

## Grateful Dead "Throwing Stones"

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Picture a bright blue ball just spinning, spinning free  
Dizzy with eternity  
Paint it with a skin of sky, brush in some clouds and sea  
Call it home for you and me

A peaceful place or so it looks from space  
A closer look reveals the human race  
Full of hope, full of grace is the human face  
But afraid, we may lay our home to waste

There's a fear down here we can't forget, hasn't got a  
name just yet  
Always awake, always around, singing ashes, ashes all  
fall down  
Now watch as the ball revolves and the nighttime calls  
And again the hunt begins and again the bloodwind  
calls

By and by again, the morning sun will rise  
The darkness never goes from some men's eyes  
Well you know it strolls the sidewalks and it rolls the  
streets  
Stalking turf, dividing up meat

Nightmare spook, piece of heat, it's you and me, you  
and me  
Click, flashblade in ghetto night, Rudie's looking for a  
fight

Rat cat alley roll them bones, need that cash to feed  
that Jones  
And the politicians throwing stones  
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down

Commissars and pin-striped bosses role the dice  
Any way they fall guess who gets to pay the price?  
Money green or proletarian gray  
Selling guns instead of food today

So the kids they dance, they shake their bones  
While the politicians throwing stones  
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down

Heartless powers try to tell us what to think  
If the spirit's sleeping then the flesh is ink, yea  
History's page, it is thusly carved in stone  
The future's here, we are it, we are on our own  
On our own, on our own, on our own

If the game is lost then we're all the same  
No one left to place or take the blame  
We will leave this place an empty stone  
For that shinning ball we can call our home

So the kids they dance, they shake their bones  
And the politicians, throwing stones  
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down

Shipping powders back and forth  
Singing, black goes South while white comes North  
And the whole world full of petty wars  
Singing I got mine and you got yours

And the current fashions set the pace  
Lose your step, fall out of grace  
And the radical he rant and rage  
Singing someone got to turn the page

And the rich man in his summer home  
Singing, just leave well enough alone  
But his pants are down, his cover's blown  
And the politicians are throwing stones

So the kids they dance and shake their bones  
'Cause its all too clear we're on our own  
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down  
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down

Picture a bright blue ball just spinning, spinning free  
It's dizzying, the possibilities  
Ashes, ashes all fall down  
Ashes, ashes all fall down  
Ashes, ashes all fall down  
Ashes, ashes all fall down

All fall down, all fall down  
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down  
All fall down, all fall down  
Singing ashes, ashes all fall down  
Ashes, ashes all fall down  
Ashes, ashes all fall down

