

Throwin' Rocks

Robert Earl Keen

She wasn't bad. She wasn't good. She was just what she was.

She had a thing makes a man, do the things he does.
She had a way. A special way, to speak without a word.
I swear to you, this very day, that this is how it all occurred.

We was: Throwin rocks in the river, counting ties on the track
Thinking life could not be better and living in a shack.
Feeling love for one another, deep down in our bones.
Standing by the water, throwing rocks n skipping stones.

I was raised, in New Orleans. She was born in Jacksonville.
And for a time, to me it seemed , she made the world stand still.

Throwin rocks in the river, counting ties on the track
Thinking life could not be better and living in a shack.
Feeling love for one another, deep down in our bones.
Standing by the water, throwing rocks n skipping stones.

I came home late and I caught her, with a man from out of town.
Now I wait beside the water for the flood to take me down.

Throwin rocks in the river, counting ties on the track
Pouring gas on her letters and setting fire to the shack.
Screaming bloody murder, leaving nothing but the bones.
Standing by the water, throwing rocks n skipping stones.

I am Standing by the water, yeah, throwing rocks n skipping stones.