# Deep In The Motherlode

## Genesis

Get out of the way fat man.You got something to do.
Go fill up your hands till theyÂ´re shining up at you.
You gotta get out while thereÂ´s gold in the air
ItÂ´s falling like water,coming down from the hills.

Got west young man
Earn a dollar a day just like your family said.
YouÂ´re rolling your days right on into the night
The head of the lineÂ´s going way out of sight.
Go west young man,like your family said.

All along the wagons
All along the dusty trail.
Seventeen years not over a day
Like children in the wild.
MotherÂ´s milk still wet on your face

And no one to pray for your safe journey home.
Out beyond the desert
Across the mountais by the lake.
Servants who leave their masterÂ´s house
Are walking all the way.
The golden fields that beckoned you
Are darkened by the years.

Go west young man
If you knew then what you know today
YouÂ´d be back where you started,a happier man
And leave all the glory to those who have remained.

Go west young man
Go west young man,like your family said.

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