

Stone-cutters made them from stones  
Chosen specially for you and I  
Who will live inside  
The mountaineers gathered timber piled high  
In which to take along  
Travelling many miles knowing they'd get here

When they got here all exhausted  
On the roof leaks they got started  
And now when the rain comes we can be thankful

When the mountaineers saw that everything fit  
They were glad and so they took off

Thought we were due for a change  
Or two around this place  
When they got back they're all mixed up  
With no one to stay with

The village used to be all one really needs  
Now it's filled with hundreds and hundreds of chemicals  
That mostly surround you, you wish to flee  
But it's not like you so listen to me listen to me

Oh and when the morning comes  
We will step outside  
We will not find another man in sight  
We like the newness the newness of all  
That has grown in our garden  
Struggling for so long

Whenever I was a child  
I wonder what if my name had changed  
Into something more productive  
Like Roscoe been born in 1891  
Waiting with my aunt Roslein

Thought we were due for a change  
Or two around this place  
When they got back they're all mixed up  
With no one to stay with