

February Stone

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February 1, 1977

With January gone at eleven on the line	(D) G D
And February come with half a jug of wine	G D
We were feeling kinda high together all alone	A G
With January by on a February stone	Em G D

With the blizzard blowing strong around us on the hill
We were falling into song with a melody to fill
We were standing to the side looking in upon our own
And welcoming the tide of a February stone

And the goddesses of moonshine	A
Fly our troubles to the sun	G
Will we see another morning	D
On the run?	A
Unless I miss the signs	G
You're a friend	D
And this is home	A
At January's end	G
On a February stone	D

In the mountains of the East they are saying their goodbyes
To the demons at the feast they are opening their eyes
This breath might be your last you might not see another moon
With January past on a February stone

Written in the midst of a bitter Massachusetts winter, "looking in on our own" sleeping kids and struck by the contrast between domestic warmth and life's fragility. The "demons at the feast," like all of "Lay Your Body Down," reflects my fascination at the time with Tibetan Buddhism.