

# Rod Stewart, Stone

(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.