

Son Volt

"Way Down Watson"

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Put whiskey on the wounds
Salt the glass and say goodbye
No feel good scenes to bring it back
Just falling brick and broken glass

Wrecking-ball operator
Twenty years pulling the lever
And these windows shield the cold
From the weather of my soul

And feel the heart-strings
Sinking fast
Another treasure found
Another tumbling down

I protect my ears and eyes
From the dust and noise
The word comes down to the bitter end
The diesel hums; the cycle spins

When we meet on that hard hat ground
Just a photograph, no one else around
Words to live by, just goes to show
Some day we all gotta go

And feel the heart-strings
Sinking fast
Another treasure found
Another tumbling down

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