

"Worry Stone"
Megan Jackson

I am a worry stone, turning in my master's hand
He went for a shave, he got a slip throat
His blood hit my lips, anything but bland

I was set on a table, from his mind I was banned
...Then was picked up as another man choked
I am a worry stone, turning in my master's hand.

Another man came for a shave, cleaning up for his clan,
His Irish voice tickled my ears, until his voice croaked,
His blood hit my lips, anything but bland.

They came, they went, cooked by a careful hand
Put into a fire before it was stoked
I was a worry stone, turning in my master's hand.

I was worried for my master's plan
Foiled by a poor young bloke
His blood hit my lips, anything but bland.

That poor thing, poor thing, died for nothing grand.
He fell to his knees, then came the slit throat.
I was a worry stone, turning in my master's hand
His blood hit my lips, anything but bland.