

Johnny Reid "Kicking Stones"

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I remember, sitting in my old man's truck,
Watching him and all the other men,
Down on their luck.
Standing around the fire,
Fighting off the cold.
Smokin' swearin' kickin' stones.

You know hard times,
Can turn a good man bad.
Make him do things,
Out of anger, he wish he'd never had.
And me and momma,
We'd watch him rollin' home.
Smokin', swearin' kickin' stones.

(Chorus)
Kickin'stones, kickin'stones
Down a long windin' road.
They were smokin' swearin' kickin' stones.

(Solo of music)
All the dark days,
Turned into years.
And all the hard times,
They sure stoled a lot of tears
But there came a time,
When I had to move on.
From the smoki', swearin, kickin' stones

(Chorus 2)
Kickin'stones, kickin'stones
Down a long windin' road.
Brought me here, brought me home
With 2 boys, of my own
They come runnin',
They come laughin',
When I start singin'
They start dancin'
We go walkin'
Hand in hand,
Kickin' stones

(2 more times)

Kickin' stones

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