

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