

**Stone (John Baker ©)**

I spent the night in the doghouse  
You know these things sometimes go  
One day you're king of the castle  
The next day your stretched out inn search of a bone

I know that the windows need cleaning  
Some things that we said still remain  
Our words brought their own special weather  
They hang in the air to be scattered like rain

**chorus**

When that stone hits the water  
When your words meet the air  
Will that yarn that you're spinning  
Be a garment of truth or deception you wear

Words can be shipwrecked in anger  
Boats can get caught in a storm  
Intentions can sometimes take water  
Get flooded with meanings that weren't there before

**Chorus**