

Birdpaula

"Dig Down"

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(Paula Moore)

Granddaddy, Granddaddy! Tell me please, tell me
about old times!
Granddaddy, Granddaddy! What was it like, working
the coal mines?
You rise in darkness, never see the light into the belly
of eternal night.
Give us this day our daily crust to greet the demons of
the dust.

And I say dig down, dig deep working, working like a
slave!
Dig down, dig deep! Dig away your dignity!
Dig down, dig deep! Well, a man sure can, a man sure
can
A man sure can dig his own grave, dig his own grave!

Granddaddy, Granddaddy! Tell me why all men are
not born free!
Some are rich and most are poor, why must that be?
Some find the answer in religion, others turn to
philosophy.
I myself have no opinion, I just got ten mouths to feed.

And I say dig down, dig deep working, working like a
slave!
Dig down, dig deep! Dig away your dignity!
Dig down, dig deep! I hope and pray my soul to save!
Dig down, dig deep! Well, a man sure can, a man sure
can
A man sure can dig his own grave!

Granddaddy, Granddaddy! Why do your hands
tremble when you speak?

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