

Bill Kirchen

"Rocks Into Sand"

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Long before fish every walked on land,
time was turning rocks into sand.
Rocks into stone, stone into sand,
sand that slips through the hands of a man

So I built my castle close by the shore
and I slept on the sands of the ocean's roar.
Then I came to understand
that my house was built on shifting sand.

So we went to the hill and built us a town
with beautiful views for miles around.
When the mountain shook and tumbled down
We knew we built on shaky ground.

Before fish every walked on land,
time was turning rocks into sand.
Rocks into stone
Stone into sand
Sand that slips through the hands of a man

Now the sands will shift and the earth's gonna roll.
The rocks and the rain will collect their toll.
And all I'll take is what I brought
and I may not get what I sought.
Whether I sink or I fall
that's up to the shifting sands after all

Before fish every walked on land,
time was turning rocks into sand.

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