Way Down Watson

Son Volt

Put whiskey on the wounds
Salt the glass and say goodbye
No feel good scenes to bring it back
Just falling brick and broken glassWrecking-ball operator
Twenty years pulling the lever
And these windows shield the cold
From the weather of my soulAnd feel the heart-strings
Sinking fast
Another treasure found
Another tumbling downI protect my ears and eyes
From the dust and noise
The word comes down to the bitter end
The diesel hums; the cycle spinsWhen 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 goAnd feel the heart-strings
Sinking fast
Another treasure found
Another tumbling down

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/