

Throwing Stones (according to andDave)

**Intro A/Asus x8 or 16 end with quick walkup to Bm**

**Bm A E A Bm G A**

1: Picture a bright blue ball spinning, spinning free Dizzy with eternity.  
2: Watch the ball revolve the nighttime fall again the hunt begins again bloodwind calls  
1: Paint't with skin of sky brush in some clouds'n sea Call it home for you and me.  
2: By n by again, the morning sun will rise the darkness never goes from some men's eyes.  
1: Peaceful place or so it looks from space A closer look reveals human race.  
2: It strolls the sidewalks and it rolls the streets Staking turf, dividing up meat.  
1: Full of hope, full of grace, is the human face. But afraid, we may lay it all to waste.  
2: Nightmare spook, piece of heat, It's you and me, you and me.

**E D A E D A**

1: There's a fear down here we can't forget - - - -  
2: Click, flashblade in ghetto night. - - - -  
1: Hasn't got a name just yet - - - -  
2: Rudies looking for a fight. - - - -  
1: Always awake, always around - - - -  
2: Rat cat alley roll them bones. - - - -  
1: Singing ashes,ashes all fall down, ashes,ashes,all fall down  
2: Need that cash to feed that jones And the politicians throwing stones  
2: Singing ashes,ashes all fall down, ashes,ashes all fall down

**C#m A E Bm A E!! DDE**

Commissars pin-striped bosses roll the dice any way they fall guess who gets 2 pay price.

**Bm A E A Bm G A**

Money green or proletarian gray, Selling guns instead of food today.

**E D A E D A**

So the kids they dance, they shake their bones And the politicians throwing stones  
Singing ashes,ashes all fall down, ashes,ashes,all fall down

**Bm A E A Bm G A**

Heartless powers try to tell us what to think If the spirit sleeping the flesh is ink.

**Bm A E A Bm G A**

History's page it is justly carved in stone future's here, we are it, we are on our own

**A A A A A A**

on our own on our own on our own we are on our own on our own

**INSTRUMENTAL: (A DA A EA) x8 or 16 (Bm A E A DDA) x2**

**Bm A E A Bm G A**

If the game is lost then we're all the same No one left to place or take the blame.  
We will leave this place an empty stone Or this shining ball blue we call our home

**E D A E D A**

So the kids they dance, they shake their bones and the politicians are throwing stones  
Singing ashes,ashes all fall down, ashes,ashes all fall down

Shifting powders back and forth - - - -

Singing "black goes south while white comes north" - - - -

And the whole world full of petty wars - - - -

Singing "I got mine and you got yours." - - - -

And the current fashions set the pace - - - -

Lose your step, fall out of grace. - - - -

And the radical he rant and rage - - - -

Singing "someone got to turn the page" - - - -

And the rich man in his summer home - - - -

Singing "Just leave well enough alone" - - - -

But his pants are down his covers blown - - - -

And the politicians are throwing stones So the kids they dance they shake their bones  
Cause its all too clear we're on our own Singing ashes,ashes all fall down,  
ashes,ashes all fall down

Picture a bright blue ball just spinning, spinning free dizzying, the possibilities.  
Ashes, Ashes all fall down. Ashes, Ashes all fall down. Ashes, Ashes all fall down.