

## Stoney End

Laura Nyro

I was born from love  
And my poor mother worked the mines  
I was raised on the Good Book Jesus  
Till I read between the lines  
Now I don't believe  
I want to see the morning  
Going down the Stoney End  
I never wanted to go  
Down the Stoney End  
Mama let me start all over  
Cradle me, Mama, cradle me again  
I can still remember him  
With love light in his eyes  
But the light flickered out and parted  
As the sun began to rise  
Now I don't believe  
I want to see the morning  
Going down the Stoney End  
I never wanted to go  
Down the Stoney End  
Mama let me start all over  
Cradle me, mama, cradle me again  
(Cradle me, mama, cradle me again  
Mama, cradle me again...)  
Never mind the forecast  
'Cause the sky has lost control  
'Cause the furry and the broken thunders  
Come to match my raging soul  
Now I don't believe  
I want to see the morning  
Going down the Stoney End  
I never wanted to go  
Down the Stoney End  
Mama let me start all over  
Cradle me, mama, cradle me again  
Going down the Stoney End...