

Chuck Prophet

"Hearts Of Stone"

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How do you get right
With one eye closed so tight
Slipping backwards, falling prey to plastic eyes?
So hard to walk straight
For the style has made you sway
And every cavalry on every strip that bears your name.
Open your eyes, you are standing empty and cold.
Open your mouth if you voice can never be sold.

Burn the bridge down.
Take the long road into town.
Where all the bastards and all the witches mark their
ground.
Open your eyes, you are standing empty and cold.
Open your mouth if you voice can never be sold.

I only know that hearts made of stone
Will rarely sail far and may never reach home.
So is a cost to live dead and lost
Searching the stars to find which is ours.

Well in the corners where all the lost souls have been
found
Lies a purpose before yourself dead in the ground.

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