

Stony acres

A sower came along, sowing his seed
Could it be grain? Would it be a weed?
Then came all the blues and those trouble makers
Down in stony acres
Nothing has a meaning. Nothing is profound
Everything is empty as you look around
Disposable illusions with incinerators down in stony acres

*Stony acres, stony acres - plenty of nothing, plenty of fakers
It could make you weep. Ground was never deep
Down in stony acres*

Gravel on the road, hard as a rock
What's the point of a battleship tied up in a dock?
You get wasted in the shallows with those passion takers
Down in stony acres

*Stony acres, stony acres
Thought I was living it up with the movers and the shakers
Trying to be cool, I was just a fool down in stony acres*

I was taking my time when, mystery divine
I saw my true condition as I withered on the vine
I was only wasting money on the butchers and the bakers
Down in stony acres

*Stony acres, stony acre
All I ever got was a heartbreaker
I didn't have a root so there wasn't any fruit
Down in stony acres
Stony acres, stony acres
Time came to join all the other forsakers
My roots are in the ground. Now look at what I found
Away from stony acres
I used to just survive then I came alive far from stony acres*