

Stepping Stones

As I walked out one evening fair
I met John Jones by the stepping stones there
He smiled at me as he rushed by
And I'll never foreget the look in his eye
I ran to the moor to meet my girl
A secret love in a secret world
And we'd make love, laugh and call to the moon
That shone out its light on the stepping stones.

Emilia is life, Emilia is fine
Her lips taste of heather honey, honey suckle wine
Her face fills my head as I climb the high hill
The scent of her upon me from last night still
To the end of the lane and then to the gate
Your heart beats fast in the hands of fate
Below me the river and I was alone
Just me, the moon and the stepping stones

I waited there for hours what more could I do
It was bitter that night, skin turned blue
Below me in the village the Church bells peeled
And I wonder why Emilia wasn't running o'er the field
Was she with someone else, was it something I said
I recalled each conversation we had over in my head
But I felt the moon die through the sleep in my eyes
And the morning sun rise on the stepping stones

Rolling and tumbling down the heather and hill
The morning sun was hot but I felt a chill
And there by the gate where I'd seen John Jones
Emilia's bracelet lay between two stones
I stooped to the ground and its then I saw blood
Emilia lay there at the edge of the wood
What had they done, Lord they'd broken her bones
As the moon shone bright on the stepping stones

I knew in my haste the killer must have been John
No one else knew our secret or what we had done
I cursed that man through my tears and rage
And I swore there'd be revenge before the end of the page
So I got in the truck, I drove to his barn
I remember his wife waiting for me, waving her arms
But I beat John Jones despite the mans moans
With a rock I had found by the stepping stones

I

I looked down at my hands all covered in blood
Felt the power of evil overcome the good
Made myself judge and jury killed John in a rage
I'd known him all my life he was twice my age
The Police came and got me and locked me away
And now I'm in a prison cell, wasting away
And I think of Emilia smell the scent of her clothes
And the moon that shone on the stepping stones

They never found out who was the killer that night
But that her death should cause another could never be right
It was right what old Moses said thou shalt not kill
Revenge should be a promise left unfulfilled
I look out through the bars of my one- man cell
I've a one - way ticket to a life of hell
And I think of his wife and how I killed John Jones
Emilia, the moon and the stepping stones

Words & Music by Richard Grainger Oct 2007

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