone in two

Cutting stone oh fear me none
Whether wild or whether won
Though I travel far from home
I'll always have my cutting stone
I'll always have my cutting stone
I'll cut you down, my cutting stone