

The Everybodyfields

"Be Miner"

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It's so hard I the evening
The lights come on
I get some change for the phone
I'm tired of driving it's too cold to cry
I remember when it only cost a dime
Dark clouds are circling
I'm a photograph tonight
Shuffling papers and getting everything wrong
I walk for hours, try not to feel alone

Waking up and finding
The feeling's gone
Something for my hand then I'm gone
Turn on the radio and though it seems so hard
To find that place before it had to be so hard
Dark clouds are hovering
With friends like these man who needs friends
Faces in the window, two red lights are growing small
I'd like to leave if I could stand at all

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