Dig (Simon's Vocal)

Pete Townshend

We old ones, have seen two wars
When you're sick and afraid
And there's danger around
Take a pick and a spade
And cut into the ground
Away from the light
Away from the sound
Make a trap for the beast
Dig his burial mound
Dig for your life
Dig to the death
Dig for salvation
Till your very last breath
Dig for protection
Dig for release
Dig for resurrection
Dig for peaceWe old ones, have seen two wars
When you dream of a laser
That sears your soul
Slices like a razor
Burns like coal
You can bet you'll forget
When the rock starts to roll
And the last meets the least
By the watering holeDig it down deep
Dig it out wide
Dig it pleasure
Dig it for pride
Dig it for treasure
Dig it for stones
Dig it for the metal
And dig it for the bonesWe old ones, have seen two wars.

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