

## O'Brother "Sputnik"

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So what is the worth in that dirt that you found?  
Well I'll bet that it'll never be a keeper.  
If you would just rather sit, sucking the ground,  
Then stay down, stay down, brother stay down.  
Why would you curse all the truths that you know?  
Well keep them coming there's no truth to relieve me  
And why would you lay with the lies that you're told?  
To stay sold, stay sold?

You just left us tending, well you ought to stayed  
I'll just leave my labors and eat at the table I laid

All that a hearse ever eventually found were dead  
bodies  
in dead, dumb crowns  
Well who really knew that a fountain be found?  
So stay down, brother stay down  
But I'll keep it up, keep it up...

You just left us tending, well you ought to stayed  
I'll just leave my labors and eat at the table I laid

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