

The Incredible String Band

"The iron stone"

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The Iron Stone

A long wind a weaving mind
Over all the land the wild flowers grow,
Echoing kind to kind
On that day when I found the iron stone
Heavy in my hand in the sloping rain
Ever the seas rolled on and o'er my heart
They roofed their slates of grey

The iron stone I found it on that day

The iron stone I brought it home
Heavy in my hand I brought it home
Black as the thoughts of doom
A man told me it came from the moon
Flying through time it flew
Upon the long beach where I found it
Dancing horses told their tale
Among the stones it called me
There my hand it knew
Seeing in the thickness of the thick black sight
Forests and centaurs and gods of the night
Never that sun shone on
Where high Atlantis raised her shores
How sang the dragons of the sea

Love paints the carts with suns for wheels
The jester's bauble, cap and bells
The brave, perhaps, Mustachio
Sir Primalform Magnifico
The dragon me with golden toes
And golden fire my flaming nose
And memories, memories

My cave was bright with sulky gems
That paled the stars like diadems
Silver lost and buried gold
Such was my home in days of old.

