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