

CAST IN STONE     *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

Willie was a problem,  
A problem on the run.  
Didn't hate nobody,  
Couldn't love no one.  
Didn't wave no bible,  
Didn't tote no gun.  
Had a way with the women  
Like a true angry son.

Willie took a likin'  
To some dangerous ways.  
Burnin' up the highway  
Like the sun's angry rays.  
Couldn't feel nothin'  
But the passin' of days.  
He was always the lead man  
In his own passion play.

CHORUS

He was ridin' like a runaway train  
Made of blood, flesh and bone.  
Raised to get by without love,  
He was cast in stone...  
Cast in stone.

He was tired when they found him,  
All alone and afraid,  
No love to console him,  
No friends had he made.  
Hearts had been broken,  
Games had been played,  
With a stone for a soul  
And a life of charade.

CHORUS   In his own passion play.