

Angus Stone

"Studying Stones"

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I am out here studying stones
Trying to learn to be less alive
Using all of my will
To keep very still
Still even on the inside
I've cut all of the pertinent wires
So my eyes can't make that connection
I am holding my breath
I am feigning my death
When I'm looking in your direction

'Course numb is an old hat
Old as my oldest memories
See that one's my mother
And that one's my father
And that one in the hat, that's me
It's a skill I'd hoped to abandon
When I got out on the open road
But any more pent up emotion
And I think I'm gonna explode

There's never been an endeavor so strange
As trying to slow the blood in my veins
To keep my face blank
As a stone that just sank
Until not a ripple remains
I am high above the tree line
Sitting cross legged on the ground
When all of the forbidden fruit has fallen and rotted
That's when I'm gonna come down

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Old as my oldest memories
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And that one in the hat, that's me
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