

Digging for Your Dream

Indigo Girls

Tryna remember the very last time
I felt a simple thing going past
Was it the day in Old Georgia
You were tryna take a bath? She sees the daylilies post inside
And the tears spring to her eyes
You turn the car around and you're
Headed back down that track
She's had a heart attack But the bottle of Jack sits on the counter
Like the devil she knows
And he beats her up and she fills her cup
In the ambers of a dime fire glow See how she looked in her school year book
Her friends signed imagines all around
But would you stay in touch you know
I miss you so much and I hope we get out of this town Every day that you get up and force your cards
You're playin' your story in fits and stars
You take your prospects and your pickaxe
And you trudge down to the stream
And you bloody your hands diggin' for your dream I went lookin' for the answers from someone
I heard believes that life gets easier
And you learn how to breathe and you learn
How to grieve your past You study the masters and their books
Givin' in to the barbs and hooks
Till you except it with grace
When your true love doesn't last Every day that you get up and force your cards
You're playin' your story in fits and stars
You take your prospects and your pickaxe
And you trudge down to the stream
And you bloody your hands diggin' for your dream Every day that you get up and force your cards
You're playin' your story in fits and stars
Your take your prospects and your pickaxe
And you trudge down to the stream
And you bloody your hands diggin' for your dream Every day, every day that you go down, down, down
You will bloody, you will bloody your hands
Take your prospects and your pickaxe and you trudge down
You take your prospects and your pickaxe and you trudge down
You take your prospects and your pickaxe and you trudge down
You take your prospects and your pickaxe and you trudge down

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