

# Heart of Stone

Whiskey Myers

Sometimes I look in the mirror and I  
Don't like what I see  
And I wonder if she'll ever know the  
Darker side of me  
Is my reflection just a shell of the  
Truth?  
Am I the living or am I the dying proof?  
I'm learning to move slow, I'm learning  
To let go  
I'm learning most things a man my  
Age is supposed to know  
I'm learning how to write, I'm learning  
How to sleep at night  
I'm learning after these years how to  
Be thankful for what I got  
And I carry on  
With a heart of stone  
And calloused hands  
Sometimes I think I'm crazy, washed  
Up in the brain  
As for my youth I threw most of those  
Years away  
And I can't even apologize for half the  
Things I've done  
Or all the nights spent looking down

The wrong end of a gun  
But I'm learning how to love, I'm  
Learning about the Lord above  
I'm learning that he's giving me more  
Than anything I could dream of  
I'm learning how to pray a little more everyday  
I'm learning to accept the things  
About me I can't change  
And I carry on  
With a heart of stone  
Calloused hands  
I'm learning to move slow, I'm learning  
To let go  
Im learning most things a man my age  
Is supposed to know  
I'm learning how to love, I'm learning  
About the Lord above  
I'm learning that she's given me more  
Than anything I could dream of  
But I carry on  
With a heart of stone  
And calloused hands  
Yeah, I carry on with this heart of  
Stone and calloused hands