

The Wonderful Soup Stone

Dr. Hook

I swear you could taste the chicken and tomatoes
And the noodles and the marrowbone
But it really wasn't nothing but some water and potatoes
And the wonderful, wonderful soupstone

Hanging from a string in my mama's kitchen, back in the hard time days
Was a little ol' stone 'bout the size of an apple, it was smooth and worn and grey
There wasn't much food in my mama's kitchen, so whenever things got tight
Mama boiled up some water, put in the stone and said "Let's have some soup tonight"

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And the noodles and the marrowbone
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It had been in the family for a whole lotta years, so we knew it was a nourishing thing
And I remember mama, as she stirred it in the water, and we could all hear her sing
"It's a magical stone and as long as we got it, we'll never have a hungry night
Just add a little love to the wonderful soupstone and everything will be alright"

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So it carried us all through the darkening days, 'til finally the sunshine came
And the soupstone started into gathering dust, but it hung there just the same
And ever since then the food's been plenty, but every now and then I find
That mama in the kitchen with the wonderful soupstone, drifts across my mind

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