

Dig Further Down

[Mike Gordon](#)

You told me you were made of gold, walked a mile and dug a hole,
and buried yourself in the dark and dirty ground,
With a shovel and a pirates map, I made it to Devil's Gap,
And I dug all night, but there's nothing that I found, I'm trying to dig further down, I'm hoping to scrape across
the tip of your buried crown, I'm finding the way you live to be unsound, but I'm still trying to dig further
down...further down When I first saw your sunny style, I was thinking behind a smile, and I didn't run away
from home and drink wine in some park, Ain't no good without some bad within, you laugh at the sound of sin,
and I can't see your life without trying to find the dark I'm trying to dig further down, I'm hoping to scrape
across the tip of your buried crown I'm finding the way you live to be unsound, but I'm still trying to dig further
down...further down...further down! (Instrumental) I'm trying to dig further down, I'm hoping to scrape across
the tip of your buried crown I'm finding the way you live to be unsound, but I'm still trying to dig further
down...further down I'm still trying to dig further down, I'm still trying to dig further down

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