

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