

Stone

Roger McGuinn

The Lord he loves a rolling stone
He leads around all the danger zones
And helps get on to where he's going
He don't ask for very much

A dream or two will always do
In a crises he makes sacrifices
The man who wears the freedom walk
He lets his eyes do all the talk

And conversation is his prize possession
On the road the open road he stops to flag a diesel
A pre war mack offered him a ride
And stone climbed into the cabin

That old bucket of bolts sure was a gas
She moaned and groaned like
An old truck do in south bend Indiana
Stone got out at the crossroads

Said his last goodbye
Started walking down a new road