

## **Paul Tiernan**

### **"Stones"**

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I'm out of my head by the living room wall  
You're down in the kitchen, trying to fall...  
How many days have gone  
In this particular way  
To the sound of the piano  
Playing out in the hall... way  
I'm out of my head where the wallpaper's warm  
You're out in the rain  
Falling... down  
Sticks and stones built our home  
But words will never hurt us  
So send me down another drink  
Let's make a toast to love  
I'm back in my head and the future smells fine  
These are good times it's said  
Just a matter of time  
To move into the sun with my hat on my head  
I might fall into love  
Like I fell out of it  
Sticks and stones built our home  
But words will never hurt us  
So send me down another drink  
Let's make a toast to love  
I'm out of my head

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