

Richie Furay

"Still Rolling Stones"

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Sure tested, sure tried
Makin' my way stuffed full of pride, un-huh
But who'll contest it and who'll deny
Even the fool himself's gonna die
Un-huh if I step on your toes
Well God only knows I'm polite
but I can't sing this song
And half way belong and feel right

Read the papers enough till you find
The devil's a liar, the worst of his kind
So subtle always diguised
And never the one in the end with the prize
At first it's alright
But then it's your life in a sigh
While you're still rolling stones
I'm going home, good-bye

The truth shakes him, his lies break him
And' oh darling, he's no one that should
Be mistaken, he's forsaken
and how he's wishing that everyone would be.

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