

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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