

# Lift Up Every Stone

John Hiatt

You gotta lift up every stone now, sister  
Gotta lift up every stone now, sister  
Gotta lift up every stone now, sister  
Gotta clear this field and build that wall

He was the prince of the county to the manor born  
The sheets were bloody and dirty and torn  
Nobody saw nothing, not out this way  
And they probably won't until the Judgment Day

There was a mighty whispering down at the church  
About the son of the father of a woman who got hurt  
They were looking all over for somebody to pay  
And that's you and me, sister, now every day

Now the sun is bloody red  
And when it's gone, somebody'll be dead  
Don't you cry a tear for me  
Because I did what I could just to be free, yeah  
You gotta lift up every stone now, sister  
'Cause one is the truth and the other's a lie  
You gotta lift up every stone now, sister  
Till they tear down the wall to make you cry

We gotta clear this field and build that wall  
We gotta...