

## 12 Stones

### "Making Pies"

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It's not far  
I can walk  
Down the block  
To TableTalk  
Close my eyes  
Make the pies all day

I stick a cap  
On my hair  
I used to mind  
Now I don't care  
I used to mind  
Now I don't care  
Cause I'm great

Did I show you this picture of my nephew  
Taken at his big birthday surprise  
At my sister's house last Sunday  
This is Monday and we're making pies  
I'm making pies  
Making pies  
Pies

Thursday nights  
I go and type  
Down at the church  
With Father Mike  
It gets me out  
And he ain't hard to like  
At all

Jesus stares at me  
In my chair  
With his big blue eyes  
And his honey brown hair  
And he's looking at me  
Way up there  
On the wall

Did I show you this picture of my sweetheart  
Taken of us before the war

Of the Greek and his Italian girl  
One Sunday at the shore

We tied our ribbons to the fire escape  
They were taken by the birds  
Who flew home to the country  
As the bombs rained on the world

5am  
Here I am  
Walking the block  
To TableTalk  
You could cry or die  
Or just make pies all day  
I'm making pies  
Making pies  
Making pies  
Making p

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