

Barbra Streisand

"Stoney End"

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I was born from love
And my poor mother worked the mines
I was raised on the Good Book Jesus
Till I read between the lines
Now I don't believe
I want to see the morning
Going down the stoney end
I never wanted to go
Down the stoney end
Mama let me start all over
Cradle me, Mama, cradle me again
I can still remember him
With love light in his eyes
But the light flickered out and parted
As the sun began to rise
Now I don't believe
I want to see the morning
Going down the stoney end
I never wanted to go
Down the stoney end
Mama let me start all over
Cradle me, mama, cradle me again
(Cradle me, mama, cradle me again
Mama, cradle me again...)
Never mind the forecast
'Cause the sky has lost control
'Cause the fury and the broken thunders
Come to match my raging soul
Now I don't believe
I want to see the morning
Going down the stoney end
I never wanted to go
Down the stoney end
Mama let me start all over
Cradle me, mama, cradle me again
Going down the stoney end...

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