

Gary Brooker **"Mineral Man"**

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(Brooker)

I keep rolling like a wagon wheel
What keeps me going are these nerves of steel
And two good hands to keep me clothed and fed
A pair of feet to stagger to my bed
A heart of gold and fists of iron
A tongue of silver that's bought me time

Well I'm a mineral man
stuck here in the can
till I oxidise
Well I'm a guest of the State,
I'll sit here and wait
'cos I'm subsidised

When I'm moving like a ton of lead
There's nothing stops me on the road ahead
My skin is bronzed from my head to my toes
people looking everywhere I go
A heart of gold and fists of iron
a tongue of silver for to spin some line

Well I'm a mineral man
stuck here in the can
till I oxidise
Well I'm a guest of the State,
I'll sit here and wait
till I'm let outside

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