

The Banks of Marble

[Leo Kottke](#)

I've traveled 'round this country
From shore to shining shore
It really made me wonder
The things I heard and saw I saw the farmer working
Plowing sod and loam
I heard the auction hammer
Knocking down his home The banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer sweated for I've seen the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from his back
I've heard his children cryin'
"No coal to heat the shack" But the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the miner sweated for I'd seen my brothers working
Throughout this mighty land
I prayed we'd get together
And together make a stand Then we might own those banks of marble
With a guard at every door
And we might share those vaults of silver
That we have sweated for

Songwriters
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