

Harry Loco "Gathering Stones"

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Long ago people who lived
They gather them stones
They believed in our mother earth
And the gods below

In their dark age they loved the sun
And they cried to the moon
They lived their life in a primitive way
When hunting was not for fun

Nowadays we don't hunt any more
We've got colour TV
But some people gather them stones, again
While I cry to the moon

What is wisdom nowadays?
Or is it a state of mind
The attraction of these stones
Is it me that I find

Nowadays we don't hunt any more
We've got colour TV

But some people gather them stones, again
While I cry to the moon

Well if you've got time to spend
Lay your hands on the stones
Some of their magic will flow into your mind
And you'll never be the same!

Nowadays we don't hunt any more
We've got colour TV
But some people gather them stones, again
While I cry to the moon

They where gathering stones
Took them out from everywhere
They gather them stones,
Build a home for the dead to rest, so they don't lest
To make a new start in another land we can't
understand

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