

## **Camper Van Beethoven "Form Another Stone"**

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...tied to the wind, she tries to whisper damage to my  
sense, but I resist  
I am lashed to the Earth, I hear the sounds of her  
footsteps going around,  
She swells and recedes  
Grasping the summer soon she thinks she's holding on  
when she's not  
Hear the sounds of the sun's set going down, it dies  
with a whisper  
And I cry into the sea but the echoes of my tears follow  
me, fall down in to winter  
I look for my strength on the inside, I know it's there,  
but to find it

Takes it out, it knocks me down, I cry for a whisper  
I am tied to sun burns my back and the heat seeps my  
bones, I cry to harden  
From another stone to melt away, this one might take  
years (but that's alright)  
Until I turn around to hear the sound of the horses'  
thundering around in my head  
I'm wondering aloud...  
Think another thought while the wheels turn around  
over me rubbing me into the  
background...

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