

Mike Gordon

"Dig Further Down"

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You told me you were made of gold, walked a mile and
dug a hole,
and buried yourself in the dark and dirty ground,
With a shovel and a pirates map, I made it to Devil's
Gap,
And I dug all night, but there's nothing that I found,

I'm trying to dig further down, I'm hoping to scrape
across the tip of your buried crown,

I'm finding the way you live to be unsound, but I'm still
trying to dig further down...further down

When I first saw your sunny style, I was thinking behind
a smile, and I didn't run away from home and drink
wine in some park,

And the door that ?????, you laugh with the sound of
sin, and I can't see your life without trying to find the
dark

I'm trying to dig further down, I'm hoping to scrape
across the tip of your buried crown
I'm finding the way you live to be unsound, but I'm still
trying to dig further down...further down...further
down!

(Instrumental)

I'm trying to dig further down, I'm hoping to scrape
across the tip of your buried crown

I'm finding the way you live to be unsound, but I'm still
trying to dig further down...further down

I'm still trying to dig further down, I'm still trying to dig
further down

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