

## What Rocks Will Never Know

Jim White

These rocks will never know  
The joy of being consumed by anything  
Worth remembering  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

When in our hearts we go  
Spelunking into caverns of dark reckoning  
What gives us causes a scene  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

About all them things that rocks could never know  
All of the hate, the joy, and the sorrow, oh, oh, oh  
As we kill yesterday and we crucify tomorrow  
Doing all them things that rocks could never know  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Here's something you won't see  
A tree obsessed with being much of anything  
Trees are just happening  
Yeah, yeah, yea

You never hear one scream

Protesting lumberjacks with axe glistening  
Trees are not listening  
No, no, no

To all them things that rocks could never know  
All of the hate, the joy, and the sorrow, oh, oh, oh  
As we kill yesterday and we crucify tomorrow  
Doing all them things that rocks could never know  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

So, soap of the soul, sow all the seeds that rocks could never  
know  
Just to know, know all the things that rocks could never sow  
Rocks the soul, know all the seeds that rocks could never know

Rocks could never know  
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