

# Gather 'Round the Stone

Ben Harper

You're too young to know  
That you're too young to go  
There's no freedom to be found  
Lying face up in the ground

Ashes from an unfinished life  
Are all that's left  
In a tear-drop-shaped locket  
Hanging from his mother's chest

You whip the back of freedom  
'till it bleeds an oil stream  
Then you sail down upon it  
In your killing machine

Old men who send children  
Off to die in vain  
They will hear death's constant whisper  
Call remember my name

Gather 'round the stone