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Title: Stoney End

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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.

Never mind the forecast cause the sky has lost control,
cause the fury and broken thunder's 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.
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