Tunnels

A Produce

I knew no vices and I knew no sins
I knew the words but they didn't sink in
Stayed out those tunnels that pull people down
There's more of those tunnels in your home town
Fell far from grace, so far I couldn't see
And oh, underground, I wasn't that far from the treeWe're all digging if you wanna know
Fixing, digging far too slow, far too slowWe dug for money, we shoveled four tons
And the end wasn't funny though we'd all had fun
Limping and broken the tunnel fell in
I've been limping from tunnels since my original sin
Birthright's a trouble, my father dug too
He got where he was going at the age of sixty twoWe're all digging if you wanna know
Fixing, digging far too slow, far too slowA new pair of boots and a chisel in your name
Says we could be in the same hole attracting the same blame
If I knew the way to the ornamental tree
I would tell you, we'd be jailbirds, I'd be winking twice for free
Don't call on your brother, odds are he's here and all
Being gentle with the people who were knock-kneed from the fallWe're all digging if you wanna know
Fixing, digging far too slow, far too slowWe're all digging if you wanna know
Fixing, digging far too slow, far too slow

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