

## Leo Kottke "The Banks Of Marble"

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I've traveled 'round this country  
From shore to shining shore  
It really made me wonder  
The things I heard and saw

I saw the farmer working  
Plowing sod and loam  
I heard the auction hammer  
Knocking down his home

The banks are made of marble  
With a guard at every door  
And the vaults are stuffed with silver  
That the farmer sweated for

I've seen the weary miner  
Scrubbing coal dust from his back  
I've heard his children cryin'  
"No coal to heat the shack"

But the banks are made of marble  
With a guard at every door  
And the vaults are stuffed with silver  
That the miner sweated for

I'd seen my brothers working  
Throughout this mighty land  
I prayed we'd get together  
And together make a stand

Then we might own those banks of marble  
With a guard at every door  
And we might share those vaults of silver  
That we have sweated for

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