Cold As The Clay

Greg Graffin

Whispers of ancients buried by dust,
Echoes of ages in canyons of rust,
Is heaven so lonely? I'll know soon enough
Cold as the clay, dark as a mine,
Wasting away blood, sweat, and grime
Panning for gold, picking for dimes, lying in wait for better times
The tools of the trade lie shopworn and old
The skills of the master done died with his soul
And the worklike routine is so lonely and cold

Cold as the clay, dark as the mine,
Wasting away, blood, sweat and grime,
Panning for gold, picking for dimes, lying in wait for better times
The land was converted, the river was moved,
The village expanded, some say it's improved,
But the lingering feature is a grim attitude
Cold as the clay, dark as the mine,
Wasting away, blood, sweat and grime,
Panning for gold, picking for dimes, lying in wait for better times

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