

## 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 pealed  
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

Copyright Reserved.