

# Throwing Stones

Grateful Dead

Picture a bright blue ball just spinning spinning free,  
Dizzy with eternity  
Painted with a skin of sky brush in some clouds and sea  
Call it home to you and me  
A peaceful place or so it looks from space.  
A closer look reveals the human race  
Full of hope full of grace is the human face  
But afraid we may lay our home to waste  
There's a fear down here we can't forget. Hasn't got a name just yet  
Always awake always around, singing' ashes ashes all fall down

Now watch the ball revolves as the nighttime falls  
And again the hunt begins, and again the blood wind calls  
By and by again, the morning sun will rise.  
But the darkness never goes from some men's eyes  
It strolls the sidewalks and it rolls the streets  
Staking turf dividing up meat  
Nightmare spook peace of heat,  
you and me, you and me  
Flash switch blade in the ghetto night. Rudies looking for a fight  
Ratcat alley roll them bones, need that cash to feed that jones

And the politicians throwing stones  
Singing ashes ashes all fall down. Ashes ashes all fall down

Commissars and pinstripe bosses roll the dice.  
Anyway they fall guess who gets to pay the price?  
Money green or proletarian grey, selling guns instead of food today

So the kids they dance and shake their bones

And the politicians throwing stones  
Singing ashes ashes all fall down. Ashes ashes all fall down

Heartless powers try to tell us what to think  
If the spirit's sleeping then the flesh is ink  
History's page will be neatly carved in stone  
The future's here, we are it, we are on our own.

If the game is lost, then we're all the same.  
No one left to place or take the blame  
We will leave this place an empty stone  
Or a shining ball of blue we can call our home  
So the kids they dance and shake their bones  
And the politicians throwing stones.  
Singing ashes ashes all fall down. Ashes ashes all fall down

Shipping powders back and forth.  
Singing black goes south and white comes north  
And the whole world full of petty wars.  
Singing I got mine and you got yours  
While the latest fashions set the pace.  
Lose your step fall out of grace  
The radical he rant and rage.  
Singing someone got to turn the page  
And the rich man in his summer home.  
Singing just leave well enough alone.

But his pants are down, his covers blown.  
And the politicians throwing stones  
So the kids they dance and shake their bones  
Cause it's all too clear we're on our own  
Singing ashes ashes all fall down, Ashes ashes all fall down

Picture a bright blue ball just spinning spinning free.  
It's dizzying, the possibilities. Ashes ashes all fall down ....