

## Stewart Rod

### "Stone"

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(Ronnie Lane)

Well once I was a stone and many years ago  
into a pool I was thrown, a many years ago.  
Time passed by, the pool ran dry, escaped was I.  
And tempered the beat came a fiery heat,  
by the aim of a man, who's name was Dann, Dann the  
blacksmith.

Well once I was a sword, a many years ago.  
And my blade was broad, a many years ago.  
Worn my pride, in a battle I'd ride at a warrior side.  
And I cut and I killed and was lost in the field,  
and soon did rust, and corrode to dust, oh my.

Well and once I was a daisy, a many years ago.  
In pastures green and lazy, a many years ago.  
But I was hit by goat who fell in the moat, and  
forgetting to float  
he sunk like a lead and stayed until dead,  
but was relieved to find, oh Lord, just how kind it all  
was.

Well and once I was a grub, a many years ago.  
And I lived in blood red mud, a many years ago.  
But on the very first noon I became a cocoon that  
resembled a prune.  
When the good work was done in the warmth of the  
sun.  
I shed my skins, and dried my wings, and I flew away.

Well and once I was a bullfrog, had to struggle for  
survival.  
And once I was a carp and lived in waters on the  
mantle.  
And once I was a man of earth, quoting verses from  
the Bible,  
said I played them all, I played them all, St. Luke.

Well and once I was a mule, a many years ago.  
But my master he treat me cruel, a many years ago.  
By and by I was sick, couldn't move to his kick, so he

took out a stick  
and hit it right 'cross my back with an almighty crack,  
and to his dismay, I passed away, into the blue.

Then I was born a human baby, a many years ago.  
Well I remember I was born unto a lady, a many years ago.

All our hopes they were found on the back of a child  
that turned out to be wild.  
Sent the devil a prayer and caused the pope to swear.  
So I took my leave, to lie and plead, on my way to jail.

Well I've been a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor.  
I've known good times and disaster.  
Oh but now I've found a teacher, and the teacher has a  
master,  
and the master is perfection, so he helps us get there  
faster.  
Oh it don't need no proof, because that's the truth, and  
I'll drink to that.

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