

Spitvalves

"Dig"

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I drew a sound from the belly of the well.
I've loosened my grip on the rope that pulls the water
pail.
I threw a quarter down.
I'm gonna dive down after it.
I hope that Truth of Soul was right to say there isn't a
bottom to hit,
'cause if there is, then throw a shovel down
To let the world come in as an easy fit.
I'm gonna dig, dig, dig.
I'm gonna dig, dig, dig.

Back on the ground as far as I can tell.
High above is the place from which I'd like to think I fell.
I'm going underground
You know it's far too dark in here.
I hope that Truth of Soul was right to say there really is
nothing to fear,
'cause if there is, then send an angel down
To let the world come in as an easy fit.
I'm gonna dig, dig, dig.
I'm gonna dig, dig, dig

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