

# Keeper Of The Stones

John Williamson

If you take me from my land  
You leave me with no soul, I am like a tree  
Everything I am is rooted in the soil  
Or I am just a stick to burn

I see you my brother  
In your desert shining  
With your hand of gentle welcome  
You're looking for my sense of humour  
I wonder how you do it  
Carryin' a heavy load

And I am proud to know you  
The Keeper of the Stones  
Elder of your tribe  
The truth is turning slowly  
I feel it in my bones  
Rising on a beautiful day

I see it in your knuckles  
I see it in your eyes  
You have been as low as you can go  
It makes me happy brother  
To see how well you're travelling  
You've risen from the ashes, yeah

Soon you'll be a poppy, standing on your own  
They'll try to bring you down when you're tall  
But you have the power given in the stones  
Your victory belongs to us all