

River Phoenix "Goldmine"

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Working the goldmine
Pushing a pencil around
To make the weary world decide
and kick some life into the grind

Scrape and scratch away on a clean slate

Working the goldmine
Wax poetic books to climb
A shaft of light and darken heart
to raise some life into the hard of heart

Scrape and scratch away at your
map and graphite grey
on a clean slate
Jump, snatch, grab
for a form and chuckle
You've got to create, change

Work, work, work the goldmine

And all the fools in the world give in,
sell out, close down
You might as well open up your fair share
Work, work your own goldmine

Salvation salesmen televise
peddling the shiny red plastic cups
They wish for spells that build your hopes
Don't hear a word - they'll rob you blind!

Feel and feel again what it means
to grasp event on your own fame
Think and think again just on whom it all depends
You gotta create, change
work, work your, work work work work the goldmine

And all the gold in the world leaves you cold
if it did not come from your own hands
You might as well buy this touch
your own way to that promised land

All alone and build now
Find the hydra grey now
Burn the midnight oil now
In the light of day now
You've gotta work, work, work, work,
work, work, work, work,
work, work, work, work,
work, work, work, pick it up

Work, work, work the goldmine
Work, work, work the goldmine
Work, work, work the goldmine

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