

Whether it starts with an earthquake  
or the tears of a few grieving women  
I don't know

On the road to gathering  
looking for someone to roll away the stone  
he stands alone in her room  
as the commotion slowly decays  
I don't know  
she's on her way to somewhere new  
looking for someone to roll away the stone

It's these idle tales that we need to keep us moving  
these tales keep us going  
it's these idle tales that we need to tell our children  
these tales are for our children

She stands upon an empty stage with a song she was born to sing  
she's on the road again

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