

# 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 glass Wrecking-ball operator  
Twenty years pulling the lever  
And these windows shield the cold  
From the weather of my soul And feel the heart-strings  
Sinking fast  
Another treasure found  
Another tumbling down I protect my ears and eyes  
From the dust and noise  
The word comes down to the bitter end  
The diesel hums; the cycle spins When 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 go And feel the heart-strings  
Sinking fast  
Another treasure found  
Another tumbling down

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