

# PEGGY LIPTON, STONEY END

i was born from love and my poor mother worked the mines  
I was raised on the good book Jesus  
till I reach between the lines

now I don't believe I wanna see the morning  
going down the stoney end  
I never wanted to go down the stoney end

mam, let me start over  
cradle me, mama, cradle me again  
I can still remember him with love light in his eyes  
but the light flicked out and parted  
as the sun began to rise

now I don't believe I wanna see the morning  
going down the stoney end  
I never wanted to go down the stoney end

mam, let me start over  
cradle me, mama, cradle me again  
never mind the forecast  
cause sky has lost control  
cause the fury and broken thunder's  
come to