

Dig for Fire

Pixies

There is this old woman, she lives down the road
You can often find her kneeling inside of her hole
And I often ask her "Are you looking for the mother lode?"
No, no my child, this is not my desire and then she said "I'm digging for fire
I'm digging for fire
I'm digging for fire
I'm digging for fire" There is this old man who has spent so much of his life sleeping
That he is able to keep awake for the rest of his years
He resides, on a beach, in a town where I am going to live
And I often ask him "Are you looking for the mother lode?"
No, no my child, this is not my desire and then he said "I'm digging for fire
I'm digging for fire
I'm digging for fire
I'm digging for fire"

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