

Stone Wall, Stone Fence

Gregory and the Hawk

Big open land,
You hold the weight of the air in your hands
Big open air,
You feel the tickle of the trees on your chest
Why'd you go and waste it
The things that you know
Are making you a stone wall, stone fence
Your stories so old you just tend to keep them

Long winding road,
You've got a secret but you won't share it