

Who, The "Dig"

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We old ones have seen two wars
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When you're sick and afraid
And there's danger around
Take a pick and a spade
And cut into the ground
(Cut into the ground)

Away from the light
Away from the sound
Make a trap for the beast
Dig his burial mound
(Dig his burial mound)

Dig for your life
Dig to the death
Dig for salvation
Till your very last breath

Dig for protection
Dig for release
Dig for resurrection
And dig it for peace

We old ones have seen two wars

When you dream of a laser
That sears your soul
Slices like a razor
And Burns like a coal
(And burns like a coal)

You can bet you'll forget
When the rock starts to roll
And the last meets the least
By the watering hole
(By the watering hole)

Dig it down deep
Dig it out wide

Dig it for pleasure
Dig it for pride

Dig it for treasure
Dig it for stones
Dig it for the metal
And dig for the bones

Dig it down
Dig it down
Dig it down

Dig it down deep
Dig it out wide
Dig it for pleasure
Dig it for pride

Dig it for treasure
Dig it for stones
Dig it for the metal
And dig for the bones
Dig it

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