

Waylon Jennings "Rocks From Rolling Stones"

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There's a road runs clear to the sky
Calls to my spirit, calls to my heart
She's been a harbor, a port in a storm
She's got one more sundown and one more dawn

Fiddles don't make violins
Motel rooms don't make homes
You can't turn water into wine
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone

You'd be a liar if you said you'd changed
There's a river of freedom running through your veins
But she'll be there in your heart and your mind
Till the last song fades and the music dies

Fiddles don't make violins
Motel rooms don't make homes
You can't turn water into wine
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone

You can't make a rock from a rolling stone

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