

Townshend Pete**"Dig"**

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OLD FARMERS

We old ones, have seen two wars

FATHER

When you're sick and afraid

And there's danger around

Take a pick and a spade

And cut into the ground

Away from the light

Away from the sound

Make a trap for the beast

Dig his burial mound

Dig for your life

Dig to the death

Dig for salvation

Till your very last breath

Dig for protection

Dig for release

Dig for resurrection

Dig for peace

OLD FARMERS

We old ones, have seen two wars

FATHER

When you dream of a laser

That sears your soul

Slices like a razor

Burns like cool

You can bet you'll forget

When the rocks start to roll

And the last meets the least

By the watering hole

Dig it down deep

Dig it out wide

Dig it for pleasure

Dig it for pride

Dig it for treasure

Dig it for stones

Dig it for the metal

And dig it for the bones

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