

Willie Nelson

"Rocks From Rolling Stones"

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There's a road runs clear to the sky,
That calls to my spirit, calls to my heart.
She's been a harbour, a port in a storm:
She's got one more sundown, and one more dawn.

Fiddles don't make violins.
Motel rooms don't make homes.
You can't turn water into wine.
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone.

You'd be a liar if you said you'd changed.
There's a river of freedom runnin' through your veins.
But she'll be there in your heart and your mind,
'Til the last song fades, and the music dies.

Fiddles don't make violins.
Motel rooms don't make homes.
You can't turn water into wine.
You can't make a rock from a rolling stone.

You can't make a rock from a rolling stone.

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