

MILC

"Diggin' For Gold"

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Hey you, listen this is the best I've got
(The best I've got to offer)
In a world of puppies in dumpsters,
Coiners and lumpsters,
Here's a little more grist for your coffers.
Run it up the flagpole, it's as safe as maypo -
You salute, I drop my pants.
Either feeding the machine,
Or just keeping it clean,
It's all just made for ants.
Won't you stop diggin' for gold,
Looking for the motherlode,
And three perfect shades of sunshine.
'Cause a mouthful of barnacles
Undoes a miracle,
And gets sewage from wine.
Three minutes-thirty and make it purdy,
I think I can do this.
Make the subjective common,
Make it about a woman -
There's no way you can miss.
"Baby, baby, baby, maybe, maybe,
Maybe we should spend some time.
Baby, baby, baby, maybe, maybe,
Maybe it'll be just fine."
Won't you stop diggin' for gold,
Looking for the motherlode,
And three perfect shades of sunshine.
'Cause a mouthful of barnacles
Undoes a miracle,
And gets sewage from wine.
You see I tried this before,
And it didn't work.
I'll just stick to these two chords,
Maybe mine more than dirt.
Won't you stop diggin' for gold,
Looking for the motherlode,
And three perfect shades of sunshine.
'Cause a mouthful of barnacles
Undoes a miracle,
And gets sewage from wine.

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