## **Linda Ronstadt**

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...