

Stone On Stone
Gordon Bok

[Intro]

Bm F#7 Bm

[Verse]

Now that autumn is returning and the garden fires are burning
Em Bm Em
And the summer beasts are learning how to cope with shorter days
Bm F#7 Bm F#7
There I labour all alone, piling stone upon the stone
Em F#7 Bm Em
Feeling just a touch of sadness as the summer slips away
D A D F#7
As I roll the stone upon the stone
Bm F#7 Bm

[Verse]

Working in the frosty weather when the stones are stuck together
Em Bm Em
Lifting divots, soil and heather as I prise them from the ground
Bm F#7 Bm F#7
Not a lot of work gets done, till the weak and wintry sun
Em F#7 Bm Em
Loosens up their icy grip and I can lay me hammer down
D A D F#7
As I roll the stone upon the stone
Bm F#7 Bm

[Verse]

The barometer is falling and the forecast is appalling
Em Bm Em
And the working folk are crawling through the January storm
Bm F#7 Bm F#7
Gales 8 to 10 all day, all but blow the stones away
Em F#7 Bm Em
And my brain has turned to porridge by the time I head for home
D A D F#7
As I roll the stone upon the stone
Bm F#7 Bm

[Verse]

Now the winter gales are ending and the days are soon extending
Em Bm Em
And an early lark ascending, has me looking round for spring
Bm F#7 Bm F#7
Stones taken from the land are warm under the hand
Em F#7 Bm Em
D A D F#7

And my cup is running over with the pleasure of the thing

Bm **F#7** **Bm**

As I roll the stone upon the stone

[Verse]

Em **Bm** **Em**

Soon the wall is moving over belts of willow, herb and clover

Bm **F#7** **Bm** **F#7**

And the weasel and the plover watch me slowly pass them by

Em **F#7** **Bm** **Em**

And the air is full of wings, as a million stinging things

D **A** **D** **F#7**

Set me longing for November in the middle of July

Bm **F#7** **Bm**

As I roll the stone upon the stone